Collier's
TEN CENTS
OCTOBER 28, 1944
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PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES SNYDER

CRISIS IN CHINA

Her Armies Near the Breaking [illegible]

By MARK GAYN

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Oct. 28, '44

For This Company Dinner

Baked Treet with Raisin Sauce

1 can Armour's Treet 2 tbsps. sugar
½ cup brown sugar ½ cup orange juice
½ cup seedless raisins 1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tbsp. cornstarch

Place loaf of Treet in baking pan, score top. Add brown sugar and ¼ cup water. Bake in 350° F. oven for 30 minutes. Add raisins to 1½ cups water and bring to boil. Cook until raisins are soft. Combine cornstarch, sugar and fruit juices and add to raisins. Cook over low heat until clear. Pour hot sauce over Treet. 4 servings.

Treet is the meat

For This Hearty, Hot Breakfast

Treet and Griddle Cakes with Molasses Syrup

Fry sliced Treet in a little fat for 1½ minutes on each side, or until nicely browned. Serve with griddle cakes and this new and tasty syrup: Combine 1 cup sugar, ½ cup water, ¼ cup molasses, and 2 tablespoons Cloverbloom Butter and bring to a boil. Serve hot over griddle cakes.

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

BUY THE BEST

BUY ARMOUR'S TREET

Treet is the meat that's good so many ways. Use Treet in these new hot meals. You'll like it cold, too—sliced and served as it comes from the tin. Treet is so good because it's all meat—choice, boneless pork shoulder, seasoned just right and vacuum cooked in its own rich juices. Keep Treet on hand for quick and different breakfasts, lunches, dinners. See what cheers you get!

Treet
Armour's
Treet
THE ALL PURPOSE MEAT
Ready to Eat
U.S.
PACKED BY ARMOUR AND COMPANY GENL OFF. CHICAGO

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

ARMOUR

and Company

Tune in Armour's Exciting New Radio Show, Featuring Hedda Hopper, Every Monday Night over CBS. See Local Papers for Time.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

How Good Were the Good Old Days?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Occasionally a whimsical person, yearning for the good old days, wistfully dreams of turning back the hands on the clock of history.

Failing to understand the foundations of contemporary civilization, he longs for a *return* of the simple pastoral life in which each family was a self-contained unit.

Let's examine such a fantastic aspiration.

If those now on the farms reverted to family agriculture, family processing of foods, and family preparation of livestock into edible meat, there would be far too little food produced to keep the human machine going.

Accordingly, modern packers and food processors should be recognized as social instrumentalities which have made possible a vast upsurge in the standards for gracious living and for leisure.

The superior quality of juicy steaks, palatable pork chops, and tasty sausages reflects in part competent operations in the packing house. Armour achievements include pioneering in the use of artificial refrigeration in chill rooms and cutting rooms. A pace setter in sponsoring natural ice refrigerator cars and first to apply pre-cooled brine to these cars, Armour gave its meats a first-class ticket direct from the farm to the American dinner table, with freshness unimpaired.

Through such dreams realized, under present day specialization and methods for food processing and distribution, fewer than 11 million workers on the farm are providing for the food requirements of a population of 135 million persons. In addition we are exporting food commercially, under Lend-Lease and are helping to feed populations in occupied countries.

Back in 1880, it required almost 8 million workers on the farms to provide food and other agricultural products for a total population of only 50 million. The significance of this difference should be fully appraised.

In 1880, it almost took one person on the farm for every 6 of population.

Now we are providing more and better food with only 1 worker on the farm for every 12 of population.

This improvement in the efficiency of American agriculture was made possible by the introduction of better agricultural machinery, by the increased use of the tractor as a form of mechanical energy, through better understanding of seeds and of the conditions of scientific agriculture.

As a sales outlet for important products of agriculture, Armour and Company and other packing houses take pride in this evidence of far-reaching improvements in the methods of raising and preparing food for the dinner table of the typical American family.

GAEastwood

President, Armour and Company

Fourth of a series of statements on the American system of free enterprise which makes possible such institutions for service as Armour and Company.

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In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

Photo courtesy of The Studebaker Corp.

Cars on snowshoes

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

WHEN there was danger that the Japs might invade Alaska the army needed a new kind of vehicle to travel fast on deep snow—or on ice, through water, swamps or on hard roads. It had to have "tank treads", not wheels, and it had to be so light it would "float" on snow.

B. F. Goodrich men had developed light rubber-covered treads for "half-track" vehicles, but even those were too heavy. Could they be made much lighter? Could "fins" be added to push against snow, but which still wouldn't touch ground on a hard road? Could they get the answers *quickly?*

For fastening rubber to metal, rubber men had always used *molds*—and molds took six months to make. B. F. Goodrich developed a method of blowing the rubber on the metal with compressed air. It was faster and worked just as well. They designed new treads while an automobile company was designing the machine itself. The "weasel", as it is called, is one of the fastest things *off* wheels. They used it in France instead of Alaska, but the snowshoes turned out to be the best kind of sandshoes and mudshoes.

B. F. Goodrich research goes on in war or peace and applies to every kind of tire—passenger-car, truck, farm, industrial. No tire is too good to be improved or too standardized to change when needs of users or materials available have changed.

Urgent military needs like this have caused a temporary shortage of truck tires. During that shortage, B. F. Goodrich dealers offer you special service to help make your present tires last longer. Let them help you, and when you must have new tires get those backed by this policy of constant improvement. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, O.

B. F. Goodrich
Truck & Bus Tires

Picture
OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents
GREER WALTER
GARSON • PIDGEON
in
"MRS. PARKINGTON"
with
EDWARD ARNOLD • AGNES MOOREHEAD
CECIL KELLAWAY
Gladys Cooper • Frances Rafferty
Tom Drake • Peter Lawford
Dan Duryea • Hugh Marlowe
and the Saint Luke's Choristers

Screen Play by *Robert Thoeren and Polly James*
Based on the Novel by....... *Louis Bromfield*
Directed by...................... *Tay Garnett*
Produced by................... *Leon Gordon*

CAPSULE REVIEW: Perhaps the most finished production of the year is M-G-M's screen dramatization of the Louis Bromfield novel. From beginning to end the story of romance between Susie Graham of Leaping Rock and her dashing unpredictable Major is told with style, perfection of characterization and a real understanding of human relations and social attitudes.

Greer Garson as Susie—nicknamed Sparrow—gives her top-drawer performance. She is something to see—wise, witty, lovely to look at, delightful to know. It must have been heaven for the Major when he kissed her. Walter Pidgeon as Parkington plays with a Rhett Butlerish dash, a handsome roué who ranges his romances from New York to London. Riding roughshod over women as he does, he is tamed by a character who stands strong though all the world crumble in her heart. "Mrs. Parkington" is not only strong stuff, charming stuff, but has the most amusing dialogue—adult and never false even though it deals with material that has thrown many a screen writer for a loss.

Tay Garnett, who has directed pictures of the "Bataan" school, comes through in this one with the most deft and artistic direction of the cinema season. Nor are we to forget the writers who did all those good things we spoke about. Namely, Robert Thoeren and Polly James who adhere so well to the Bromfield novel and yet add those touches that have to be added to make a good film.

The cast is practically a Who's Who—Edward Arnold, Agnes Moorehead, Cecil Kellaway (whose Prince Edward will never be forgotten), Gladys Cooper, Frances Rafferty, Tom Drake, Peter Lawford, Dan Duryea, Hugh Marlowe. Lovely background music is provided by the St. Luke's Choristers.

We recommend "Mrs. Parkington" completely, and hand a carnation to Producer Leon Gordon.

Collier's

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WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • Art Director

Any Week

JUST to show you what a pleasant life a front-line photographer leads, provided he has someone back in an air-conditioned, leather and mahogany office in New York doing his planning for him, read this cablegram received not long ago by a cameraman on Saipan: "Your island invasion stuff good but shows only backs and profiles of Marines landing stop can you arrange hereafter land ahead of Marines and get pictures of them onrushing against Japs stop regards."

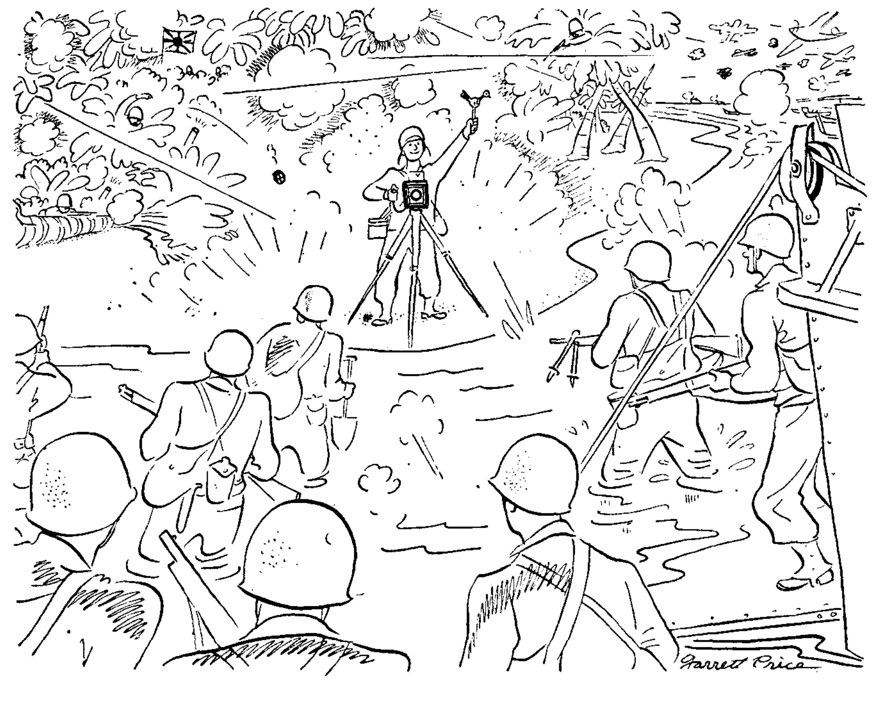
IT WAS in Georgia that a Yankee trainee made with the eyes and honeyed words at a local belle. She neither hollered for help nor bade him begone. She looked at him speculatively, smiled and said: "Okay, honey lamb, but tell me this: You never had anything to do with a General Sherman, did you?" Anyway, this happened, because we've just been told so by Mr. Harold A. Winters of Chicago, Illinois.

AND Mr. Calvin Klebe of Lansdale, Pennsylvania, has recently been talking to a fellow from the town of Social Circle, Georgia. It was during this talk that the latter told Mr. Klebe he had been in the North for nineteen years. Mr. Klebe asked how he liked it. "Oh, I'm getting used to it," said the man from Social Circle.

IT IS our guess that the most confused man in America is a Gros Ventres brave in the Fort Belknap Agency at Harlem, Montana. Our observer at Fort Belknap notifies us that this redman is a member of the tribal council and reads every word of the Congressional Record. Does it voluntarily, too. No court order, penance or other outside compulsion.

WE GOT as far as the first two lines of Mr. Martin R. Miller's letter. From Louisville, Ohio, Mr. Miller writes: "I'm now thirty-two years old and, as middle age steals upon me, I feel the first evidences of senility . . ." That's as far as we got. From our wheel chair we waggled one of our skinny old fingers at our nurse, who wheeled us out into the sun for our nap and to dream of the things we'd do if only we were thirty-two.

IN AN idle moment, Mr. James Madison Mimmot of Louisville, Kentucky, worked up an idea. Mr. Mimmot does not relish censorship which now, says he, has become the refuge of incompetents. "Why not," demands Mr. Mimmot, "turn censorship over to the SEC? Isn't that the agency which slaps into prison the people who hand out false information or withhold the truth from stockholders?" . . . W. D.



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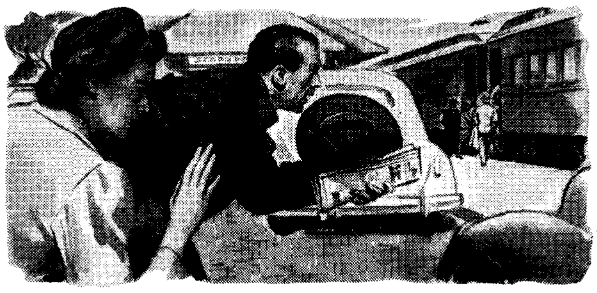
COVER JAMES SN

"HEART DISEASE... but I've never been sick in my life!"

Why should heart disease strike a man of health and vitality?

Well, the doctor explained, you know how age affects your face and hands and hair. Over the years, your heart grows older, too, so that it may be less able to meet the demands of strenuous living. Unless you learn to know and live within the capacities of your heart, you *may* risk serious coronary heart disease even in the very prime of life.


Sudden exertion is a thing to avoid.

Just what is coronary heart disease?

Coronary heart disease simply means that the walls of the coronary arteries—that is, the arteries feeding the heart muscle—have hardened up a bit, become thicker, and have lost some of their elasticity. As a result, the heart muscle receives less blood and thus less food and oxygen. Naturally, if you then make excessive demands on your heart, you're inviting trouble.

Coronary heart disease is the most common form among men past forty. Even at younger ages you should watch for such possible warning symptoms as excessive fatigue, shortness of breath, chest pains, or oppression near the heart.

What can be done about it?

First, see your doctor and be guided by his advice. If the attack is severe, he may prescribe a period of complete rest in bed.

It's wise to get at least 8 hours sleep every night.

The doctor will surely recommend the rules for living which everyone over forty would be wise to follow as a PRECAUTION against heart disease.

University
Doctor
Medicine

For example, the doctor will advise moderation in all things. He will stress the importance of avoiding sudden exertion — of not trying to be a "week-end athlete"—the wisdom of getting plenty of sleep and avoiding overweight. Periodic physical examinations will probably be recommended, including X-ray, laboratory, or other tests.

Walking, in moderation, offers pleasure without strain.

Must patients become invalids?

Not at all—so long as they don't overdo. Diagnosed early, the damage to the heart may be negligible. Besides, it should not be cause for needless worry. Today, thousands of people who have heart disease, and who take care of themselves, are living useful, virtually normal lives.

Strict self-discipline, to gain freedom from all worry and strain, is of primary importance. Simpler, less competitive forms of physical recreation should be found. In other words, it is necessary *to relax.*

• • •

For valuable information concerning the hearts of young and old, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Protecting Your Heart."

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Actual Photomicrographs
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY
BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic PROLON BRISTLES

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end *PROLON*

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

***Attention!* Users of Smaller Brushes**

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

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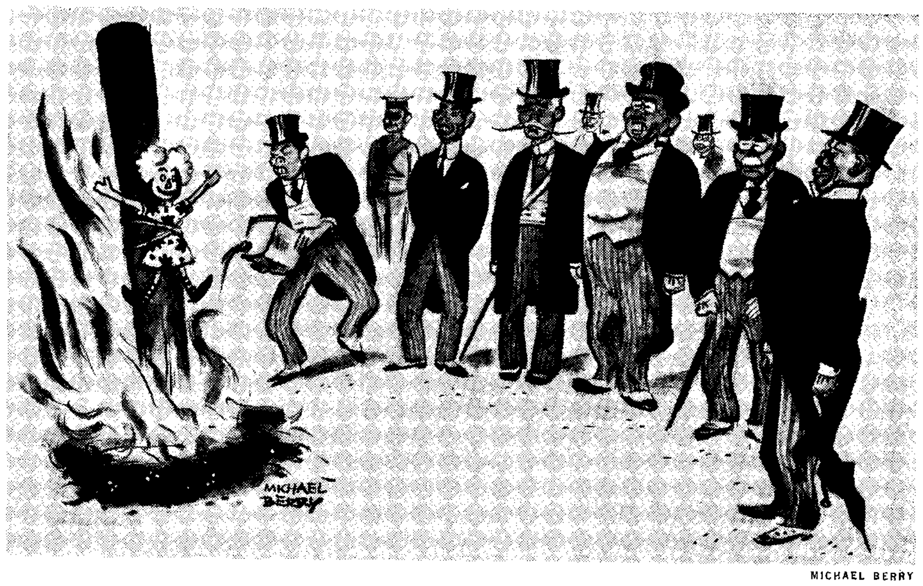


MICHAEL BERRY

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

In March, 1927, more than 11,000 dolls were made by the younger girls of the United States and sent as Doll Messengers of Friendship to the girls of Japan under the auspices of The Committee on World Friendship Among Children. In June, 1943, Japanese authorities confiscated and burned all of these dolls having blue eyes and blond hair to rid their country of this contaminating influence of the West.

Although frequently played on programs of Irish songs, I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen has no Gaelic connection. It was written about 70 years ago by the American composer, Thomas Westendorf, as a musical confirmation of a promise made to his wife, Kathleen, that he would take her back to visit her old home in Germany.

Few plays have been presented more realistically than The Count of Monte Cristo as it is staged on Château d'If, an island off Marseille, where the fictional Dantès spent twenty years in a dungeon. The performances are given in the real prison courtyard, and when the convicted hero arrives there a curtain is drawn aside and the audience sees him led to the actual door mentioned in the novel. Later, when Dantès escapes by taking the place of the dead abbot, a heavy sack that is supposed to contain his body is hurled from a turret into the sea.

Between 1932 and 1943, the number of bank holdups in this country decreased from 606 to 22, or 96 per cent, because of the work of the F.B.I., with the co-operation of local authorities, the F.B.I. not being hindered by "state lines" in its pursuit of criminals.—*By Edward Strome, Jr., Springfield, Ohio.*

The Queen's Dolls' House, presented to Queen Mary of England in 1924, is the most magnificent miniature of its kind in history. Built on a scale of 1 to 144 cubic inches, this palace is 9 feet long, 5 feet wide and 5 feet high, and has an electric elevator, an active plumbing system, a large vault with jewels, and a wine cellar with real cobwebs covering its bottles of vintage wine. Decorating the fifty-odd rooms and halls upstairs are oil portraits, sculptures, murals and painted ceilings which were contributed by some 600 famous artists. A description of this house and its furnishings, when published, required a book of two volumes.

A recent survey, made by an association of house-building contractors among families with incomes of about $3,500, reveals that half of these people expect to build or buy a home soon after the war for no more than $3,500, yet have it equipped with television, air-conditioning and all other new features. As these "dreamhouses" will cost many times this amount, campaigns are now under way to correct this impression, made during the past three years, by misguided prophets.

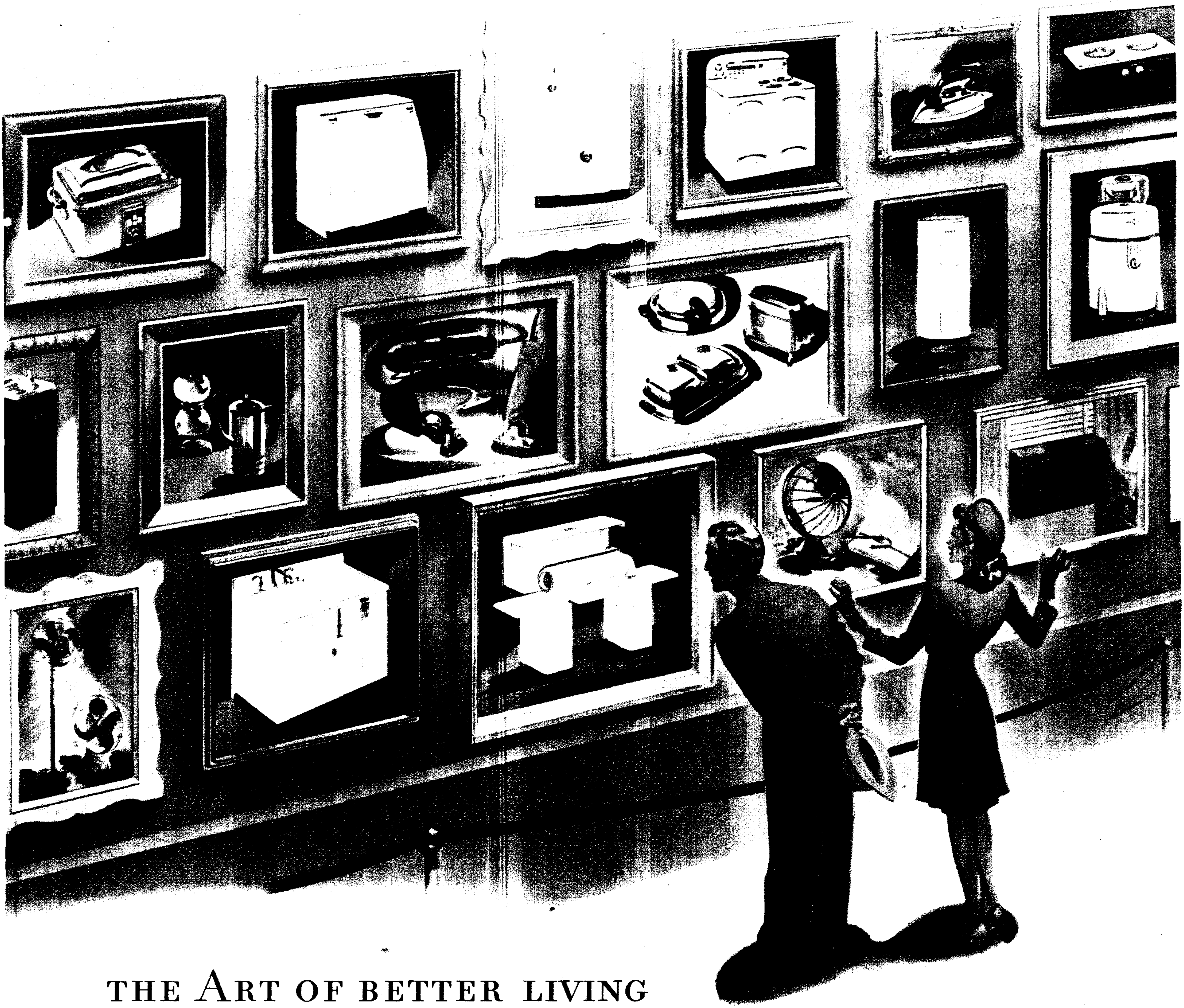
The Grand National Steeplechase in Liverpool, England, run every March since 1839 except in the war years, is the most grueling horse race of modern times because its 4½-mile course contains 30 difficult hurdles over which the horses leap an average distance of 24 feet from take-off to landing. Consequently, the odds against any particular horse completing a race are 5 to 1, and against winning it 35 to 1.

In 1925, an American millionaire paid $500,000 for a 12th-century monastery in Segovia, Spain, and probably spent another $500,000 in building a new monastery to replace it and in getting the old one packed in crates and transported to the United States. The first step of the transferring job was the construction of a narrow-gauge railroad to move the crates to a line connected with a seaport. Never bothering to re-erect the monastery, the man sold it last year for $19,000, or about one fiftieth of its cost.

Last winter in England, 3,000 inhabitants of eight villages and 180 farms, occupying 25 square miles in South Devon, complied with the request of their government to move away so that American troops could use the area for six months as a training ground for the invasion of France. As these "Normandy rehearsals" were live-ammunition battles, most of the houses, churches, shops and farm lands in the area are so wrecked that it may take years for the returning inhabitants to restore them to anything like their original condition.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Sunday night (at 10:30 E.W.T., 9:30 C.W.T., 8:30 M.W.T., 7:30 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network



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PLANTS IN 25 CITIES . . . OFFICES EVERYWHERE

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YOUR PROMISE OF STILL FINER ONES TO COME

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of space-stealing coils!
More room for food in the
Admiral Refrigerator!
A separate built-in
HOME FREEZER . . .
quick freezes or stores
nearly 2 bushels of food!
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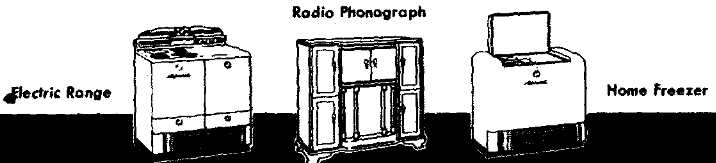


It's a postwar Promise . . . from

Admiral

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

Commander John D. Lamade flies a Hellcat named T. Benny, after a fellow flier now held prisoner by Japs

OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

IT WAS our second day out on this, the newest and best equipped of all our big aircraft carriers, and it was going forth to war. We were 130 miles from land, and the time was approaching for the Air Group to come aboard. The kids had been on the beach for three weeks while the mighty flattop was receiving last-minute adjustments, and they were likely to be a little rusty.

The ship's whistle blasts twice. Prepare to take planes aboard! The carrier turns and heads into the wind. We need at least 29 knots across the deck. The destroyer escort, in an arrowhead formation, with us in the center, shifts rapidly. The "can" on our starboard beam drops astern, alert to pick up a plane if it should "go in." The lead destroyer moves over to starboard.

High above, the sky suddenly fills with more than eighty airplanes. They're Grumman Hellcat fighters, Curtiss Helldiver dive bombers and Grumman Avenger torpedo planes. The first formation peels off and goes into a landing circle. Everybody becomes tense, as a Hellcat appears about a thousand yards off our port bow, flying astern and low. His wheels and flaps are down, and at a point opposite the carrier's island, he starts his turn toward the deck. He is in a gentle bank, nose high. Stationed in a precarious spot in the catwalk just off the flight-deck stern or ramp is Lieutenant William S. "Scotty" Graves, of Savannah, Georgia, the landing signal officer. Right now he is the most important man on the ship. His signals to land or his wave-off to go around again are final. He's signaling with two flags—"too high" or "too fast" or "too low."

The Hellcat keeps coming in its turn and then completes it to be in line with the deck. It's about fifty feet above the ramp. Scotty still holds him with his flags. Then he's satisfied. With a sweep downward of one of the flags, he gives the pilot the "cut."

The pilot chops the throttle, a blob of flame leaps out of the exhausts. The plane dives for the deck, and you're sure he's going to crash. But he pulls up just in time and, as he does, the hook extending from the tail engages a cable running across the deck. The cable pays out briefly, and the plane bangs down on the deck to a stop.

From both sides of the catwalk rush bluejackets wearing green cloth helmets and jerseys. They grab the cable and disengage the hook. In front and to the right of the plane is the arresting-gear officer. He's moving his thumb up and down rapidly. The pilot presses a switch, and the hook retracts into the rear fuselage. There's another deck man in a yellow helmet and jersey motioning frantically with both hands to "come on." The pilot gives a blast of the engine and speeds up the deck to the forward elevator. Four men in blue helmets and jerseys jump out from the catwalk, grab the wings and fold them against the side of the fuselage. In another instant, the plane disappears to the hangar deck below.

As this first Hellcat, slick and shiny in cobalt blue, roared up the deck after being released from the arresting gear, you noticed "T. Benny" painted on the right side of the engine cowling. There was no time to ask what that meant, for here's another one just out of the gear and speeding up the deck; there's one in the groove, and Scotty gives him the cut. Faster and faster they seem to come, and as they taxi rapidly by the island, you catch the names, white on the blue background: Check, Coach, Snake, Ripper, Splash, Daddy, Flat-Top, One Punch, Polecat.

The last fighter is yanked to a stop, a cheer goes up from the island, and a smile sweeps the captain's face. The entire fighter squadron has landed without a wave-off, without having to go around again. Rusty? No!

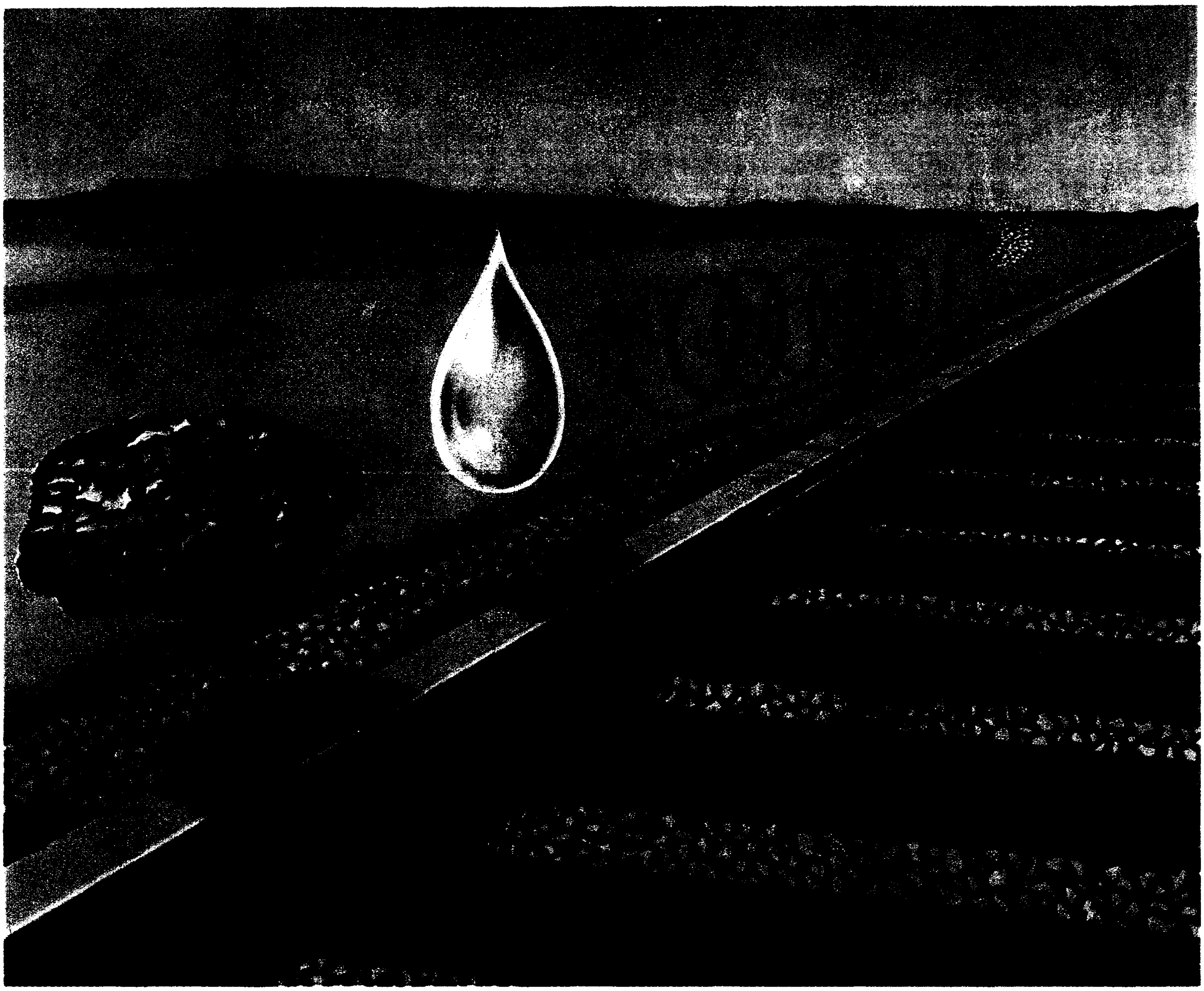
WE NOW have a moment to think back. The first Hellcat to land, the one with "T. Benny" on it, was piloted by Commander John D. Lamade (pronounced Lommodie) of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, commander of the Air Group. Commander Lamade is short, iron-gray, with a crew haircut and an illuminating smile. He's thirty-four, an old man by all standards to be leading a combat group with a hot fighter.

The kids hero-worship him, not because he's a hero or a veteran of the old and original aircraft carrier Langley, or the "Lex" or the "Sara" or the Ranger, or because he's one of but two men to come back from the cruiser Houston in the Battle of the Java Sea in February, 1942. They worship him because he can outfly them all.

Commander Lamade told me that "T. Benny" was not his nickname, but a tribute to a grand guy.

"It stands for Thomas Benjamin Payne," he recounted. "We were both lieutenants together on the Houston. The Houston had only two planes and two catapults, and one day the Japs came over and bombed hell out of us. T. Benny took off, but before I could get into the air, a bomb hit my plane and not only wrecked it but killed a lot of men. The next day the Japs attacked again and Benny said, 'Here, you take my ship and I'll stay here and have fun.' But the captain ordered me and my gunner to take off and fly for shore. I flew for six hours and finally landed in Australia. After I got away, the Japs sank the Houston, and every man aboard was either killed or taken prisoner.

"Old T. Benny is now in a Jap prison camp and was heard on the radio not long ago. He said to tell 'Lucky Lamade' that he's waiting for the day when they can get together again and have a party. So am I, and so are all of my boys." ★★★



Which will you ride behind?

WHAT kind of locomotives do you think will pull tomorrow's streamliners—steam, Diesel, or electric?

If we manufactured only one type of locomotive, we might favor that particular type. But here at American Locomotive we build *all three*—and know from a hundred years of experience that *all three* locomotives will be pulling tomorrow's trains.

For any one of these locomotives can be built to pull any train at any desired speed. Which type should be used depends on a railroad's requirements. Only a complete analysis of the territory to be served, the kind and amount of load to be hauled, and many other factors, can determine which type of locomotive is the *modern* locomotive for the job.

Today, a large percentage of America's crack streamlined trains are powered by American Locomotive engines—some steam, some Diesel, some electric. Each is unsurpassed at its particular job because each was built for that particular job.

American Locomotive
NEW YORK
DIESEL ELECTRIC STEAM

What time isn't it?

A MAN DOESN'T look at his watch to learn what time it *is.*

He looks to see what time it *isn't.*

Observe a man as he looks at his watch and you'll perceive the truth of this seeming paradox.

If he puts his watch back in his pocket with a look of unconcern, he has learned what he wished to ascertain: it isn't time yet for whatever he is supposed to do at a certain time, and therefore there's no need for haste.

Rarely does he return his watch to his pocket with an expression of alarm. He carries a watch for the sole purpose of avoiding moments of alarm.

Ask a man what time it is two seconds after he's returned his watch to his pocket and he can't tell you. He has to take it out and look at it again to find out.

The reason is that, having learned that it was not yet time for him to do a certain thing, he immediately dismissed the knowledge of what time it was as unimportant and not worth remembering.

It's rather a shame that some men apply this same attitude toward insurance. The man who is young, views Life Insurance with unconcern. He still has plenty of time. No need, he tells himself, of being alarmed.

It is only when he is older; when he has looked at his watch too many times without learning what time it was; that he comes to the sudden recognition of the time it *is.* Then he becomes truly alarmed and decides to act.

But his watch has gone back into his pocket too often, and the penalty for his indifference to the time o' day is an increased cost in coverage for the time remaining.

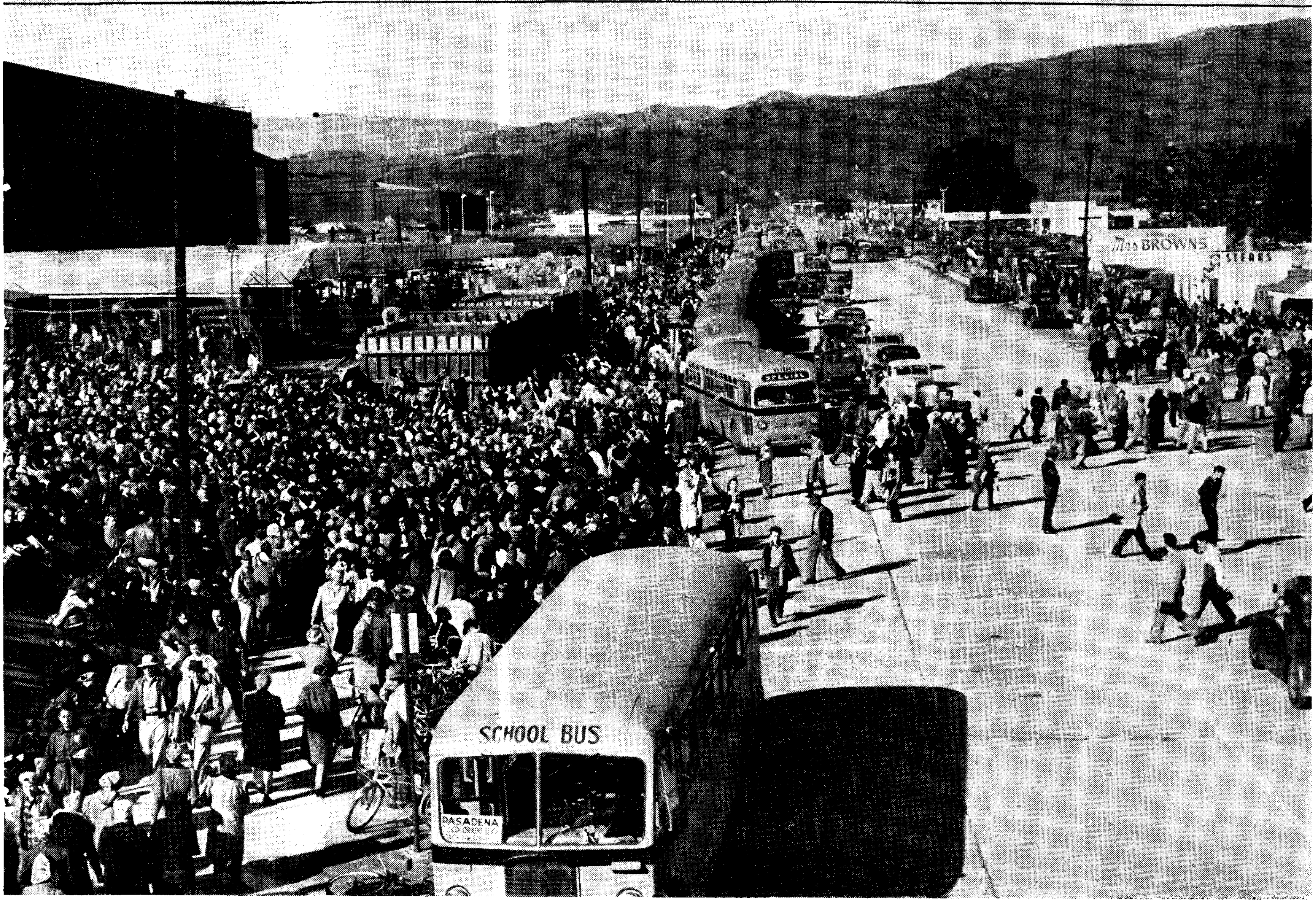
This increased cost of insurance is not a penalty inflicted by men; by actuaries, underwriters, makers and sellers of contracts; but one demanded by Time itself.

So the next time your Travelers agent calls, you might well consider what time it *is* rather than what time it *isn't.* For the bitter truth is that: "it is always later than you think."

* * *

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance and surety bonds. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's The National Weekly for October 28, 1944



ERIK MILLER FROM LOCKHEED

After the war scenes like this changing of shifts at Lockheed will be impossible. Workers are making their plans now; companies cannot

TROUBLE IN THE Sky

BY JIM MARSHALL

You may celebrate Peace Day, but the West Coast's $750,000,000 aircraft industry and its 500,000 dependents are afraid it might be the start of a long, hard winter

THE president of one of the biggest airplane concerns on the West Coast stood by a production line where the big bombers moved steadily ahead and workers climbed around, over and inside them.

"The day the war quits," he said, "I'd just as soon lock up the works, toss the key away, forget the whole thing—and start from scratch again."

This was no novel thought in the aircraft industry. For more than a year, most of his workers had had the same thing in mind—and several thousand of them had acted on it. His pay roll had dropped from 160,000 in August, 1943, to less than 120,000 in the fall of this year. It was the same story from San Diego to Seattle.

The armies of men and women that had rolled to the Coast three and four years ago from Oklahoma, Kansas, Texas, Arkansas and a dozen other states had looked over the industry's chances for survival after the war—and a goodly proportion of them had decided to go back home and start from scratch.

They were luckier than the companies they abandoned: Many of them had savings to tide them over until they could get some more money coming in. Because of renegotiation, surplus-profits tax and inability to make enough profits to set up reserves, most of the West Coast concerns said flatly that when war orders stopped they couldn't operate more than a few days: Within a week, there wouldn't be enough cash to meet the pay roll.

While workers can and do "get out while the getting is good," the companies cannot. They have to stay in and keep producing to the bitter end, knowing that when the time comes to settle up, the taxes and renegotiation payments they owe the government will completely wipe out their investment and cash on hand.

The problem is to take a plant worth $750,000,000 capable of producing 25,000 or more planes a year and find something for it to do. The Coast is interested because, although Coast states have some cash tucked away for postwar emergencies, this wouldn't last long as a dole for thousands of unemployed workers. There is, too, in Western states, a feeling that each state should look after its own. Most airplane workers are, after all, from other states, and they have been making high wages for three years; the feeling is that they should have saved a little, anyway. Many of them, of course, have saved considerable sums and have gone home with comfortable nest eggs with which to buy land or a service station or a small business.

Hundreds of workers have quit and gone into the hills and valleys back from the Coast where land still is cheap and the climate considerably better than in the Middle West. The cutover lands of Oregon, Washington and northern California are dotted with new homes bought with airplane-plant pay.

There are growing inches of want ads in the newspapers: "Driving to Tulsa Thursday; take four" or "Room for two to Butte, Montana; share expenses."

At its peak in the summer of 1943, the West Coast industry had 307,371 people working. That year, almost 250,000 workers quit and, although 180,000 new hands were hired, by the fall of 1944, there were fewer than 240,000 at work. From August, 1943, to August, 1944, 226,006 airplane workers quit; almost none of them went to other plane plants. They went back home or into nonwar work, regardless of WMC rules.

All this may not be exalted patriotism, but you have to remember that thousands of these people went through the depression, and that has done something to them permanently. They are not going to be caught again, if they can help it, jobless in a big city with a hundred applicants for every job.

The notion that civilian orders after the war will provide much work is laughed at in the industry. Just how much may be forthcoming is illustrated here:

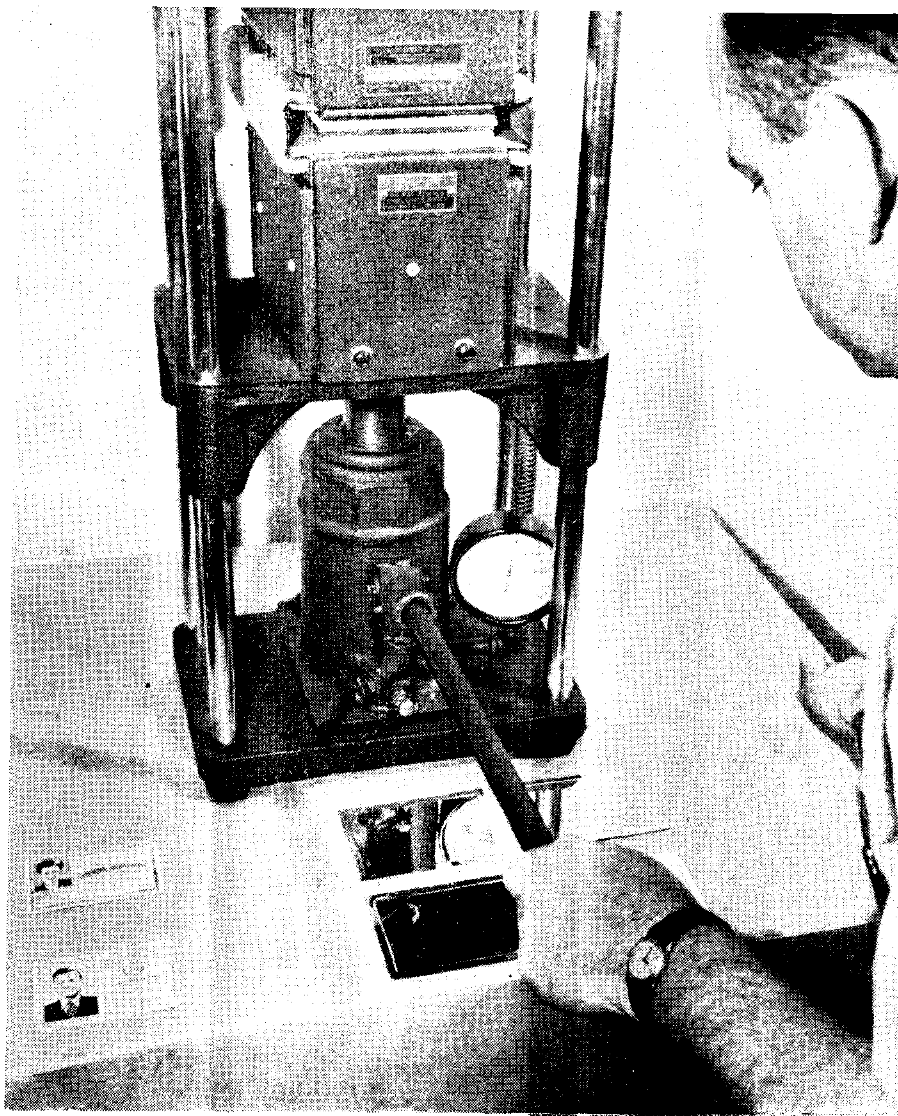
(Continued on page 54)

A CASE OF *Identity*

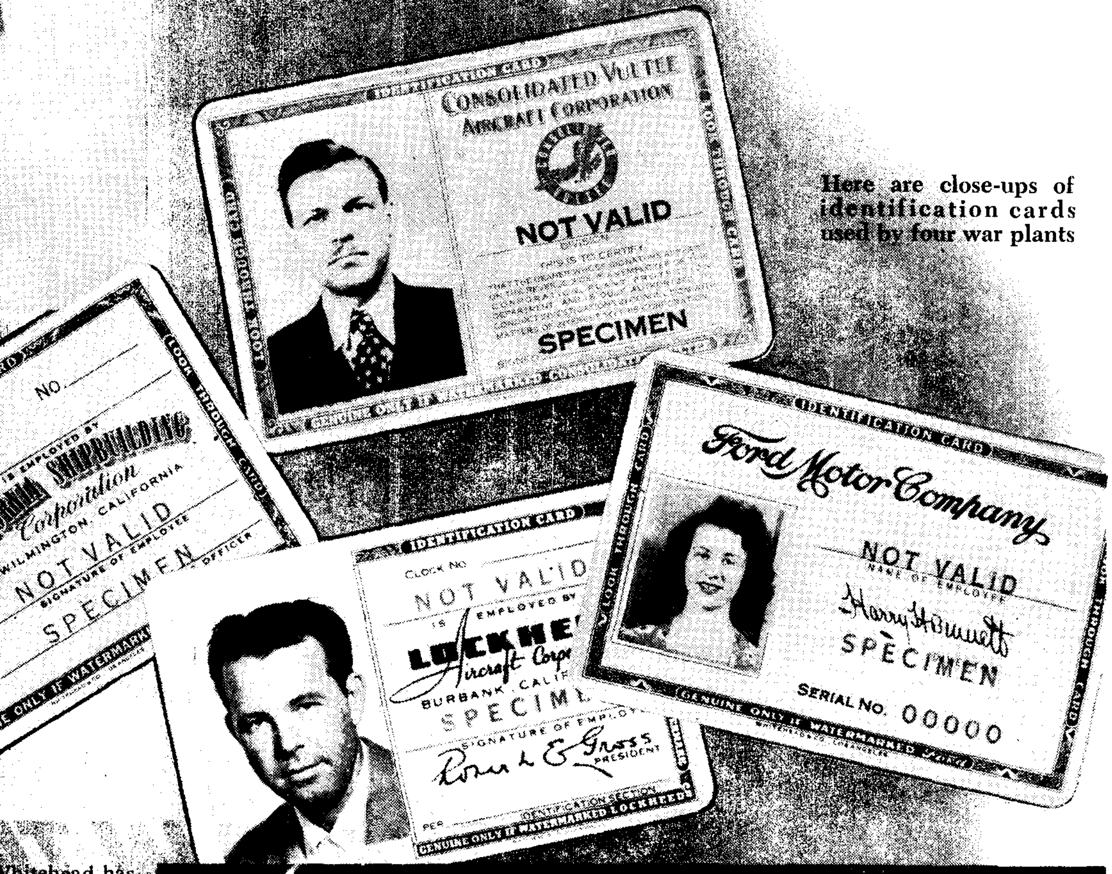
BY FRANCIS SILL WICKWARE

Ned Whitehead turned out more than 8,000,000 identification cards which couldn't be counterfeited. In the future he hopes we'll all have one—a simple, unarguable means of identification

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH CRANE—BLACK STAR



The plastic is put on each side of the cards and, under heat and high pressure of laminating machine, it is fused with cards so that they can't be pried apart



Here are close-ups of identification cards used by four war plants

SEVERAL months ago, a saboteur tried to sneak into a restricted part of a West Coast airplane factory where vital precision parts were manufactured. He was employed in a different part of the factory, held a regular company identification card, and had carefully studied the layout of the restricted area. Shifts of about one hundred and fifty men entered and left through one particular gate. Here they were required to deposit their identification cards—containing a photograph, fingerprints, signature, and personal description—and claim them again on the way out. Thus there was a constant check on the people working in the building.

The saboteur knew that he would be discovered when the guard at the gate went through the cards. But once inside the building, it would take only a few minutes for him to drop little pellets of metallic dust into delicate grinding and polishing machinery. He thought he could bluff his way out by pretending that he had entered the wrong building by mistake.

So, one night, he joined the line of men handing in their cards. A broad-brimmed hat shaded his face. His breath reeked of cheap whisky which he had drunk to substantiate his story of getting into the wrong place, if he was challenged. When the saboteur stepped to the window and gave his card to the guard inside, he got no farther. An alarm bell rang, and the gate slammed in his face. Before he could throw away the telltale pellets of carborundum dust, policemen had surrounded him. Today he is serving a long term in Federal prison.

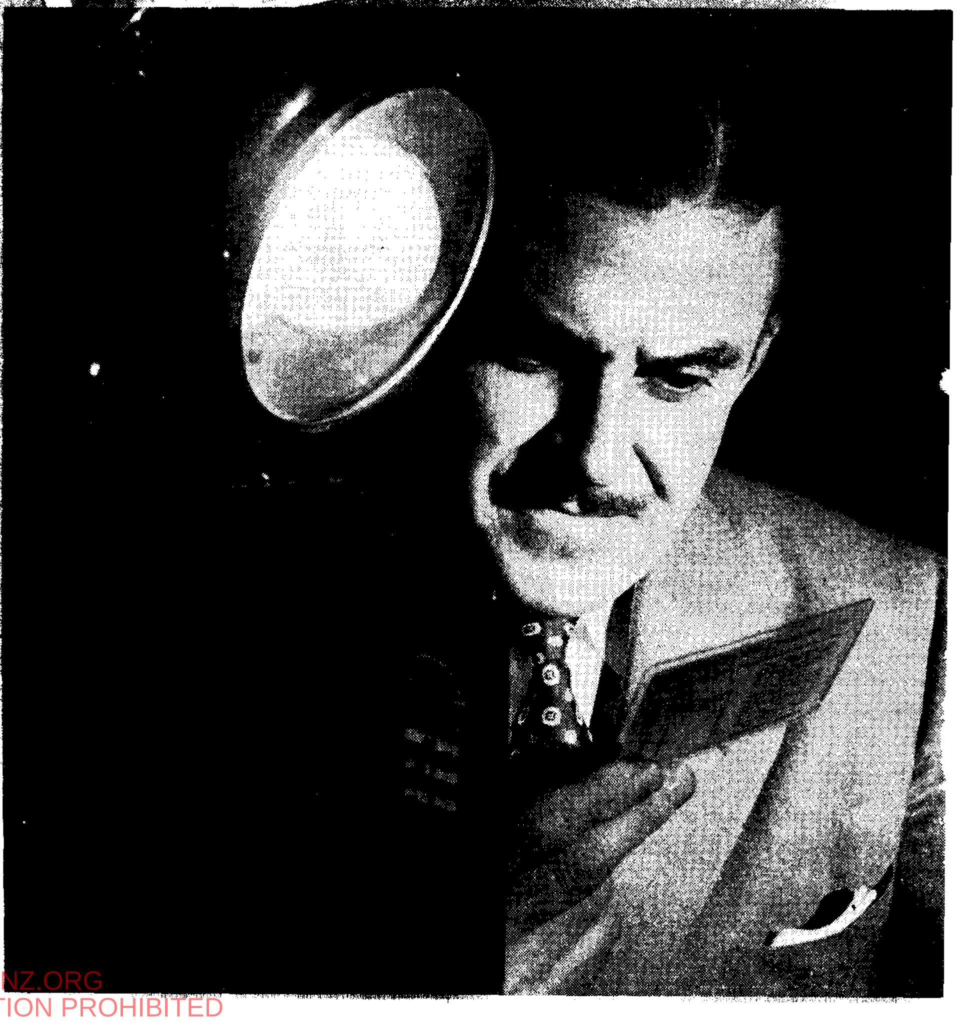
"That man made just one mistake," says Ned Whitehead of Los Angeles, who manufactures the identification cards for the airplane factory. "On the surface, the cards carried by the men in that division of the plant looked just like the regular cards for all the personnel, so that nothing drew attention to the fact that they were key workers. Nevertheless, the cards were different. Each one had a certain design printed in fluorescent ink on the face, invisible in ordinary light. But just inside the window was an ultraviolet lamp, which brought out the fluorescent design. The men themselves didn't know this."

Although most cases of this nature are kept secret by the F.B.I., Mr. Whitehead has good reason for knowing that his counterfeitproof identification cards have been instrumental in trapping many a saboteur. In the last two and a half years, Whitehead & Co. has supplied upward of eight million cards to such customers as Ford, Standard Oil, Bell Telephone, Anaconda, Timken, California Shipbuilding, the Kaiser industries, Lockheed, Consolidated, Pratt & Whitney, Douglas, and other aircraft companies, as well as to the Army, Navy and Coast Guard. Whitehead counterfeitproof cards also are issued as taxi drivers' licenses by the police departments of various cities.

A comparatively small percentage of Whitehead's cards are printed in fluorescent ink, for the ordinary nonfluorescent card usually gives ample security. Mr. Whitehead proudly points out that, despite numerous attempts, there has not been a single instance of successful alteration or counterfeiting of the million cards he has issued.

This is due to an ingenious combination of safeguards. First, the cards are printed on special watermarked paper virtually impossible to duplicate. After the card is filled in, and photograph and fingerprints attached, it is placed in a laminating machine and

(Continued on page 53)



Ned Whitehead examines one of the cards under ultraviolet lamp. The light brings out design or writing in fluorescent ink, thus a counterfeit is spotted immediately

Lady IN WAITING

BY KYLE CRICHTON

While she sits on her terrace knitting, chewing gum and waiting for a script, throne-room gossip whispers that Joan Crawford is through. But the red-haired Texan long ago learned to handle herself in the infighting, and she's not going down without a battle

THE great movie lady sat in the shady part of the flagged terrace under the eaves of the house, her jaws moving furiously at her chewing gum and her hands clipping busily at her knitting. Occasionally she looked out at the stretch of green to the back where her husband gazed forlornly at the empty swimming pool.

"You wouldn't think a place would get as dirty as that in a month," he confided to her unhappily, in a half-raised voice.

"Awful," she admitted, stopping her chewing to look at him sympathetically, then went back to the knitting.

He wandered back up the yard toward her, dressed in shorts, a sweat shirt and sneakers. He was tanned and well set up, his face hard to distinguish behind the large dark sunglasses. When he came up on the terrace, he leaned over and kissed her as warmly as if he had just returned from a journey.

"Darling," she said happily.

The purpose of this domestic and slightly maudlin introduction is to present Miss Joan Crawford at home and at liberty, in a very precarious and crucial moment of her screen career.

Among the coffeehouses and bistros of Hollywood, there is a general feeling that Miss Crawford is through as a motion-picture actress. In a town where disaster has an almost obscene attraction for the populace, this tidbit is repeated with unction by individuals who have every reason to regard Miss Crawford with admiration and even gratitude. Miss Crawford goes on with her knitting, biding her time. She knows what they are saying, just as any declining monarch is aware of the back-stairs tattle of her courtiers. And like that same ruler, she is determined to regain her power at the proper moment.

Miss Crawford has been conducting her life in the past year and a half like a military campaign. She deserted M-G-M after eighteen years because she knew that only strategic retreat could save her career.

"I came there as a kid and they got in the habit of taking me for granted. Mr. Mayer cried when I told him I was going to leave and said, 'Why, Joan, we practically raised you here; you're one of the family.' That was the trouble; I was the sister who did the work and brought home the money. They thought I'd always be around for that."

She could see how the land lay. In the old days the good parts had gone to Norma Shearer, the wife of Irving Thalberg, production head of the studio. When he died, Norma still got them because, as his widow, she owned the largest individual block of M-G-M stock. When she retired and the road seemed open at last for Miss Crawford, a new claimant to the throne arrived in the person of Greer Garson, the sweetly suave lady from Britain. That contest was over almost before it began; Garson started getting the top roles and Crawford continued getting the usual ones.

It required no oracle with a long red beard to convince Crawford that she was stymied. Her pictures were progressively getting worse, and it was plain that she was never going to get any higher than pretender to the throne. Although she had been a gold mine on the lot for many years, she had never really shared in the big money until her last contract, which was for five years—no layoffs, no options, fifty-two weeks a year at full pay. It still had three years to run when she entered the sanctum of the great Mayer and caused his tears to flow. Several months later, she made an even better deal with Warner Brothers, but she insists there is no connection between the two events.

"When I quit, I quit; there wasn't anything else in sight. The Warner thing came later. It doesn't matter, maybe, but I thought I was being pretty brave and I'd like to have credit for it."

Joan Crawford's long period without a part may not be fun for her, but her two adopted children love it. Especially Christina, above, the eldest

PHOTOGRAPH BY INTERNATIONAL

What followed was a trying time. There was nothing financial to worry about because Warners' were paying a regular weekly salary, a huge one, whether she worked or not, but it also meant that they were eager for her work. They finally turned up with a script by Edmund Goulding called Never Goodby. She read it and turned it down.

The Warners collectively swelled up and looked as if about to explode. Jack Warner sent a letter in which he asked who she thought she was, come on over here and go to work, you're not a Metro prima donna any more. Goulding was noted for his success as a director with women stars, this was a wonderful script; they had paid him a lot of money for it and believed in it.

Crawford replied that it was a very bad script—to which she could testify as an expert on bad scripts. "I used to analyze scripts at Metro and write down what was wrong with them. They would tell me I was crazy, and then the picture would come out and the critics would land on those same bad points. It was when I refused to go in Cry Havoc that the fight over there really come to a head. I told them what was wrong with it, and the public corroborated my opinion later."

This didn't convince the Warners, but neither did their pleas move her. She knew the harpies were saying around town that she wouldn't go into another picture for fear of a failure; that she had been a fool ever to leave Metro; that she was washed up.

Luckily, the help situation in Hollywood became so bad at this time she was forced to do most of her own work. The house is large but not pretentious; there are two adopted children and a new husband, Philip Terry, and their care kept her mind off her troubles. Because they stayed home for months on end, the gossip became even louder.

The charge now was that she and her husband carried affection to ridiculous lengths. It was said that at dinner parties in their own home, the maid hardly had time for serving because of carrying love notes back and forth between the hosts. And indeed it did *(Continued on page 51)*

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. NAVY

Fighter pilots aboard U.S.S. Saratoga listen intently as Commander Joseph Clifton, USN, reads selections from his pocket Bible before they raid Jap-held Rabaul

THE WORLD'S *Best Seller*

BY AVERY STRAKOSCH

Many American soldiers and sailors overseas have discovered that they can be brought closer to their families at home through the medium of the Bible. As a result, a nation-wide experiment in setting up this spiritual bond will be begun during November

THEY regarded each other suspiciously. The big Solomon Islander standing club in hand, his naked body camouflaged against the dark jungle, and the American sailor cradled in the gnarled roots of a tamarind. As the sailor quickly reached for his gun, the native leaned forward and pointed.

"That Bible?"

The sailor's eyes widened. He nodded slowly.

"Me read Bible, too." The dark man paused. "Me Christian," he said.

Dropping his club onto the forest path, he took up the Bible, turned to a chapter in Isaiah, and read aloud in very fair English. Finished, he returned the Bible with a friendly smile, picked up the club and went on his way.

Once this experience would have made unique source material for a Kipling, but today many strange people in stranger places are reading the Bible. It's natural that there'd be accelerated interest in the Scriptures during wartime. But The American Bible Society says that never in its 128-year history has there been such universal interest. In the Aleutians, well-marked Bibles were found in the litter the Japs left behind; and from United Nations posts everywhere, Americans constantly write their families and friends, saying, "I'm discovering the Bible," or rediscovering it.

Since July, 1940, The American Bible Society has furnished 4,624,354 copies of the New Testament for our men and women in the services, the vast majority since Pearl Harbor. In addition it has furnished 277,185 Bibles and 1,313,142 portions (single books of the Bible)—a grand total of 6,214,681 volumes. Because it believes there can be spiritual communion between the men overseas and civilians at home, it is trying to get every American to read the Bible on a regular daily schedule, from Thanksgiving to Christmas. This is not exactly an experiment, either.

Last April, the Society was behind a similar movement in Texas. It backed Governor Coke R. Stevenson's proclamation which asked a million Texans to pledge themselves to read three chapters of the New Testament daily between Easter and the Fourth of July. The plan, the governor announced, was to establish between families and their relatives in the service, "a spiritual bond that knows no limit of distance." It worked. Every day for three months, thousands of homes in the Lone Star State had one or more persons reading the Bible.

But it was a plaintive letter from a lonely Marine on Guadalcanal which really inspired the Society to sponsor this nationwide Bible reading. He wrote his mother in Massachusetts that his chaplain had just given him a New Testament, and asked her to begin reading with him a certain chapter every day.

"Each day we'll read," the Marine wrote, "and I will feel that we are sort of joining invisible hands."

Admiral Ernest J. King, Helen Keller, Herbert Hoover and Amos Alonzo Stagg are a few of the many notables who are sponsoring this great American Bible class. If you haven't been to church in years, or have no particular belief, don't let that keep you from joining it, these sponsors say. You may think of the Scriptures as merely a series of good stories telling of stanch faith, high adventure, mighty deeds—and that's all right, too. It's even possible you may be like the inductee who, when given a Bible by his chaplain a few months ago, looked at it curiously. "I have heard about the Bible over the radio," he said, "but this is the first time I have seen one."

It is a matter of record that great numbers of people always turn to the Scriptures when they are confused or in distress. But The American Bible Society was curious to know exactly which chapters appeal most to human beings these days. So it asked 100,000 American chaplains and ministers to select a chapter from the Old or the New Testament, which made the greatest appeal to members of their congregations. Thirty-three chapters were finally chosen. Out of the list of passages selected, special passages were assigned to Thanksgiving and Christmas for obvious reasons. Old Testament passages were used for Sunday reading so that if servicemen were without copies of the Bible, they could hear these passages read on Sunday by the chaplains, who were requested to read them at chapel services.

Otherwise, the chapters are in the order of their choice. On Thanksgiving Day, it would like you to take time off from turkey, or whatever, to read the 103d Psalm which is sometimes known as the Thanksgiving Psalm. For the second day, the chosen chapter and number one chapter of the poll is Chapter 14 of the Gospel of St. John which begins with the comforting words: "Let not your heart be troubled." For the third day, the number two chapter of the poll is the Twenty-third Psalm with the beautiful opening: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

The American Bible Society was started back in 1816, when James Fenimore Cooper, one of our leading novelists, discovered that few Americans could afford to buy Bibles. Cooper, with Richard Varick and a handful of other thoughtful men, got together to form the Society. They wanted to place a Bible in every home, especially among the lonely pioneer families in Ohio and the wilderness beyond. In its charter, the Society wrote that its "sole object" was "to encourage a wider distribution of the Holy Scriptures without

(Continued on page 64)

Passages selected by a nationwide poll of pastors and chaplains, listed in the order of their tabulated votes.

1. **John 14**
2. **Psalm 23**
3. **Matthew 5**
4. **Romans 8**
5. **I Corinthians 13**
6. **Psalm 91**
7. **Matthew 6**
8. **John 3**
9. **Psalm 46**
10. **Romans 12**
11. **Hebrews 11**
12. **Matthew 7**
13. **Isaiah 53**
14. **Psalm 1**
15. **John 15**
16. **Isaiah 40**
17. **Psalm 27**
18. **Psalm 103**
19. **Psalm 121**
20. **Philippians 4**
21. **Isaiah 55**
22. **Revelation 21**
23. **Luke 15**
24. **Ephesians 6**
25. **John 17**
26. **Luke 2**
27. **I Corinthians 15**
28. **John 10**
29. **Psalm 51**
30. **Psalm 37**
31. **John 1**
32. **Revelation 22**
33. **Psalm 90**

Perilous Holiday

BY ROBERT CARSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE LITTLE

The Story:

Wounded while destroying a Nazi radio station in South America, PATRICK NEVIL, an American undercover man, goes to Mexico City. There a Texan named GRAEME, from whom he takes orders, instructs him to meet AGNES (AGGIE) STUART, a vitriolic columnist who is flying to the capital from the States, and see to it that her impressions of Mexico are favorable. The columnist arrives. She is clever and beautiful, and PAT likes her *very* much. With AGGIE and two pickup acquaintances—AUDREY LATHAM, a Seattle girl, and GEORGE RICHARDS, a new-rich Californian—PAT goes to El Vaquero, a night spot run by "Doc" LILLEY, a gangster who had been exposed in Chicago by AGGIE. RICHARDS gets drunk and introduces himself to LILLEY, who joins the party. AGGIE and the crook exchange a few cutting words. Then, losing control of herself, AGGIE attacks the fellow, without mincing words. "I didn't get you the first time," she says. "But come back home, Doctor—just come back home!"

II

LILLEY shook his head gravely. "No, thank you, Agnes," he said. "As I told you, I'm content to go along with what I have here." His eyes took stock of the others at the table, then came back to Aggie. "Of course," he continued, "I am familiar with your habitually intemperate language, but our audience—not being acquainted with our relationship, they may misunderstand. It would not even surprise me to discover that we are boring them."

Aggie choked back a reply, and turned to Audrey with a suavity that now matched the doctor's. "Miss Latham," she said, "do we bore you?"

"I don't know," Audrey said, in thick tones. "My headache is killing me. I want to go home."

"I love it," Patrick said, "in case you're going to ask me. Reminisce some more about old times."

Lilley faced Patrick directly for the first time. His light eyes were blank and almost opaque, but they missed nothing.

"Your interest is flattering," he said. "Are you a tourist, Mr.—ah—"

"Nevil," Patrick supplied. "More or less, Doctor Lilley, but not really. I don't drink that much."

"Most amusing," Lilley paused, still watching Patrick. "You're a friend of Miss Stuart's?"

"I certainly hope so."

"The young lady at my right is a tourist?"

"Miss Latham?" Patrick said. "She's a Seattle, Washington, bud who has come to full bloom a bit too quickly this evening."

"You're a sprightly young man," Lilley said. "I imagine you charm both the young ladies."

"I do my best, Doctor," Patrick said.

George came back from the washroom and sat down heavily. He was not happy.

"Our liquor doesn't appear to agree with you, Mr. Richards," Lilley said.

"I'm all right," George said. "Don't you worry about me, Doc. I'll pay the bill and I won't make any fuss. I take on a load once in a while because I got things on my mind."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"Don't you be sorry," George said. "I can take care of it. You're a big shot, but I'm just as big a shot in my own way. I'll—"

A man walked over and bent to speak to Lilley. He was medium-sized, compact, with heavy shoulders and a narrow waist. His hair was jet black, his complexion dark, his features aquiline. He would have been handsome but for white, roundish scars that caved in either cheek. He spoke very slowly, in Spanish. His accent was not Mexican.

Patrick listened without evidence of understanding, but learned little. A man named Benny was calling Lilley in the office. Benny was hanging on in case Lilley could come to the phone. Patrick glanced at Aggie. Something indefinable in her expression betrayed her. She was also listening, and suddenly Patrick realized she could understand Spanish. He looked again at the man bending beside Lilley.

Here's a guy, he thought, that walked right into a bullet. They don't improve your puss.

"*Gracias, Pepe,*" Lilley said. "I will endeavor to come immediately."

Pepe walked away. Lifting the stein, Lilley drank what must have been over a pint of beer without pausing. Then he lumbered up from his chair. The effort made him puff.

"Forgive me," he said. "I am wanted in the office. Good night, Miss Stuart, Miss Latham, Mr. Nevil, Mr. Richards."

Patrick smiled and Audrey nodded heavily. George said, "So long, Doc. Don't feel you're obligated because I mentioned F. A. Bolton. I can take care of myself."

"I'm looking forward to seeing you again," Lilley replied. "And Agnes, naturally."

"Naturally," Aggie said.

The doctor moved off majestically, his slow gait matching his bulk. Aggie followed his progress with her keen, darkened eyes until he was lost in the crowd. She shifted them to Patrick. Her face was still strained, but losing some of its tension. He grinned.

"You newspaperwomen meet such interesting people," he remarked.

"I have friends like that all over," Aggie said.

George started to speak and hiccuped drearily instead. Having removed a compact from her purse with considerable difficulty, Audrey was freshening her make-up.

"Let's take these two victims of the altitude home," Aggie said. "I'm tired."

WHEN they drove up to the hotel, Audrey and George were sleeping peacefully, slumped together in the back seat of the car. Patrick awakened them and they got out.

"At what hour tomorrow?" Manuel asked.

"No hour for me," Aggie said. "Good night, caballeros."

She walked off with Audrey and George. Manuel contemplated Patrick with raised eyebrows.

"It is necessary for me to work on this girl," Patrick said. "I will let you know later."

"May you sleep well," Manuel said.

Patrick caught up with them in the lobby. Trying to ask for his key, George had another gastric commotion. Audrey took hold of Patrick's arm and hung on firmly. The nap had not refreshed her. She was dazed again. George mumbled, "Good night," and left them, but Audrey stuck. Patrick felt a little desperate.

"Aggie," he said, "let's put the children to bed and go somewhere for a nightcap. I want to hear more about the good doctor."

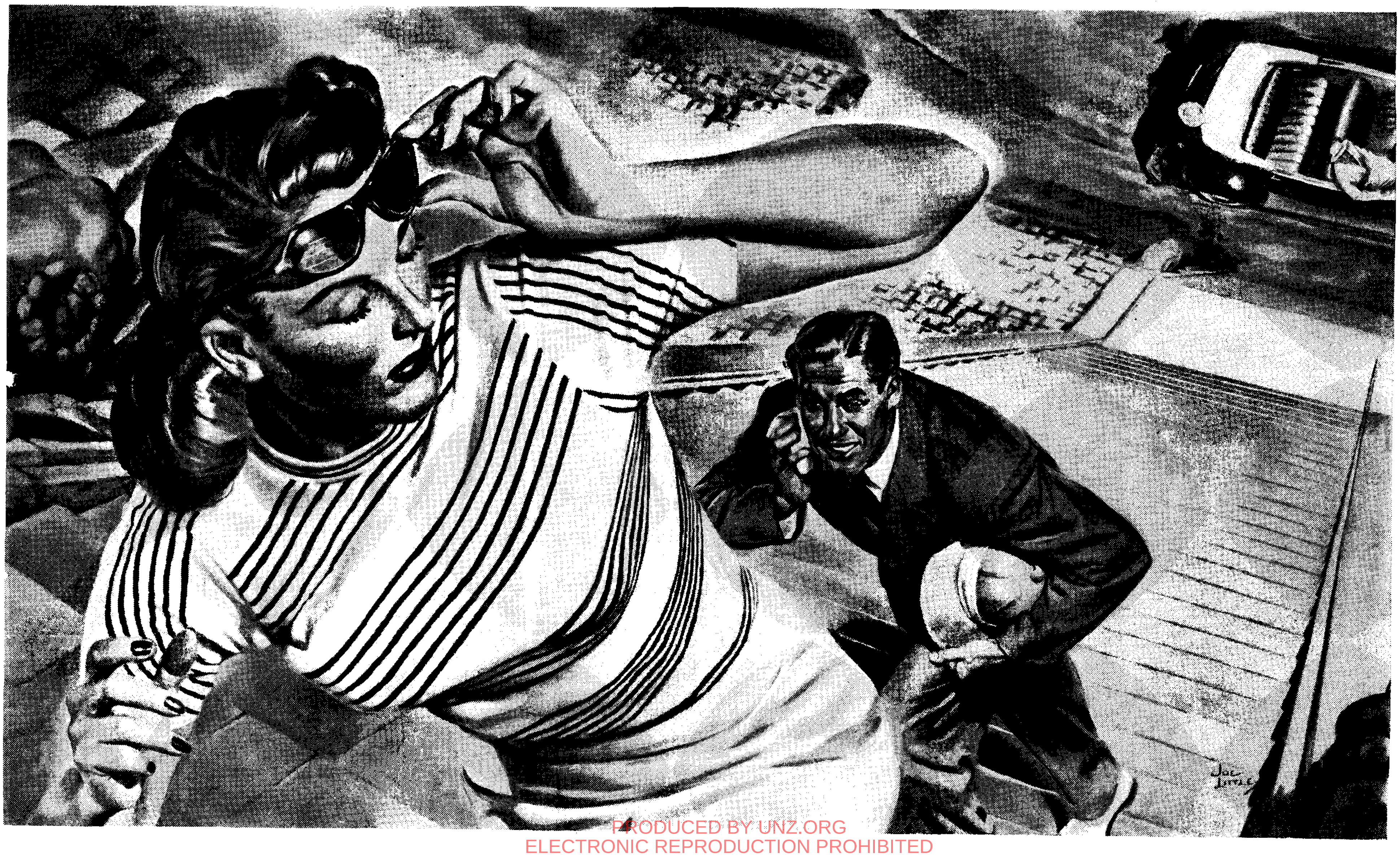
She shook her head. "No, you have the white man's burden there. Better see that she gets safely to her room."

"Well, how about tomorrow? I have a round of pleasure planned for you."

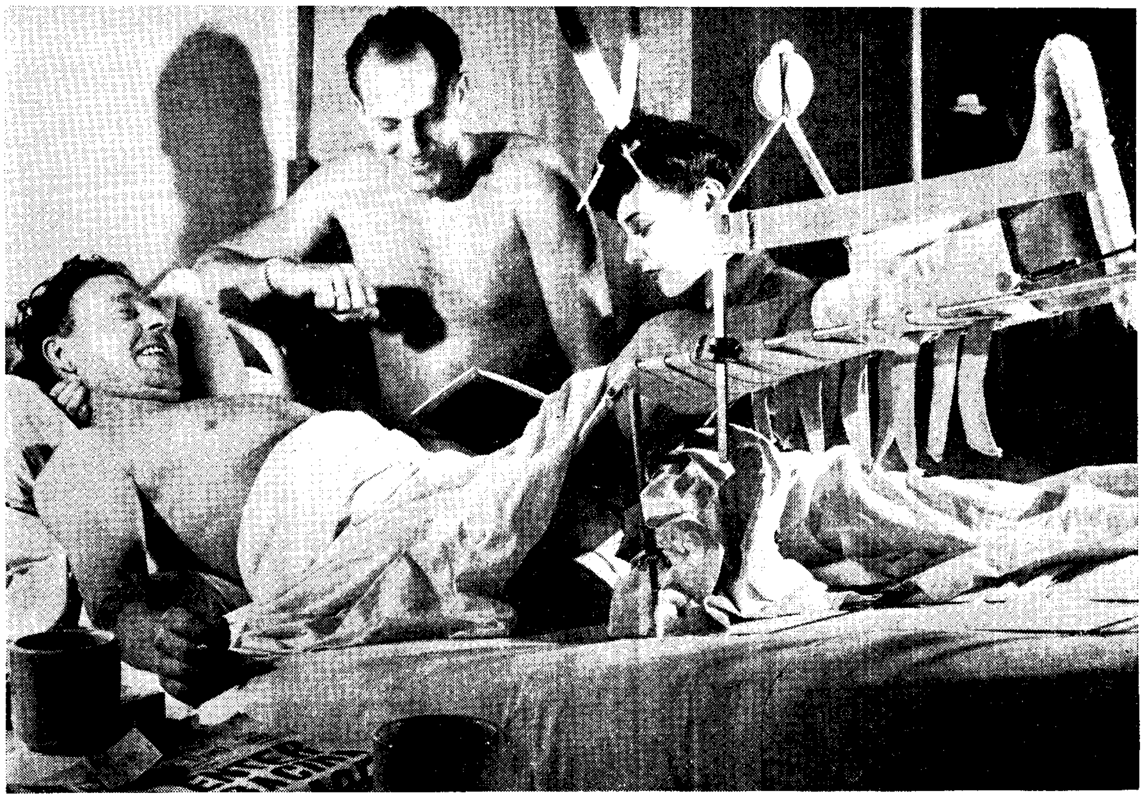
"I don't think we'd better," Aggie said. "You're a pretty rich dish, Patrick, and I don't want to spoil my taste for the ordinary blue-plate variety when I go home. Suppose you try to dine with me some night before I leave, if you're still around? Say in about a week."

"Is this my dismissal?" Patrick said.

(Continued on page 64)

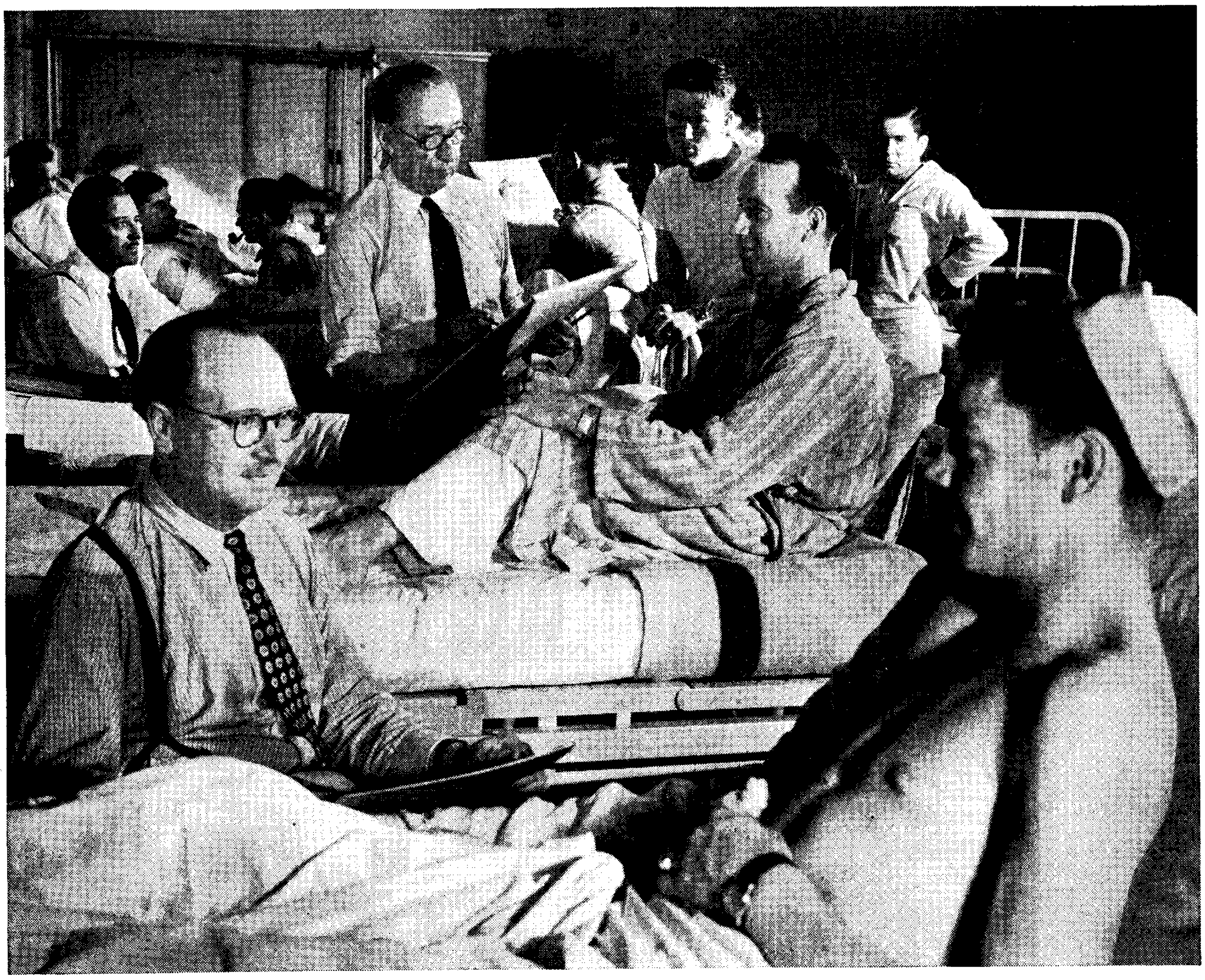


They began to climb the steps. Halfway up Patrick's leg began to hurt him badly. Once Aggie looked back and noticed his discomfort and seemed pleased



Women artists are especially popular with wounded servicemen. Here Kay Kenney sketches a grinning patient who says, "Make me look pretty." Doctors say portraits are good for morale

Willard Fairchild lets the kibitzers kibit while he sketches Attilio Benedetto. Fairchild will soon visit overseas hospitals



Sketch night at St. Albans Naval Hospital: in background, l. to r., Artists Warren Baumgartner, William Pachner (with pipe), Wallace Morgan, Charles M. Hawes. In foreground, John Holmgren

Portrait OF A Soldier

BY AMY PORTER

The nation's artists discover a unique way to help the war wounded. Doctors say their hospital sketch tours, here and abroad, are great for morale

THE patients in the Walter Reed amputation ward called out when they saw John Holmgren and Jack Vickery at the door: "Hello! Come in! We've been waiting for you."

The patients knew the two artists pretty well by now. They had seen them every afternoon and evening for four days. Those men who could walk—with or without crutches—quickly gathered around to ask if it was their turn to be sketched.

With the help of the nurse, and after a lot of kidding about who was the prettiest, the two artists picked out ten men to sketch. As Holmgren settled himself, getting out his sketch pad and pencils, one of the patients spoke to him in an undertone: "I think you ought to draw Charlie tonight. He's the kid in the third bed on the left. Charlie's feeling low."

"That's right," said another man, "never mind about us. Better do Charlie."

Holmgren did Charlie, and, before he was through, Charlie was pretty interested, even grinning a little.

Holmgren and Vickery are among the growing group of artists now traveling about from hospital to hospital, on volunteer sketch tours arranged by USO Camp Shows. They send the original sketch to the soldier's wife or girl friend or mother, as he wishes, and give him a photostatic negative, so that he can have copies made.

The service after a few months' trial has proved so successful that it is to be extended to overseas hospitals. Seven artists, including Vickery and Willard Fairchild, are scheduled as the first to leave the country, and others will follow.

Doctors, chaplains, nurses, all agree on the value of the work. When Fairchild left Valley Forge General Hospital after several days of sketching, the commanding officer said, "You should stay here all the time. We need you."

The sketching project was the idea of one determined young New York artist, Henrietta Sharon. About a year ago, she got permission to go to the Brooklyn Naval Hospital to make sketches. She asked Wallace Morgan and Fairchild, both first-rate illustrators, to go with her. They set out that evening with some fear and trembling.

"I was half afraid, I'll admit," says Morgan. "I thought it would be depressing to see men with terrible injuries. But it isn't that way at all. That's what I keep saying when I try to recruit more artists. There's a lot of cheerful noise in a ward, radios going, somebody playing a guitar and singing, some program coming in over the address system, everybody kidding around. Those boys are wonderful. You leave, feeling you've had a good time. There are tragic cases. But the way those other injured boys rally around the one that's down and out is remarkable."

To spread the service, the artists solicited and got the sponsorship of USO Camp Shows. The USO arranges tours throughout the country and overseas, with artists giving as much time as they can spare. Expenses are paid by the USO but no one is paid for his work. On the contrary, a high-priced illustrator generally loses several good fees because he's away from his studio.

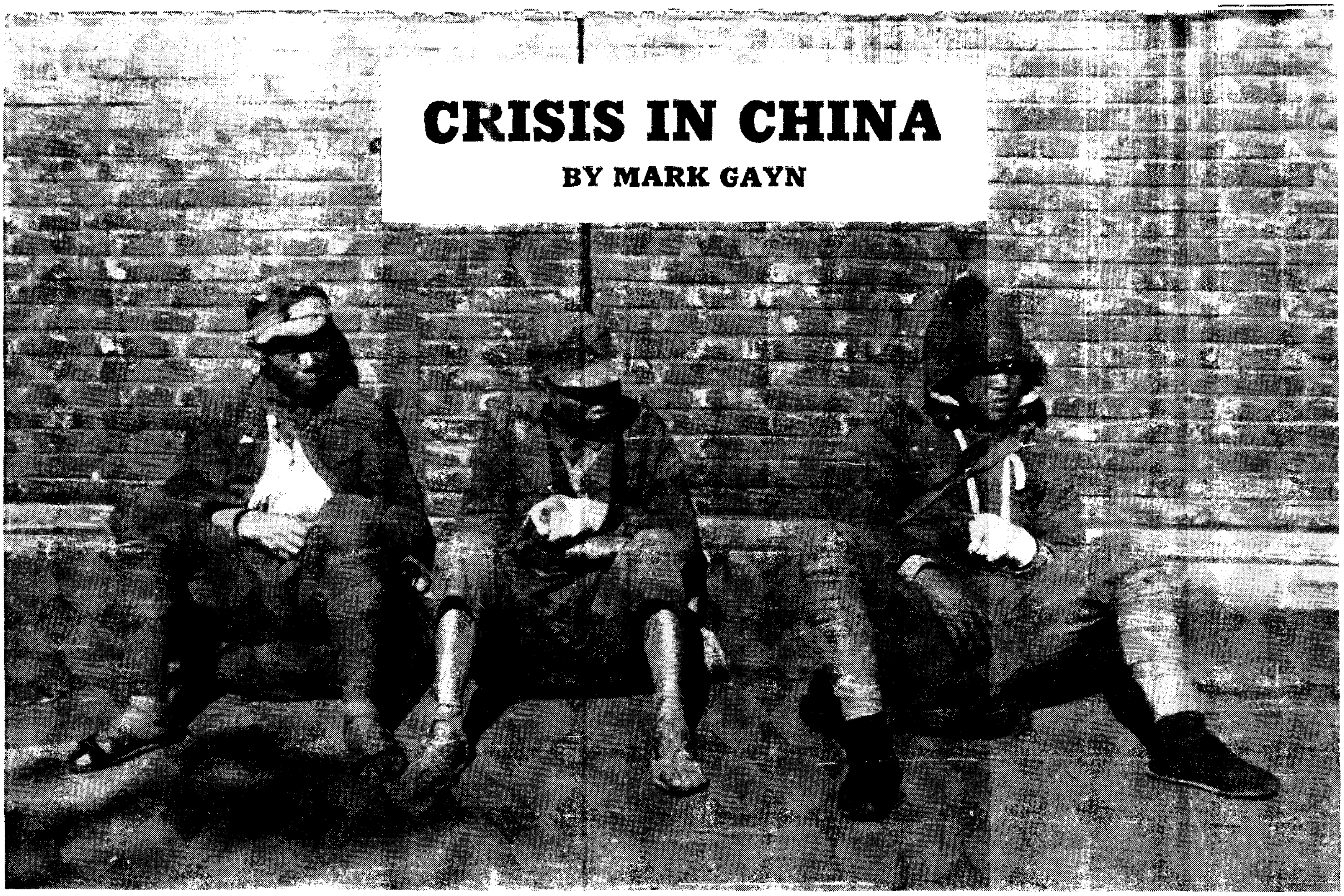
Lawrence Phillips, executive vice-president at USO, heads the service, and he and a committee of artists pass on the qualifications of new volunteers. The men are a little

(Continued on page 43)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HUSTON-PIX

CRISIS IN CHINA

BY MARK GAYN



MARK GAYN

"I saw a base hospital evacuated. Screeching trucks roared off with file cabinets, beds. The wounded were left to care for themselves"

Our Chinese allies are weary of war. Their civilians stagger under famine; their armies reel under the cruel lashing of the oppressor; their government is all but powerless to help. The big question is: What can America do now?

IN THE green, hill-studded vastness of South China, the Allies suffered a tragic and costly defeat. Its depth is obscured by victories on other fronts. But in the months to come, many Americans may die to regain the time, territory and military advantage lost in China, and the shadow of the reverse will lie dark and heavy across the blueprints of Allied strategy.

Military experts may have anticipated reverses in China, but to most Americans the news of this defeat came as a shock. It should not have. Like a slow cancer, the setback has been *years in the making;* China's stamina and valor alone have staved it off this long.

What China has endured in these years is not easy for a well-clad, well-fed American to imagine. For seven years, scarcity and pain have been a part of China's daily life; they have also been a part of her war-making.

What few industries she once had along the coast have been seized or destroyed by the enemy. Pestilence and famine have swept across her, killing millions and maiming the bodies of those who lived. China's railroads have been torn apart or seized by the foe. A solid wall of blockade has been drawn around China, until her people lack everything, from matches to motors. And with the blockade has come a billion-dollar smuggling racket, inflation and inescapable decay of spirit.

China has achieved one aim she set before herself in those tragic summer days of 1937: to wear down the foe by pin-pricking, by passive resistance, by denying him the fruits of conquest. But the success is negative, for

THOMAS KWANG—GUILLUMETTE

China has paid for it with years of sweat, blood and shrunken belly—and now with this defeat.

What has hurt China as a whole hurt her army, too. Like the civilian, the soldier has gone half-naked, ill-fed and infected by the slow poison of weariness. Thus far, the Chinese army has lost perhaps ten million men from all causes to keep some three million or more regulars in the field. It has been pushed far back into western China. With a heavy heart, it has watched its vital arteries to the outside world severed one after another.

But despite seven years of unrelieved setbacks, the Chinese army fought on—on grit, and little else. In the jungle of Burma two years ago, Chinese soldiers—without air cover or artillery support—fought long after reason cried for retreat. In North China, guerrillas dug ditches across new Japanese highways, knowing in anguish that their fellow villagers would be buried alive by the Japanese punitive columns in these very ditches. More than five thousand men, ill-armed and tired, died last August in a futile effort to retake the rubbish that once was Hengyang, the site of a key U.S. air base. And who can assail an ally which to this day keeps perhaps half a million Japanese troops busy?

But war demands more than sympathy and understanding for a savagely punished friend; it calls for an analysis of errors and weaknesses, and for correctives which can hasten victory. The Americans have a high and bloody stake in China's war; they have the right to know the facts, hitherto suppressed by a rigid censorship. This report is an effort to present these facts, with sympathy for China but also with the realization that prompt and drastic steps are in order.

China's weakest point—and her greatest strength—is her *lao ping,* G.I. Joe.

The life of *lao ping* begins on that day when a conscription gang arrives in his village, with the demand for ten, twenty or fifty men. The village tries to do right by its men. If it can help it, it will not give up its fathers and only sons. It may even hire thugs to raid another village and kidnap the needed men. But the rich can still hire substitutes for their sons, and the poor still find it difficult to escape conscription.

From the villages the recruits are led to camps. To prevent desertion, the men are guarded, and occasionally even roped together. The next stage is the long, hungry, weary trek to the front.

The long march is usually done on foot, over distances of 400, 600 or even 800 miles. In theory, each soldier is entitled to 24 ounces of rice a day. Actually, men may get only half of that, which they eat with a few shreds of vegetables. Soldiers rarely get meat.

The road claims most of the army's casualties. It is not unusual for a unit to lose a third, or even a half of its men on the march. Desertion is common, and armed guards still keep a sharp eye on the gray column.

Fifty or 100 miles before they reach the front, the recruits enter the "belt of devastation." In this area, all railroad tracks and beds, and all communication facilities have been destroyed, to prevent their use by the attacking foe. The men slog along the narrow, slippery paths across rice fields.

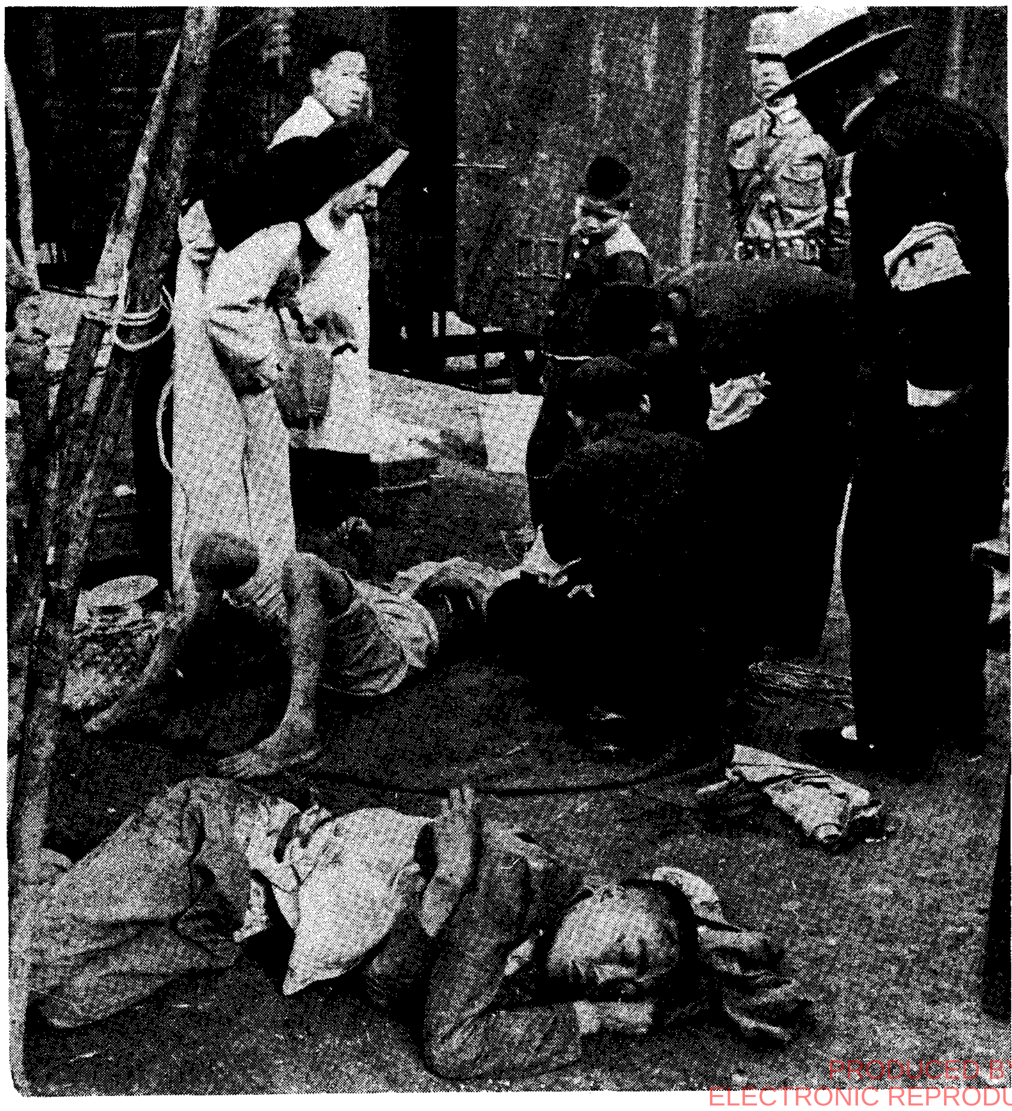
Once in the front zone, the exhausted men are given a chance to rest and fatten up. It takes from three to six months to build up

THOMAS KWANG—GUILLUMETTE

THOMAS KWANG—GUILLUMETTE

an undernourished, sickly conscript into a relatively fit soldier. In the front zone, the wise commanders grow their own rice and vegetables, raise their own pigs and fowl. A full stomach helps morale, and it is no coincidence that China's best fighters—those under General Joseph Stilwell—are also her best-fed men.

In round figures, China's fighting forces include three million regulars and a million guerrillas. But these figures ignore quality and equipment. No Chinese division is like another in its training and weapons. "Uncle Joe" Stilwell's units are a match for the Japanese. The Fifty-third Army, straining its guts and lungs in the snowcapped mountains beyond the Salween, is excellent fighting material—though it needs equipment, a supply service, a medical corps, more training. But these two armies are in sharp contrast with the force of 250,000 which last May disintegrated before the Japanese panzer columns streaking across the Honan plain.



An American Catholic nun moves comfortingly among wounded Chinese soldiers at a railroad station

CNS PHOTOS

In general, the shortages in equipment are so grave they defy American credibility. Honan's defenders had only *five* rounds of ammunition for every rifle, and many a man there had not fired a shot in six months. In the savage and futile counteroffensive at Hengyang last August, some of the better-equipped divisions of the Sixty-second Army went into battle with *two* aged 75s and half a dozen mortars. In the epic push across the Salween last July, the Chinese had a few American bazookas, but they soon ran out of ammunition and were slaughtered by Japanese machine gunners in pillboxes atop mountains. And in September, in the battle for the American air bases near Kwei-lin, some Chinese soldiers attacked *without rifles.*

The Chinese army has virtually no field artillery, no antitank or antiaircraft guns. Its tanks are few and old, and present lush targets for Japanese gunners. Army smithies and some arsenals turn out a thin trickle of small mortars and ammunition for the army's ill-assorted rifles, bought in the junk marts of Europe a decade ago. Early in the war, the Japanese learned to keep the Chinese beyond the range of rifle fire, and most of the wounded men in Chinese hospitals today bear shell and bomb injuries.

Almost as grave as the lack of weapons is the shortage of motor vehicles. Since the Japanese conquest of Burma, few trucks have entered China. In all of Free China today, the number of trucks is perhaps closer to 5,000 than to 10,000 and most of them are held together by wire and a lusty curse.

Acute Problem in Transport

These trucks must supply not only the huge Chinese army and the rapidly expanding American force, but must also meet the needs of a vast and hungry country. A truck in running order today may bring its owner a million Chinese dollars, or U.S. $25,000 at the official rate of exchange. A trader sending a ton of goods from Kunming to Chengtu may have to pay as much as $200 (Chinese) for each of the 550 miles for truck haulage. The U.S. Fourteenth and the new U.S. Twentieth (B-29) Air Forces need pay no such rates, but each truck they take for their needs is one less truck for the Chinese army.

The problem of transportation is further complicated by the lack of gasoline. When it can be found, it sells for $600 (Chinese) a gallon. The use of charcoal burners and inferior gasoline has helped little. The results are clear to the naked eye; on China's

THOMAS KWANG—GUILLUMETTE

busiest highway ten motor vehicles an hour in the daytime would set a record; and in Kwangtung province, where U.S. troops may conceivably land some day in their drive on Tokyo, a million people died of hunger this year because China lacked trucks to move food into the famine region.

Thus, the Chinese army shuffles along on foot, gray with dust and weariness, hungry and desperately underarmed. And behind it shuffle the coolies, conscripted in the locality, two men bearing the supplies one soldier will need in battle.

Chinese commanders vary as much as their men. Some of them, notably such generals as Wei on the Salween front and "Tiger" Hsueh on the South China front, are competent and hard-hitting. In the gritty rubble of Hengyang, six young generals—most of them under forty—wrote a deathless saga in August by holding up a superior Japanese force for 47 days, until only 2,000 of the 16,000 defenders remained alive. Sprinkled through the Chinese army are able younger officers—most of them graduates of the famous Whampoa Military Academy.

But the general level of Chinese command is still pathetically low. This is partly so because of inadequate military technical training, partly because of the lack of modern weapons, partly because of conditions peculiar to China, such as preoccupation with "face."

There is no effective united command, no co-ordinated operations on neighboring fronts. Many generals are jealous both of each other and of the Americans. Others resent the efforts of young Americans to teach the Chinese—veterans of seven years of fighting—the rudiments of modern tactics.

Some may smile at the tale—possibly apocryphal—of a Honan general who, in anticipation of a major Japanese land and air attack, contented himself with digging a moat around the city wall. But the story is not really amusing; too many generals of this type have lost too many costly battles.

On the Salween front, jealous divisional commanders failed to pool artillery for its most effective use, and squandered what little ammunition they had in unco-ordinated, feeble salvos. In the disastrous battle for Hengyang, an army which could have been used elsewhere to advantage was sent into a "face-saving"—and suicidal—attack.

Peculiar light is shed on the officer cadres by the regulations for the treatment of recruits, issued by the Chinese Ministry of War on June 11, 1943. These regulations provide for the severe punishment of officers who seize blankets, uniforms, shoes and other articles brought by recruits; forbid the addition of such foreign matter as sand to the soldiers' rice; and permit officers to put their men to work, provided the officers receive no compensation for it. This year the regulations were reissued over Chiang Kai-shek's own signature.

The state of the Chinese Command has

(*Continued on page 44*)

JAPAN'S

To win the Pacific War, we must invade Japan proper. Several routes are available. Some are short but formidable; others are longer and safer. Here is the invasion road map, with itineraries

At SAIPAN all hope of victory for Japan died. Saipan was not one of Japan's "outer defenses," although it is as far from Tokyo as Casablanca is from Berlin. Strategically, it was one of the key pieces in Japan's powerful system of inner fortresses. With Saipan in American hands, the most vital and vulnerable portion of the Japanese Empire has been laid bare.

The easiest way to picture this to yourself is to imagine the Japanese Empire as a man, somewhat grotesque in figure, but nevertheless possessing the anatomy of a human being.

On the accompanying illustration, this figure of a man is superimposed on a map of the Far East, using the home islands of Japan as the head, facing outward toward the Pacific. The body in profile—bloated by more rich food than this little man can digest—embraces the Philippines, Celebes, Borneo, Indo-China, Thailand and Burma. If you also want feet, Sumatra and Java will do.

We see immediately that this bottom-heavy glutton is sorely harassed. General Douglas MacArthur's forces are throwing paralyzing blows into his solar plexus in the Philippines. Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten's troops in Burma are booting him where it hurts. Allied task forces from Ceylon are periodically giving him the hotfoot, and American bombers from China and the Aleutians are clubbing him over the head with ever-increasing fury.

But none of these torments account for the fear of sudden death which has suddenly gripped this man's soul. The answer to that is the threat which has suddenly come to the *most vulnerable spot on his body*—his peculiar, giraffelike neck.

Extending 2,000 treacherous miles from the northern Philippines to Japan, that neck contains the vital veins and arteries of the Japanese Empire. Through those veins and arteries circulates Japan's lifeblood—of which the red corpuscles are oil, tin, rubber and rice, and the white corpuscles are tanks, artillery, planes and warships.

A Permanent Loss of Face

Once that neck is cut, Japan must bleed to death; and America's occupation of Saipan and Guam laid Japan's neck squarely on the block. The only question now is how we shall inflict upon the Japanese Empire the ancient Oriental punishment reserved for thieves: the disgrace of public beheading.

The exact means by which we shall carry out this immutable sentence must remain a matter of speculation. This is necessary not merely for security reasons but because military plans are always subject to change depending upon enemy countermeasures and the speed of our own preparations.

But we can narrow down the range of our possible objectives to three: a port on the southern coast of China; an invasion of Formosa; or the reoccupation of Luzon in the northern Philippines. Let's examine the merits of these possible plans of attack.

Plan 1: A direct invasion of Formosa from Saipan.

Plan 2: A direct invasion of the China coast from Saipan.

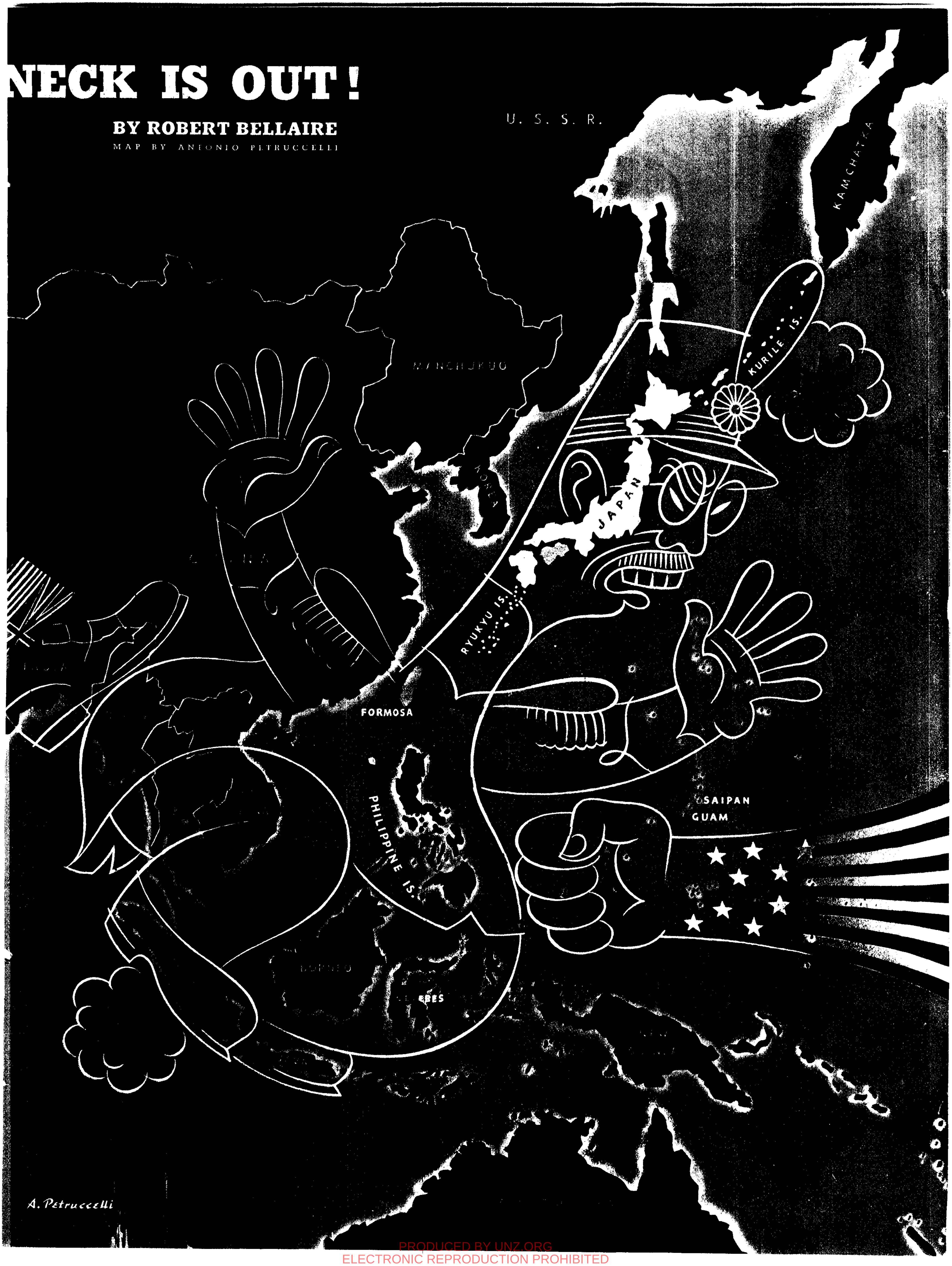
(*Continued on page 59*)

Japan, greedy and bloated empire seeker, is taking plenty of body blows now but her death will result from decapitation

NECK IS OUT!

BY ROBERT BELLAIRE

MAP BY ANTONIO PETRUCCELLI



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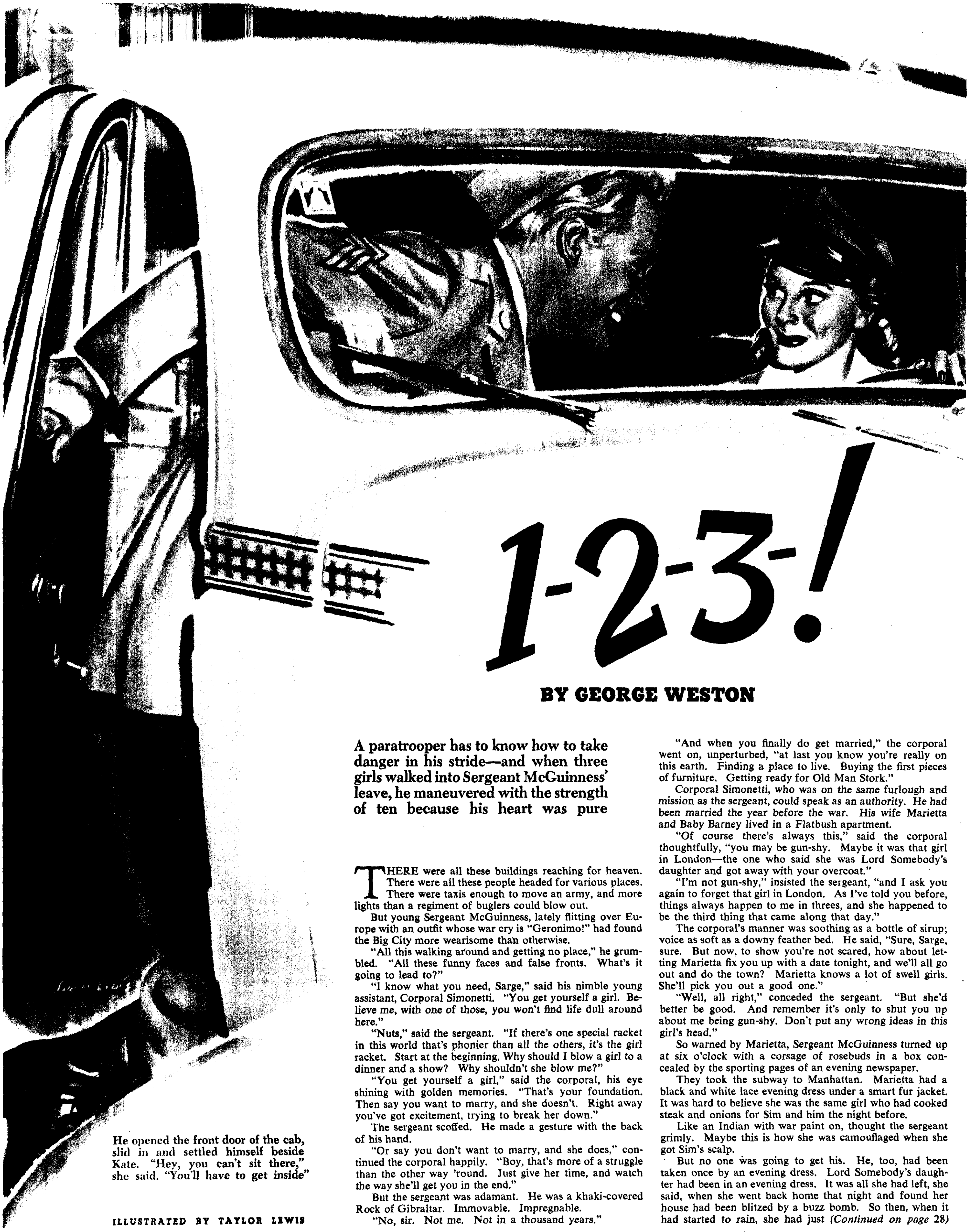


He opened the front door of the cab, slid in and settled himself beside Kate. "Hey, you can't sit there," she said. "You'll have to get inside"

ILLUSTRATED BY TAYLOR LEWIS

1-2-3!

BY GEORGE WESTON

A paratrooper has to know how to take danger in his stride—and when three girls walked into Sergeant McGuinness' leave, he maneuvered with the strength of ten because his heart was pure

THERE were all these buildings reaching for heaven. There were all these people headed for various places. There were taxis enough to move an army, and more lights than a regiment of buglers could blow out.

But young Sergeant McGuinness, lately flitting over Europe with an outfit whose war cry is "Geronimo!" had found the Big City more wearisome than otherwise.

"All this walking around and getting no place," he grumbled. "All these funny faces and false fronts. What's it going to lead to?"

"I know what you need, Sarge," said his nimble young assistant, Corporal Simonetti. "You get yourself a girl. Believe me, with one of those, you won't find life dull around here."

"Nuts," said the sergeant. "If there's one special racket in this world that's phonier than all the others, it's the girl racket. Start at the beginning. Why should I blow a girl to a dinner and a show? Why shouldn't she blow me?"

"You get yourself a girl," said the corporal, his eye shining with golden memories. "That's your foundation. Then say you want to marry, and she doesn't. Right away you've got excitement, trying to break her down."

The sergeant scoffed. He made a gesture with the back of his hand.

"Or say you don't want to marry, and she does," continued the corporal happily. "Boy, that's more of a struggle than the other way 'round. Just give her time, and watch the way she'll get you in the end."

But the sergeant was adamant. He was a khaki-covered Rock of Gibraltar. Immovable. Impregnable.

"No, sir. Not me. Not in a thousand years."

"And when you finally do get married," the corporal went on, unperturbed, "at last you know you're really on this earth. Finding a place to live. Buying the first pieces of furniture. Getting ready for Old Man Stork."

Corporal Simonetti, who was on the same furlough and mission as the sergeant, could speak as an authority. He had been married the year before the war. His wife Marietta and Baby Barney lived in a Flatbush apartment.

"Of course there's always this," said the corporal thoughtfully, "you may be gun-shy. Maybe it was that girl in London—the one who said she was Lord Somebody's daughter and got away with your overcoat."

"I'm not gun-shy," insisted the sergeant, "and I ask you again to forget that girl in London. As I've told you before, things always happen to me in threes, and she happened to be the third thing that came along that day."

The corporal's manner was soothing as a bottle of sirup; voice as soft as a downy feather bed. He said, "Sure, Sarge, sure. But now, to show you're not scared, how about letting Marietta fix you up with a date tonight, and we'll all go out and do the town? Marietta knows a lot of swell girls. She'll pick you out a good one."

"Well, all right," conceded the sergeant. "But she'd better be good. And remember it's only to shut you up about me being gun-shy. Don't put any wrong ideas in this girl's head."

So warned by Marietta, Sergeant McGuinness turned up at six o'clock with a corsage of rosebuds in a box concealed by the sporting pages of an evening newspaper.

They took the subway to Manhattan. Marietta had a black and white lace evening dress under a smart fur jacket. It was hard to believe she was the same girl who had cooked steak and onions for Sim and him the night before.

Like an Indian with war paint on, thought the sergeant grimly. Maybe this is how she was camouflaged when she got Sim's scalp.

But no one was going to get his. He, too, had been taken once by an evening dress. Lord Somebody's daughter had been in an evening dress. It was all she had left, she said, when she went back home that night and found her house had been blitzed by a buzz bomb. So then, when it had started to rain, she had just

(Continued on page 28)

Woe is Pete! Oh, the shame and [illegible] of a coach's life! He can't bear to look! Some great tragedy, perhaps? Yes! Marquette, playing his Texas Tech team, has smeared one of his pet plays! Below, all is lost—Marquette has tied the score!

What has happened here? Why this outburst of joy and rapture? Has Pete inherited a million dollars? It's something a great deal more important than that—his Texas Tech footballers have won the game with a fourth-period touchdown!

PHOTOGRAPHS, PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Football's Whirling Dervish

Here's the real man in motion—Pete Cawthon, a recent recruit to professional football's coaching ranks. Win or lose, he dies a thousand deaths

BY KENNETH FOREE, JR.

NOW Brooklyn—as Texas sees it—is complete. To that town of the human zoo, best exemplified by its unpredictable Bums and paradoxical fans, the Brooklyn National Football Leaguers last year added a natural—the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of America's football coaches.

A charming and delightful smallish gentleman off the field is Peter Willis Cawthon with a Texas drawl so thick that Brooklyn fans last season tried to cut and serve it and save ration stamps. But on the side lines or gridiron he is a combination of wildcat, wild man, Mr. Hyde and a whirling dervish.

Furthermore, he is the world's worst loser. When his team is losing or muffing plays, a poison worse than hemlock is brewed inside him. He moans, groans, buries his head in his hands, falls off the bench, rolls on the ground, screams and even prays to Allah—practically all of which he stoutly denies.

Last fall he died a thousand deaths. Accustomed to a winning aggregation—his record of twenty-five years coaching in Texas shows 145 victories, 54 defeats and only 12 ties—he was a candidate for a strait jacket when his club went five games without scoring, won only a measly pair and finished next to bottom.

But when touchdowns are being rolled up according to plan—the Cawthon plan—he gives the impression of a cheerleader just out of Matteawan. When his scoreless wonders last year broke the ice and rolled up the first twenty points on the formidable Chicago Bears, he almost broke Buff Donnelli's crooked nose when they went into a clinch of joy.

All of which stems from a fighting heart of such intenseness that his Dodgers of last year were accused of rough football. His renamed Tigers already have been this year, too, twenty-one penalties for 165 yards having been called on Cawthon's men for a new League record in their first game of the season with Green Bay. There were such charges against Pete's Red Raiders of Texas Tech, far out on the plains at Lubbock, which he built from a junior-college contender to three bowl games. But they stem from bitter fighting inspired by a battler so intense that he is the victim of his own turbulent emotions. In 1943, as in the case of the last decade or two, he slept only by the use of a sedative. He took handfuls of pills last year, and even then "They didn't kill the pain," he said. After each season for years he has entered a hospital for a rest cure. Last winter he looked at tombstones.

But Captain Daniel R. Topping, owner of the Tigers, who put Cawthon in charge when he left the tough pro game for the toughest racket in all history, didn't let his coach buy a cemetery lot. To the contrary, he did the usual thing for Brooklyn. He signed Cawthon to a four-year contract—and not without reason, for Cawthon took over a club shattered by the war, too late in the year to obtain adequate replacements, and only the loyalty and love of former college players for Jekyll Hyde Cawthon enabled him to field a team worthy of the name.

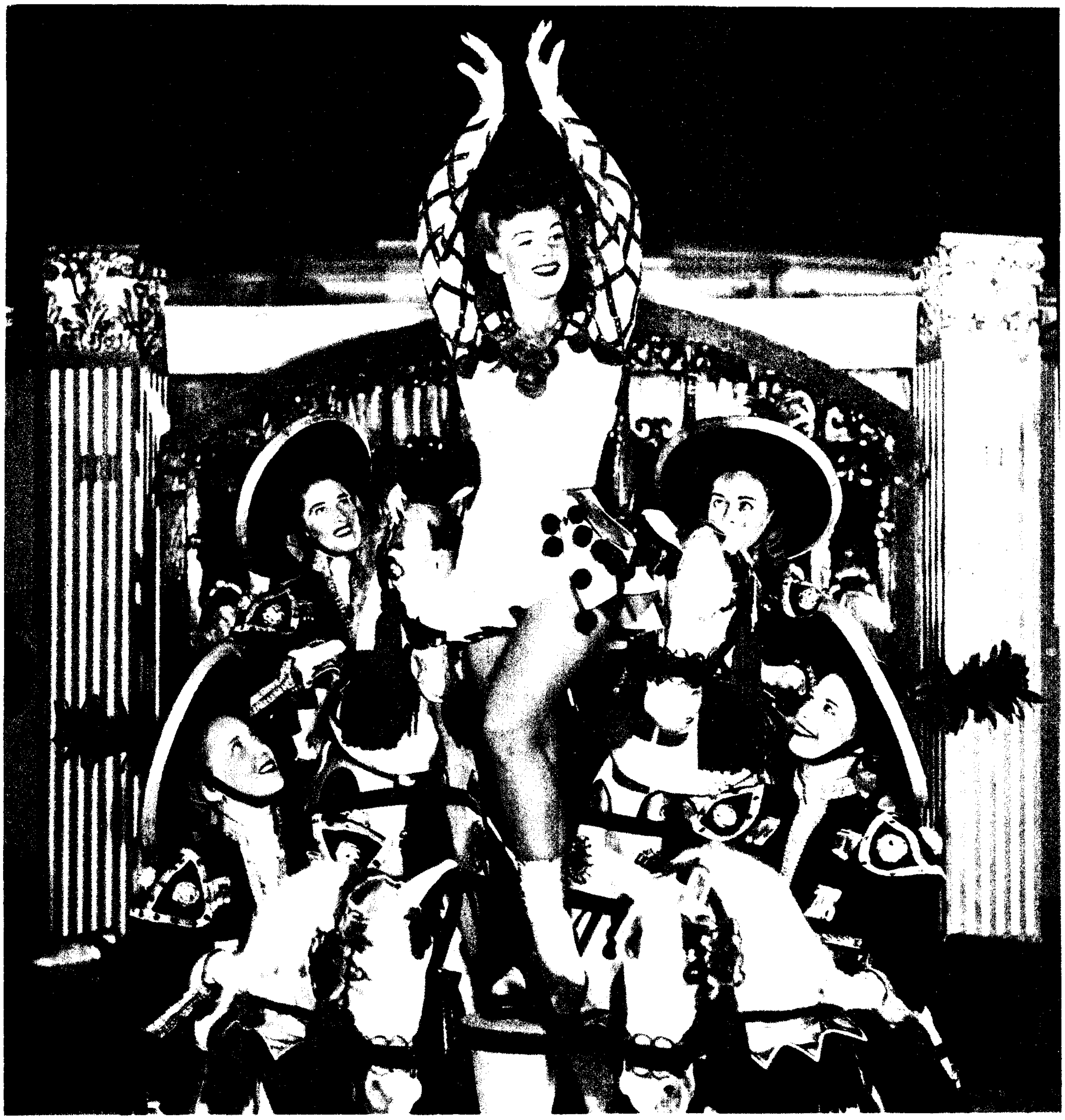
Seven quit good jobs to help their old mentor. Louis Jones, coach of Mount Pleasant, Texas, high school, who had not mixed it on a gridiron for six years, left his post, shelled off thirty pounds of lard and played a great game. The former Tech Indian speedster, Bobby Holmes, who put Texas Tech in the Sun Bowl, almost singlehanded despite

(Continued on page 32)

HOT FEET

BY BRADLEY SMITH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Redheaded 19-year-old Donna Atwood, star of Ice-Capades, turns on the heat in Fiesta, the most extravagant number in the show, which comes at the end of Act I. Grouped around her on the festive horses are some of the Ice-Ca“pets”

IT'S a libelous statement that professional ice skaters are just like other people. It's still libel, even when qualified by one Jerry Mayhall, musical director of Ice-Capades, to "Just like any other people—that have been bounced on their heads." First, it's not on their heads they get bounced. Second, people who earn their livelihood by spinning at top speed are not as you and I.

Compared with European countries, professional ice skating is a recent innovation in the United States. But ice shows have grown so rapidly in popularity that already there is a sizable group of these athletic show people. Ice-Capades, biggest of the ice shows, is only four years old, has a cast of 152 expert skaters and plays to capacity audiences.

A happy example of audience reaction persuaded John H. Harris, Pittsburgh theater and arena owner, to take a flier in ice shows. He had booked Sonja Henie in a skating exhibition for diversion between periods of a hockey game. "When five times as many people came to see Sonja as the hockey game," he says, "I was convinced that a new and profitable kind of show business was being born."

On the strength of this, Harris and his associates dreamed up Ice-Capades. They worked on the tried-and-true formula of giving the public more than their money's worth of spectacle, color, entertainment—and girls. It looks like a big show and it is: 95 beautiful girls 95; 1,000 costumes costing $150,000; 300,000 square feet of ice; 300 pairs of skates; 7,000 yards of luminous cloth; 34,000,000 spangles; and two midgets.

Harris believes, among other things, that beautiful girls in brief skating costumes are attractions that cannot be improved upon. Thus the 95, who are called Ice-Ca“pets” and who are trained to skate in unison like the famous Rockettes of Radio City Music Hall. He is convinced, however, that his girls are better than the Rockettes.

"My girls can do precision dancing on a stage," he says, "but I would like to see the Rockettes do one of our fast routines on ice."

Finding talented girls suitably endowed by nature is no mean task. Auditions are held wherever the show plays, and although 4,000 girls apply every year, very few make the grade. Just to be taken on trial, a girl must be between 5 feet 3½ inches and 5 feet 6 inches tall, and can't weigh more than 125. She must skate like a champion, have an attractive face, a luscious figure and be between sixteen and twenty-two years of age. If she's got all these, plus good family background, a good disposition and her parents' permission—she's in.

Like all theatrical productions, ice shows have their share of headaches. Performers must be able to change costumes without removing their skates. This is accomplished by using plastic zippers, which nowadays have an unfortunate tendency to get stuck. The ice itself is another headache—not too soft, not too hard. Unless it's just right, the manager sprouts a few more gray hairs during a performance.

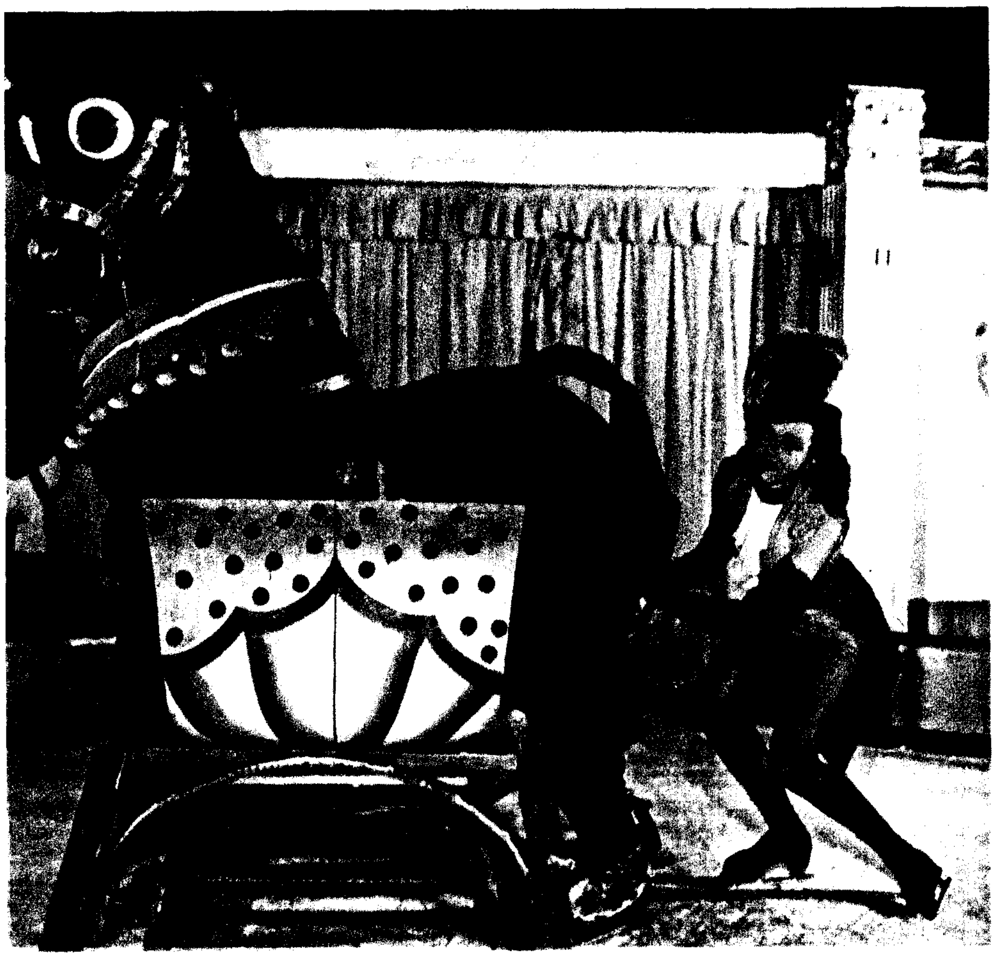
Falls are the price of being a great skater. All skaters fall; the best ones tumble most often, as they do the most difficult tricks. Nervousness and objects on the ice cause the majority of them. Although good skaters expect to fall about once a week, they usually do it when there's a visiting celebrity or a particularly enthusiastic audience—and they're overanxious to please. Last season, though, the worst ice hazard was eliminated: The girls are now forbidden to wear bobby pins. ★★★

At far left: Dolores Lundegard as an 18th-century figurine in the Dresden Holiday spectacle. Dolores, from St. Paul, Minnesota, is a recent addition to the show. She makes $55 weekly

●

Left: Francine Benoit of Montreal and Pat Goodfellow of Niagara Falls touch up paint job on ex-Speed Skating Champion Red McCarthy. Red sprinkles his body with ground glass

on Ice

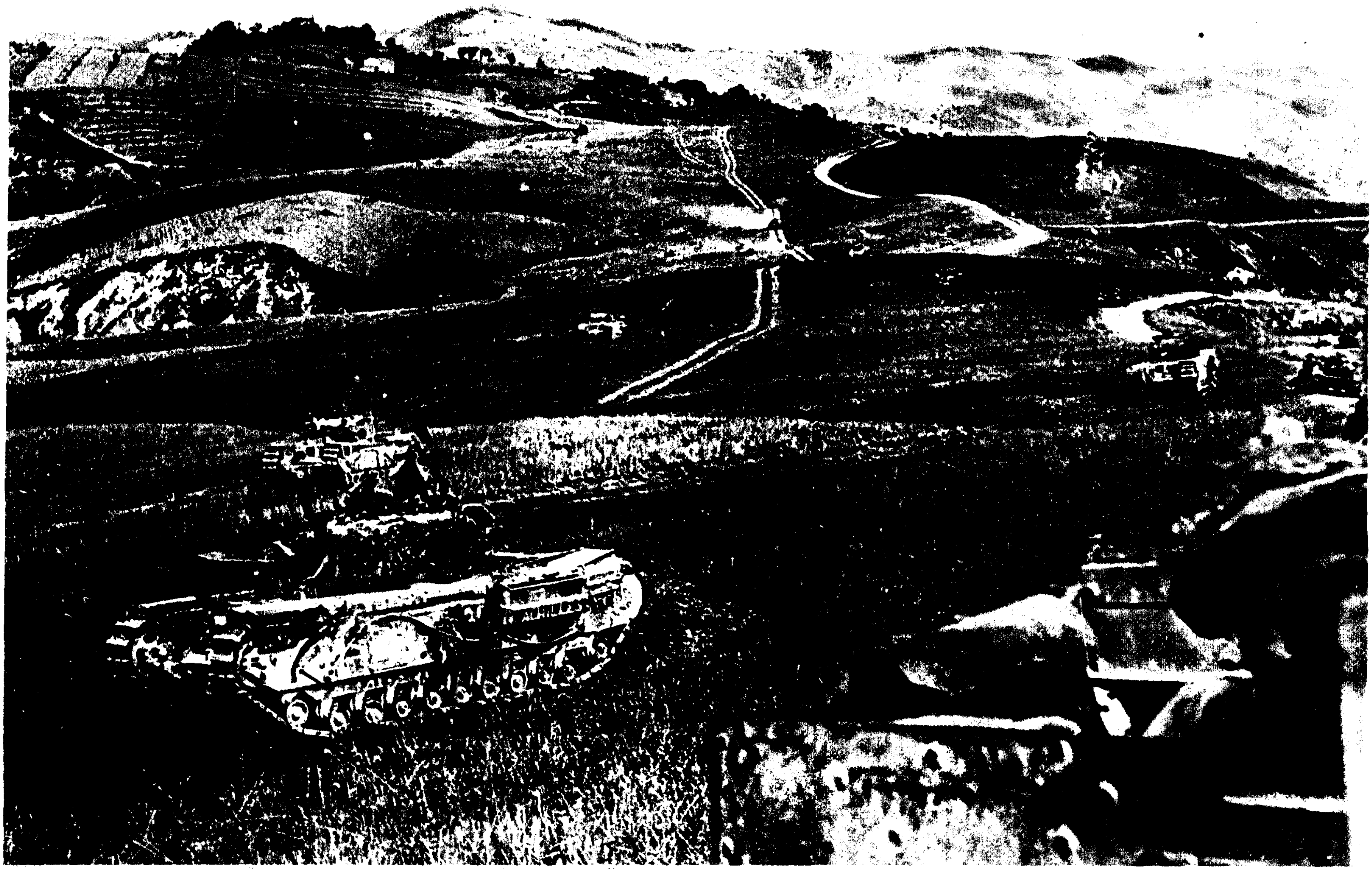


After a career in musical comedy and vaudeville, Pansy the horse has taken to the ice. Pansy has become almost an institution, having come here from Italy over 100 years ago. Ted Meza and Leo Loeb play head and rear, and Edythe Walley is the trainer

An adagio act turns into a burlesque when Esco La Rue takes Ballerina Mary Bohland, formerly of the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, away from her partner and proceeds to throw her around. This is one of the first adagio acts attempted on ice

Donna Atwood takes a tumble during rehearsal of a new routine. Because she knows how to relax when she hits the ice, she seldom suffers more than a couple of painful bruises

Romantic interest is supplied by Donna and 17-year-old Jimmie Lawrence in Dance of Love from Fiesta number. Dances on ice are routined so that the most effective leaps and spins occur where audiences can see them best. Every spin and jump must be timed to the music, and dancers must be in exact position to make them



BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICES

"Our tanks looked like brown beetles. They scurried up a hill, streamed across the horizon, and dipped out of sight. Suddenly a tank flamed four times in great flames"

Cracking THE GOTHIC LINE

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

Secretly and swiftly, the British Eighth Army left the center of the line and moved, in three days, to the Adriatic. Kesselring was foxed and he watched helplessly as an overwhelming concentration of Britons, Canadians, Poles and Hindus punched the first hole in his defense system

RADIOED FROM ITALY

THE Gothic Line, from where we stood, was a smashed village, an asphalt road and a pinkish brown hill. On this dusty mined lane leading up to the village, the road and the hill, the infantry was waiting to attack. They stood single file, spaced well apart and did not speak. The noise of our artillery firing from the hills behind us never stopped. No one listened to it. Everyone listened to the sudden, woodpecker beats of the German machine-gun fire ahead and everyone looked to the sky on the left where the German airbursts made dark, loose, small clouds.

In front of us a bulldozer was working as bulldozers do, according to their own laws and in a world of their own. This machine was trying to fill in a portion of the deep antitank ditch which the Germans had dug along the entire face of the Gothic Line. The bulldozer now scraped up two mines in its wide steel shovel; the mines exploded, the bulldozer shook a little, and the driver removed his tropical helmet and cursed the situation. An infantry officer shouted something to him, and he swerved his big machine, leaving two feet cleared between the side of his shovel and the mined side of the road. Through this gap the infantry now passed. Each man seemed very alone, walking slowly and steadily toward the hills he could not see and to whatever peril those hills would offer.

The great Gothic Line, which the Germans have used as a threat ever since the Hitler Line was broken, would, under normal circumstances, be a lovely range of the Apennines. In this clear and dreaming weather that is the end of summer, the hills curve up into a water-blue sky: in the hot windless night you see the very hills only as a soft, rounded darkness under the moon. Along the Via Emilia, the road that borders the base of these hills, the Germans dynamited every village into shapeless brick rubble so that they could have a clear line of fire. In front of the flattened villages they dug their long canal to trap tanks. In front of the tank trap they cut all the trees. Among the felled trees and in the gravel bed and the low water of the Foglia River, they laid down barbed wire and they sowed their never-ending mines, the crude little wooden boxes, the small rusty tin cans, the flat metal pancakes which are the simplest and deadliest weapons in Italy.

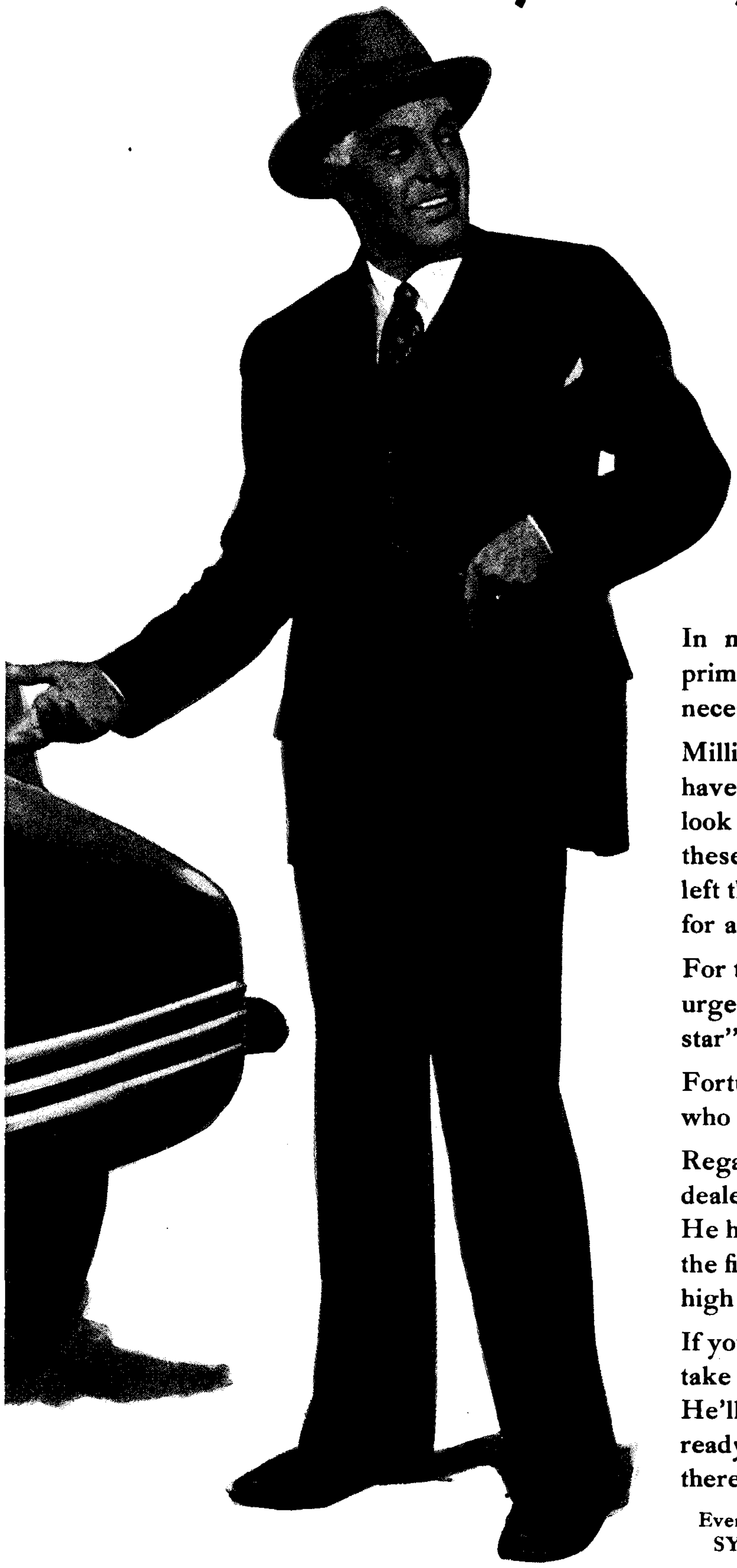
On the range of hills that is the actual Gothic Line, the Germans built concrete machine-gun pillboxes which encircle the hills and dominate all approaches. They sank the turrets of tanks, with their long, thin snout-ended 88-mm. guns, in camouflaged pits so that nothing on wheels or tracks could pass their way. They mined some more. They turned the beautiful hills into a mountain trap four miles deep where every foot of our advance could be met with concentrated fire.

(Continued on page 57)

INTERNATIONAL

"The weather is lovely; no one wants to think of what men must still die and what men must still be wounded." Here, Hindus move into battle

"It's my boy's car, Joe, . . . give it Everything"



PONTIAC
AUTHORIZED SERVICE

In many cases, keeping family cars in prime condition is not only a wartime necessity . . . it's a labor of love.

Millions of men and women in the services have left their cars behind them. And they look forward, with anticipation, to finding these cars not exactly, perhaps, as they left them—but in good condition and ready for any requirement.

For the folks back home, there is no more urgent duty than caring for these "service star" cars.

Fortunately, the task is simple—for those who go to their local Pontiac dealers.

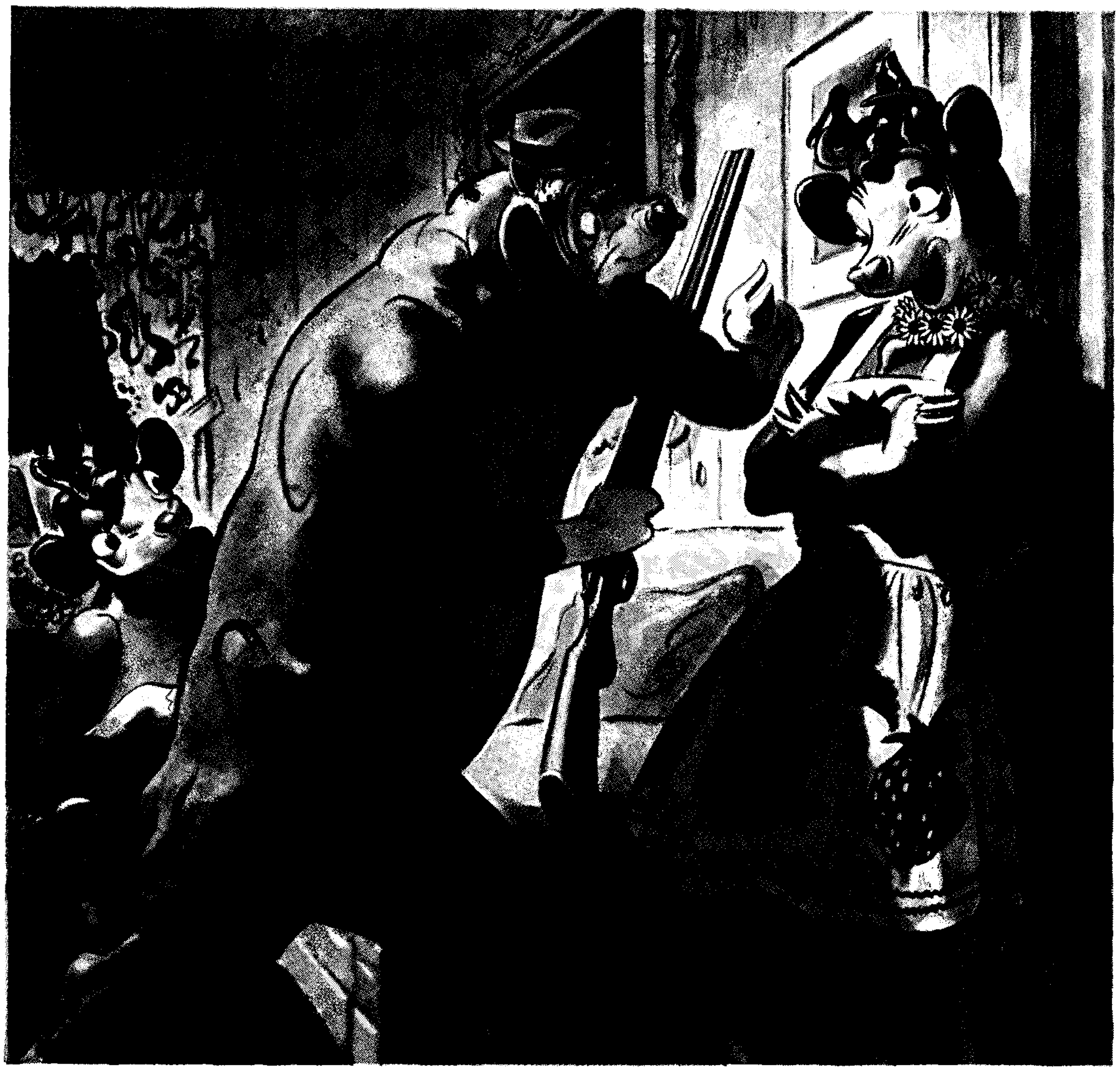
Regardless of the make of car, your Pontiac dealer is equipped to "keep it rolling." He has specially trained mechanics; he has the finest available equipment; and he uses high quality parts for replacement.

If you have charge of a "service star" car, take it to your Pontiac dealer regularly. He'll do everything possible to have it ready and waiting when it's over, over there!

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION

General Motors Corporation



"But who are you going to shoot first?" asked Elsie

"One side, woman," bellowed Elmer, the bull. "This is man's work! I'll blast the Black Market off the face of the earth."

"It's a problem you can't solve with a shotgun," objected Elsie, the Borden Cow. "You see, a big Black Market is hundreds of little things. It's every housewife who doesn't take the trouble to check the ceiling price of everything she buys. It's all the people who count it a bargain when the butcher gives them a 12-point cut of meat for 8 points. It's the butcher who doesn't play by the rules."

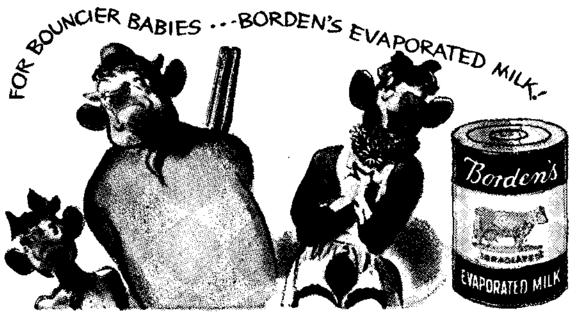
"In that case," decided Elmer, "I'll need more ammunition."

"Facts are the ammunition you need," smiled Elsie. "For it is the people who do the buying who make or break a Black Market. People need to know the facts about our food supply—which foods are scarce and rationed and the ration points on these foods. They also need to know which foods are unrationed, like my *Borden's Homogenized Milk*. That's the milk that has cream in every sip. And Vitamin D added too."

BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK HAS CREAM IN EVERY SIP!
Borden's

"I still think it would be easier to shoot them," grumbled Elmer.

"Nonsense," chuckled Elsie. "It's lots better to try to make people realize that rationing is simply a way to see that everyone gets a fair share of what food there is. If anyone breaks the rules, he robs someone else. For instance, if you buy *Borden's Evaporated Milk* without giving up ration points, some baby may have to go without. That would be a pity, for loads of doctors approve this digestible evaporated milk for feeding babies."


FOR BOUNCIER BABIES ··· BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK!
Borden's
EVAPORATED MILK

"Here we go again," sighed Elmer. "How did we get to talking about Borden?"

"I'm just trying to explain the reasons for rationing by talking about something I know," replied Elsie. "And Borden products make such excellent examples. Take *Borden's Fine Cheeses*. They are rationed because cheese is needed for the concentrated rations men eat on the front lines. So naturally cheese is scarce at home."

"Well, there's certainly no scarcity of conversation," grunted Elmer. "I don't see where anyone can get the energy to talk as much as you do."

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES ARE NUTRITION THAT PLEASES!
Borden's
Wej-Cut
LIEDERKRANZ

"Goodness," laughed Elsie, "scads of folks seem to find plenty of energy in a glass of *Borden's Hemo*. It's the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em. What's more it's just about the slickest-tasting, chocolaty food drink that ever trickled down your throat."

VITAMINS IN EVERY GLASS OF GRAND-TASTING HEMO!
Borden's
Hemo

"I believe I've heard you mention that before," murmured Elmer drily. "Let's get back to the Black Market. Did I understand you to say that everything will be fine if people will just take care to obey the rationing rules and to pay no more than ceiling prices?"

"Not quite," answered Elsie. "That will help, but we must remember that some unrationed foods are also scarce at times. There are *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Milk Sherbets*, for instance. They're both tasty treats and nutritious dairy foods. So it's easy to be tempted to take more than your share. But we can't do that or there won't be enough to go around."

BORDEN'S ICE CREAM AND SHERBETS ARE FINE DAIRY FOODS!

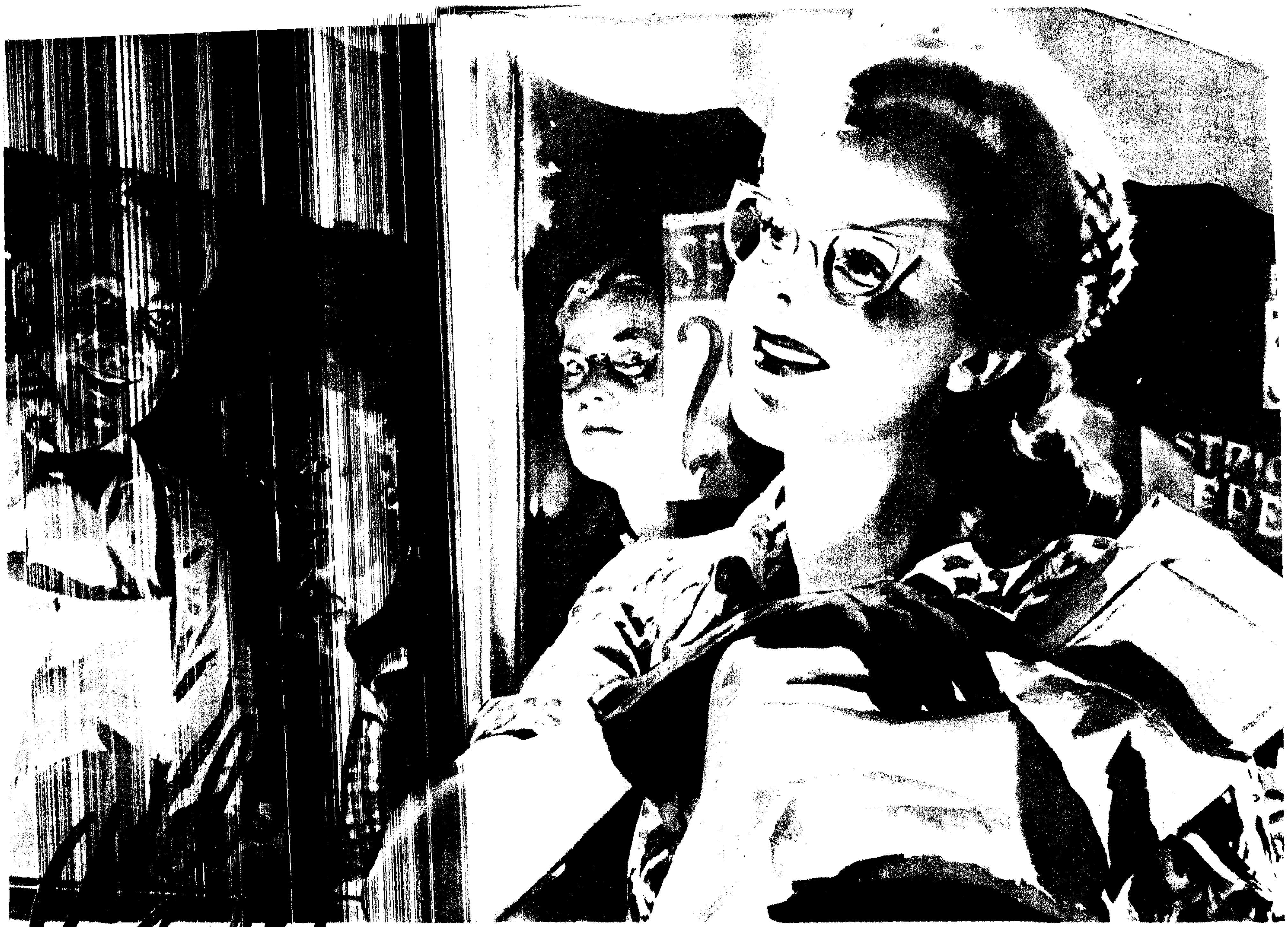
"It all sounds easy enough," muttered Elmer, and he seemed a little disappointed as he laid his shotgun down.

"It isn't so easy as it sounds," warned Elsie. "It means thinking of the other fellow every time you shop. It means that every American must *Conserve, Share, and Play Square With Food!*"

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

Hear ED WYNN in
"HAPPY ISLAND"—FRI. EVENINGS
Local paper for time and station

© The Borden Company



"She's shy," Will told his sisters after Miss Burton's first visit. "It's funny, a girl that age being shy"

Girl

BY BRENDAN GILL

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

First love is as unpredictable as a New England spring. It may arise from a smile, or a half-heard word. Or even, as in this case, from an unpaid bill

EARLY in November every year, Will O'Donnell took what he called "a little breather." According to the local paper, which apparently kept the item in type from one November to the next, "Will O'Donnell of Elm Street spent a few days in New York last week, visiting friends and taking in the sights."

Actually, the little breather was a business trip, and Will deducted its expenses from his income-tax returns; but it seemed wiser to let people assume that he was enjoying a vacation. In the first place, it had grown increasingly agreeable to Will to be regarded as a rakish young bachelor on the loose. In the second place, it would have been bad for business to let everyone know what he was doing in New York.

In a town like Northton, whose existence depended on the patronage of rich summer residents, a store maintained its popularity by making as little fuss as possible about money. Once word got around that Will went to New York to dun those deadbeats who had left at the end of the season without paying their bills, the other summer residents—a spoiled and unpredictable lot—might decide to take their custom elsewhere.

Will and his two sisters spent most of September, when business had slacked off, in going over the summer's accounts. Though they sent out monthly bills, many of the older residents preferred to pay what they owed in a single sum—as much, sometimes, as twelve or fifteen hundred dollars. This was one of the conveniences overlooked by those who said that the prices the O'Donnells charged were fit matters for confession; and it was a hazardous convenience for the O'Donnells to offer. In a town where houses rented for at least a thousand dollars a season, it was odd to find people who could not pay for what they had eaten and drunk. But it happened, and not infrequently.

In October, Will and his sisters sent out a final accounting and a no less final appeal for payment, both couched in carefully good-humored language. "Perhaps you have overlooked the following charges," the sisters wrote, in their old-fashioned Spencerian hand, or, "Going over our books, we happened to notice . . ."

When this appeal went unnoticed, as, by then, it generally did, Will entered another name and address in his notebook and prepared to pay a call during his little breather in New York.

His sisters always said, "Now, Will, be strict with them. Stand up to them. We can't afford to lose all that money," and Will replied, "Don't you worry about me. I'll get the money if anybody can. But you should have stopped giving them credit months ago."

Then the sisters answered, in shocked chorus, "Will, you *know* we couldn't have done that. They'd have talked us down all over town."

When Will came to New York, he liked to stay at a small hotel on Second Avenue. It happened, this November, that the hotel was crowded, but the manager found a single room facing an alley which he let Will have at the regular commercial discount. Since he had opened and swept out the store that morning and spent most of the day on the train, Will went to bed at nine o'clock.

There was no use in getting up early, because people in New York, or, at least, the people in New York who spent their summers in Northton, disliked seeing other people much before noon. Still, he visited New York only once a year, and it seemed a pity to waste what his sisters called the golden hours of the day; Will shaved, dressed, and was down in the hotel lobby by eight.

Out of the obscure loneliness he felt away from home, he asked at the desk for mail and got the expected reply: "Sorry, Mr. O'Donnell, but there's nothing for you." At the newsstand in the lobby, where the girl yawned in his face, Will bought a couple of colored picture post cards of the Empire State Building and addressed them to his sisters. He might reach Northton before the post cards, but what mattered was his sending them and his sisters' receiving them.

"New York busy," he wrote. "Got fine room though hotel crowded. Turn off outside faucets if any danger of frost."

After breakfast at a cafeteria, a mixed pleasure and ordeal which was always a high light of his trip, Will walked across town to Fifth Avenue and up the Avenue to Central Park. He could not help feeling disappointed that so few shops listed prices under the merchandise they offered for sale. He would be able to tell his sisters about the colorful dresses and furs he had seen, but he would never be able to tell them, what was hardly less important, their cost. He sat on a bench, his back to the cold park wall, and opened his notebook. This year, he had been forced to set down only three names and addresses, though the total debt involved came to more than a thousand dollars.

The first name was that of Howie Walker, who lived out by the Pond. Walker's family had plenty of money, but "the boy" was careless. He and his pretty young wife ran up bills without telling each other what they had spent. They were always on the point of paying what they owed when, they complained, they lost the notice from O'Donnell's, or their checkbooks, or both.

Will's last recourse was to Howie's father, who, though retired, maintained an office in New York. Will would call the old man this morning, and he knew that before he had spoken half a dozen words, the old man would say, "Wait a minute, O'Donnell. How much, exactly, does Howard owe you?" And then: "I'll mail you a check today."

The second name on the list was also familiar. Mrs. Howell had charged six hundred and fifty-five dollars and twenty-five cents' worth of groceries and dry goods between June and October, and she had paid on account fifty-five dollars and twenty-five cents. Being Mr. Howell's second wife, she was considerably younger than he, and she loved, as she told Will, "to see people having a good time."

(*Continued on page 62*)

naturally taken him for his overcoat—and something else, too, which he hadn't told anyone yet. But when there was no one around, he sometimes walked to the nearest piece of masonry and kicked it because of what a sap he had been.

They left the subway in Manhattan at Fifty-ninth Street and went to this place where Marietta's friend lived. It had a lobby imposing enough to knock an innocent eye out. But the sergeant's eyes weren't innocent. They had seen the world, and he had worked for a building contractor in Minneapolis before he got his greetings. He knew these marble pillars were imitation. He knew this paneling was wallboard. He knew these bronze doors were painted iron.

Phony, he thought, as he rode up the elevator and peeled the sporting pages from his floral offering, and she's probably phony, too.

But he wasn't so sure when he saw her.

Perhaps the apartment had dazzled him a little—frilled and laced and flowered and lighted with these soft, silky lights. Then, when he turned, there she was with her hand out, as cute as a bug's ear, in a baby-blue evening dress. He didn't know whether to shake her hand or give it the box of rosebuds. So first he did one, then the other, and the next thing he knew she had his flowers pinned on her chest and the four of them were in a taxi going down to this perfectly wonderful place for dinner.

Sergeant McGuinness got a fairly good line on his date during the meal. Her name was Lois Moffett, and she was smooth. She talked smoothly, she walked smoothly, she ate her dinner smoothly—with just a touch of the old lah-de-da, with just a gracious arch of the little finger.

"I see you've been in active service, Sergeant," she said, looking at the ribbons on his counter and the winged chute on his collar.

He sprung a stock joke. It was a joke with a whiskered chin, but what the heck! This was a party, and maybe they hadn't all heard it. "Well, yes," he said, "I've had my ups and downs."

Maybe she didn't get it. She certainly didn't smile. If anything, she raised eyebrows of disapproval.

"In which theater of war?" she asked.

Oh-ho, thought the sergeant. So now I'm Spencer Tracey or Pat O'Brien. Or am I little Roddy McDowall? Aloud he patiently answered, "Africa . . . Sicily . . . Italy . . . Cherbourg Peninsula . . ."

He gave the name of the peninsula the soldier's honest, blunt pronunciation. As if it rhymed with "her bug."

She was quiet for a few obviously puzzled moments and then she said, "Oh, yes—Cherbourg." You could see what had held her back. She gave the name the old French sauce, as if it rhymed with "barber."

WHEN dinner was over, the girls disappeared to freshen up for the show. The sergeant and the corporal spoke freely.

"How do you like your girl?" asked the corporal eagerly. "Isn't she a pip?"

The sergeant's manner became that of a connoisseur. He was a Harry James being asked about the tone of a trumpet. He was an Alfred Hitchcock being asked his opinion of a Sunday-school play.

"A very cute number," he pronounced. "And very smooth. What does she do in the daytime?"

"She's assistant to the chief in some big personnel department. Marietta says she drags down anywhere from seventy-five to a hundred bucks a week."

The sergeant figured it out. He didn't have to use pencil and paper on that one.

"That's a heck of a lot more than I'm dragging down, and here I'm buying her a dinner and blowing her to a show. You see what I mean, Sim? You see now what I mean?"

"Listen, Sarge," said the corporal earnestly, "you ain't going to like this party for peanuts if you keep this chip on your shoulder."

The sergeant laughed, though gently. It was the laugh of Sir Galahad who had the strength of ten because his heart was pure.

"You think this is all that would happen if there was a chip on my shoulder?" he graciously asked. "But thanks for the tip, just the same, Simonetti. I'll try to be good."

1-2-3-!

Continued from page 20

Indeed his manners reached a point where they presently shone with splendor. When the girls reappeared, the sergeant was not only the first to leap to his feet, but with a frowning eye and upthrusted thumb, he ordered the corporal to spring to attention likewise. He bowed for Lois and Marietta to precede them out of the restaurant. He opened the taxi door. He elbowed a path through the theater lobby. Outwardly, in every way, he was the gracious, perfect knight until toward the end of the play. . . .

It would have been better, perhaps, if they had gone to a musical. But the girls had wanted to see this Family Reunion where one by one the family rubbed one another out.

Now the sergeant had seen the real thing in cancellations, and more times and with more details than he cared to remember. So when these phony killings were made on the stage and he saw the audience watching popeyed with their chins hanging down—well, the sergeant scoffed loudly. Several people in front turned in their seats to stare at him. "Sh!" said Lois, and lightly slapped him on the arm where his wound and service stripes nearly met.

The sergeant subsided but his expression remained sardonic as he watched the stage.

Now the hero, both hands pressed against his stomach, had started for the telephone. It was very evident that he shouldn't have drunk a certain glass of beer. He made his way past the Windsor rocker where Aunt Chively would rock no more, her head at a grotesque angle, her false tongue forever still. He passed Uncle Horace who had slumped over the desk, his ear still smoking from the lethal shock it had received through the telephone.

And when the door behind the hero began to swing slowly open and everyone in the theater was gasping or whispering "Watch that door!" Sergeant McGuinness simply couldn't stand it any longer. Something inside him touched off a clean, short blast of derisive laughter which even made the stilled figures on the stage twitch.

THE sergeant might have pulled himself together if it hadn't been for the ring of shocked faces which were staring at him now from all directions. The more he looked at them, the more his laughter roared through the theater. And the more he laughed, the more funny faces turned to stare at him. There was only one way to end a thing like that. With a reassuring pat on Lois' arm, he made his way to the aisle, still chuckling reminiscently.

A squad of ushers, hurrying down the aisle to quell the disturbance, flashed their lights on the sergeant's ribbons and insignia, also on the width of his shoulders and the swing of his arms. Turning, they escorted him for the rest of his journey like a detail of motorcycle cops around a visiting dignitary. In the outer lobby a real cop and an MP closed in on him.

"Are you the guy who laughed?" asked the cop.

"Yeah," said the sergeant. "Who wouldn't?" He grinned, expanding his chest and swaggering a little. They grinned, and with one thing and another, they had a real man's visit that only broke up when the doorman fastened his doors back, and the audience began to come out.

When Sim and the girls appeared, you could see that Lois felt disgraced.

"I have to get up so early in the morning," she said, "I'm going to call it a day."

"But, Lois!" cried Marietta. "You aren't coming to the Cocoplum with us?"

Lois shook her head. "I'd love to," she said, "but I have this headache, and I get up so early—"

The sergeant knew he was being punished—punished in front of the corporal—but there was still one lower depth of ignominy to which he must now descend.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I know I shouldn't have laughed."

"Oh, that didn't matter," said Lois, "but this is really late for me."

Oh, well, if she felt that way. He had groveled at her feet. He had done his best.

"I'll get a cab," he said.

Even that wasn't right. Even that didn't suit her.

"With all these people here ahead of us waiting for cabs," she murmured, "I'm afraid we would be here indefinitely. I'll take the subway."

"You'll take a cab," said the sergeant distinctly. "All of you wait here. I'll be right back."

He advanced fifteen or twenty yards along the sidewalk and deliberately stepped in front of a taxi which had a boy on the running board. There was first a quarter for the boy and then a slight argument with a fat cat in a tuxedo who came fussing out from under the marquee.

"Here now! That's my cab!" the cat shouted.

Slowly, majestically, the sergeant turned and put the eye on him. There was power in the sergeant's eye. It could speak in any man's language. "Whose taxi did you say this was?" he added in a certain voice.

"Apparently yours," said the other, speaking in some surprise. And still as if he could hardly believe what he was saying, "All right, boy. Get me another, but try to hang on to it this time."

SINCE the cab had stopped, the driver hadn't moved. The sergeant turned now to speak to him, and saw that the driver was a girl. This girl had a keen chin and an upward tilt to her nose. Her eyes were wide apart, and when she smiled a dimple appeared on each side of her mouth.

The sergeant stared at her approvingly. It was a long stare. Then Sim and the girls had joined him and were getting into the cab. The Cocoplum was only three blocks away, and the corporal and Marietta got out there, their reservations being for eleven-thirty. The sergeant would join them later. First he would take Lois home.

"Head still aching?" he asked.

"Yes."

As short as that. Well, she could be as short as a gnat's tail if she wanted.

Yet recalling his grandmother's words, "Always try to be a gentleman till somebody makes a pass at you," he tried another point.

"Have you noticed we have a young lady pilot?" he asked. And then boldly striking at his second front, "What's your name, driver?"

"Kate Condon," she sang out.

"You look pretty young to be driving a cab," the sergeant said pleasantly. "I didn't know they took 'em as young as you."

"I'm not as young as all that, and nobody had to take me. This is my brother Ed's cab I'm running it for him till he gets back."

"Where's Ed?"

"France, the last we heard. Driving tank."

"Good boy! I'm just back from there."

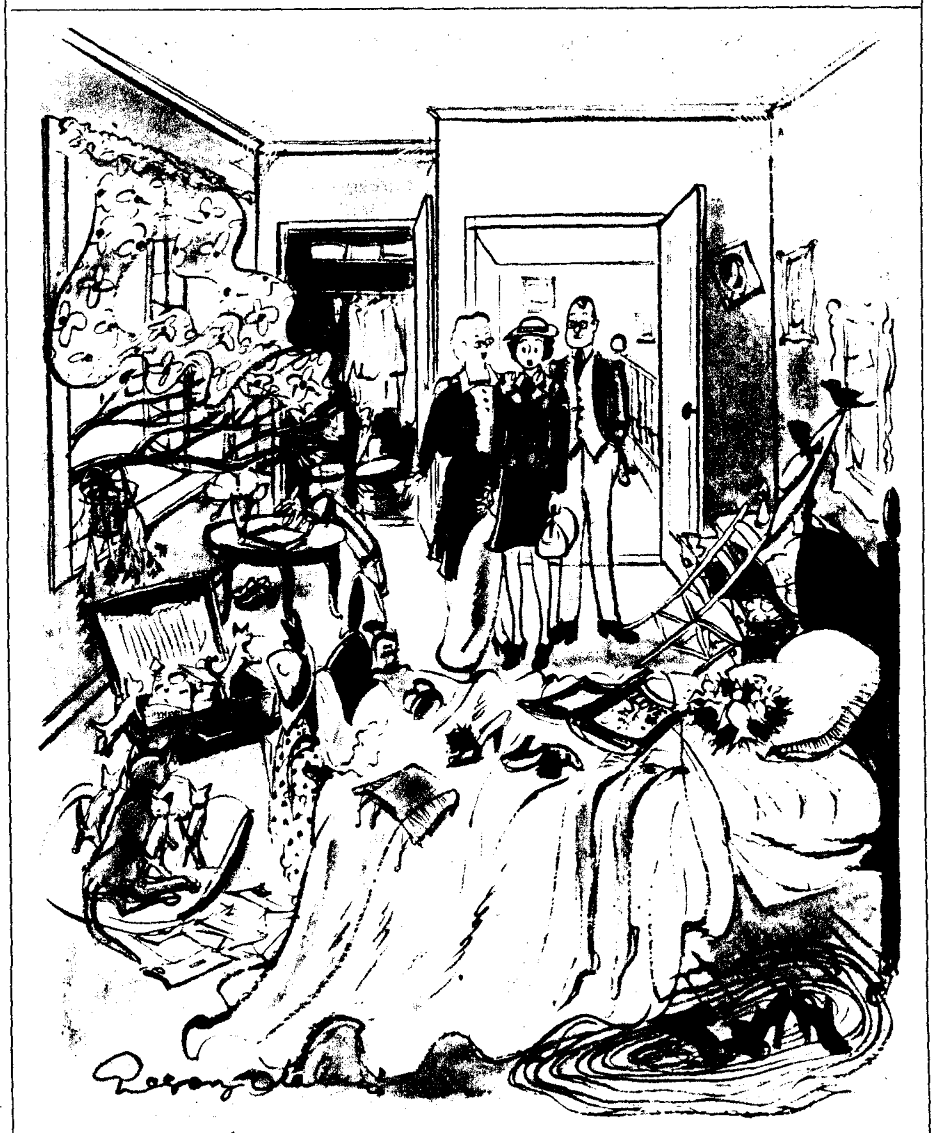
"I thought so, from your ribbons. You'r a paratrooper, aren't you?"

"Yeah. 'Little Snowflake, brave an meek—' "

She laughed.

They had stopped at Madison Avenue f the lights. The green came on and, just

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"—and we haven't touched a thing since you left. We thought you'd want to preserve the memory of your room as you last saw it"

COLLIER'S

Anyone who knows can tell the REAL THING!

PERHAPS this quizzical pup will give you some idea of how our friends feel when they meet up with a substitute for Calvert whiskey.

You see, they know Calvert is "the real thing." One taste tells that this superb blend is at the peak of pre-war excellence...a whiskey that can't be imitated. That's why, no matter how many other whiskies may come along, the *preference* for Calvert doesn't change. In fact, people who sell and serve Calvert tell us: "Before the war, during the shortage, and now—Calvert *was,* and *is,* the whiskey most often asked for by name."

We're happy to say that a greater supply of this superlative whiskey is available today. So if you keep on asking for Calvert, the chances are you'll now *get* this gloriously smooth and mellow blend.

AMERICA'S FINEST
BLENDED WHISKIES—
FROM THE
HOUSE OF BLENDS!

Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert

Today, more than ever...

Clear Heads Choose Calvert

CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits they turned uptown, a snazzy-looking phaeton swooped past them. It cut in too soon and caught the left front fender of the taxi with the end of its rear bumper. Kate kept her cab from crashing, but by the time they had stopped weaving, they could see their fender was half torn off and the phaeton was *nearly* a block away.

"Good night, twenty bucks," mourned Kate.

"Follow that car," said the sergeant sternly.

"What's the use? If I catch him, he'll only turn me over to some insurance company, and they'll do nothing till I hire a lawyer and—"

Suddenly the sergeant was fed up with all these arguments, all this back talk, all these fat cats and headaches and phonies. He sat up straighter and rapped with authority on the glass at the back of the driver's head.

"You follow that car!" he barked. "Nobody's turning me over to any insurance company!" Before speaking again, Kate made the valves clink. Such is the power of a good man's voice.

The phaeton led them to a private house near Park Avenue where it stopped against the curb. Obeying instructions, Kate pulled alongside, then turned her right front fender till it touched the side of the other car.

"We got him," said the sergeant, nodding with satisfaction.

He stepped out of the taxi—unhurriedly, impressively. Kate watched him through the windshield, Lois from the back seat. Elaine and Guinevere. And Galahad on his way to the joust, still with the strength of ten because his heart was pure.

He walked to the driver's side of the phaeton and opened the front door. There were two people in the car, both on the front seat. The driver was about the sergeant's age. He was dark and lean and dressed for ceremonious revelry. It was harder to tell the woman's age, but it was easy to see that her coat was mink, that her hair was the color of polished brass, that she was beautiful and sated with the pleasures of the world.

"Just what's the idea?" asked the driver when the sergeant opened the door.

Sergeant McGuinness raised his hand impressively. He said, "I've come to collect for the damage. Twenty bucks for a new fender. Ten more for loss of time."

"Who said I did any damage?"

The sergeant liked that. It was right down his alley. He knew every doorway, every little windowpane.

"Listen, Rollo," he said. "You might have caused a casualty when you clipped our fender, and I have friends in that cab. You either pay me thirty dollars or I take such immediate steps as seem best fitted to collect it."

"Better pay him, darling," said the lady in the mink coat. She, too, had been watching the sergeant—carelessly at first. She now watched him well.

"But I haven't thirty dollars with me."

"I'll pay him for you." The lady stepped out on the sidewalk and opened a gold-tooled wallet. "Oh, Sergeant!" she called. Like the burnished dove, she called. Like the nightingale.

THE sergeant joined the lady on the sidewalk. There wasn't light enough there, so she led him toward the lamppost on the corner, step by step, still busy looking to see what she had in her wallet.

"Here's ten—twenty—thirty," she counted. "And here's my card," she went on, in a lower yet fuller voice. "You can send a receipt in the morning. Or if you'd like, bring it and have breakfast with me. Any time before ten."

"Thank you, madam," said the sergeant courteously. "I will see that you get your receipt."

"And don't forget: Bring it yourself if you can."

His grandmother might well have been proud of her grandson's manners if she could have seen and heard him then. "Thank you again, madam," he said, "for your kind invitation which is very much appreciated."

The lady smiled and turned away. The sergeant returned to the taxi. At his word of command, Kate backed away from the phaeton and they proceeded to the house where Lois lived.

By that time Lois was feeling better. It was like a bottle of tonic to see the sergeant in action, and now Miss Moffett made a sudden sortie to return to the Cocoplum.

"I don't know whether it's the fresh air *or the excitement*," she joyously told him, "but my headache's all gone!"

"A good night's sleep," he told her, "and you'll be practically good as new."

The day, she saw, was past and gone. But always after today . . .

"Why don't you come and have lunch with me tomorrow?" she asked. "Drop in about noon. I take an hour; and on very special occasions I can take two." She gave him a card with her business address in the corner.

Again his grandmother would have been proud of him. When the taxi stopped in front of her apartment house, he escorted her ceremoniously all the way into the entrance lobby, and over to the gilded cage which served as elevator. But he didn't follow her into the cage. Once bitten, twice shy. He stood back before the door closed, and waved his hand till even her feet had disappeared from view.

HE RETURNED to the taxi then, but didn't have the heart to go back to the Cocoplum. "Two's company; three's a crowd," he reminded himself. So he gave Kate his hotel address and then, as naturally as he had loudly laughed at Family Reunion, he opened the front door of the cab, slid in and settled himself on the low ledge formed by the battery box beside the driver.

"Hey, you can't sit there," said Kate. "You get inside."

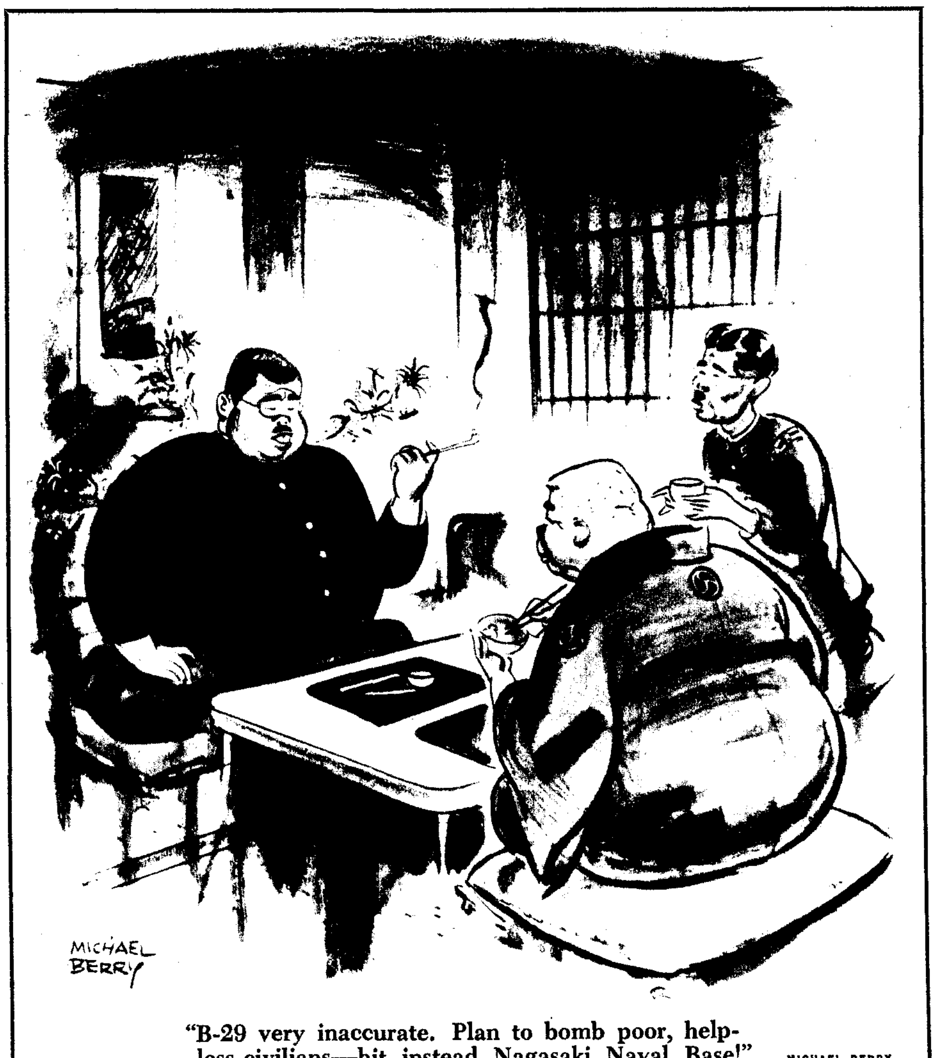
"When you ride in a jeep," he advised her, "always sit with the driver. He not only gen'ly knows more, but you see more and you bump less."

"Yeah, and suppose a cop stops us? There's a law—"

"You leave him to me," he said.

She considered him thoughtfully, and then the two dots slowly appeared and grew deeper—one on each side of her mouth. Under her chin, he now noticed, was a smudge of grease of which she was unaware.

"I wouldn't put it beyond you," she said at last. "All right. Here we go."



"B-29 very inaccurate. Plan to bomb poor, helpless civilians—hit instead Nagasaki Naval Base!"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY

"Get Out and Vote!"

As they rolled toward the West Side, he took out of his pocket the three ten-dollar bills which the lady in mink had given him.

"Here's what I collected for the fender," he said. "Twenty to fix it. Ten for loss of time."

She didn't speak for half a block, but you could see she was thinking. "I don't mind taking the twenty," she said finally, "but I'm leaving the ten."

"What's the matter with the ten?"

"I'll have to talk it over with the family. If they say okay, I'll take it. But if it looks to them like a holdup, no. I'm not doing anything or taking anything that might lose Ed's cab for him."

"So what?" he asked.

"So you call me up and I'll let you know; and if the family says yes, you can mail it to me. Ed left some cards in the toolbox. I'll give you one when you get out."

Again she was quiet. The sergeant looked at her. There was this keen chin, this upward tilt of the nose. But now there was something wistful, something pensive, about them.

Whatever was in her mind, the sergeant thought she looked disillusioned with life.

"Listen," he said. "Before I turn in, I'd like to ride up the Drive. So don't stop at the number I gave you. Keep rolling, and let's see where this road goes."

"Soldier," she warned, "this'll cost money."

"I've got dough," he said. "Keep rolling."

There was no moon, but there were lights on the river, and street lamps in among the branches of the trees. After a while, she began to ask him questions, and he began to tell her about the joys and jumps of the strangest visitors from Mars that ever dropped out of the skies.

At Grant's Tomb she stopped and looked at the meter. It called for five dollars and fifteen cents. She said, "That's enough." She swung up the flag and added, "This has been your treat. Going back is mine."

On the road back he made no passes at her, no funny remarks. When he paid her the five-fifteen with a fifty-cent tip, she handed the half dollar back. She said, "You've done plenty for me tonight."

THE sergeant slept late next morning. He awoke once and looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock, and that reminded him. He reached for his coat which was draped over the back of a chair, and finally found the three cards which had been given him the previous evening.

"Beats the Dutch," he thought, "how all my life things have always happened to me in threes."

He picked out the card which the Lady in Mink had given him. It smelled nice. "Bring it—and have breakfast with me," she had told him. "Any time before ten . . ."

"Some dame at that," thought the sergeant, "but I don't belong in that outfit." After all, he had tried high society. You don't keep making the same break.

He turned over, went to sleep again. The next time he awoke, it was nearly twelve.

The sergeant looked at the second card. "Drop in about noon," Lois had said. Yes, sir, cute as a bug's ear; but like some bugs, she might soon get under his skin. He rolled over again.

Presently he arose and dressed for the day.

"I'll go to the post office first," he thought. "There may be orders."

There were no orders, but there was an air mail registered package. When he opened it, he saw the wallet which he thought Lord Somebody's daughter had frisked out of his back pants pocket.

There was a letter, too, on crested stationery.

"My Dearest Sergeant: Your greatcoat saved my life, but I didn't discover till a few days later that your purse was in the inner pocket. I made a frantic dash to London but you had already left for the States. I left the greatcoat with your QM department. I also obtained your address to which I am sending the purse. Do look me up when you come back. I'll never forget your kindness to a damsel in distress. Ever sincerely and very cordially, Rose Alexandra."

The sergeant drew a deep, deep breath and started back for his room. As if by magic, there was all this zing in the air. There was all this blue sky and all these fine people everywhere he looked. He had meant to stop at his room only long enough to pick up a certain card. On second thought he took a shower and put on a clean shirt.

If she's having the fender fixed today, she won't be working, he thought. And if she's expecting me, and everything else is okay, she'll be dressed to go out.

HE FOUND the address on the card and went up the stairs to the third floor front. He stood at the door for a few moments before ringing the bell. In his earliest days as a paratrooper he had stood like that—miles up, it had seemed—before making his first jump.

Inside he heard the voices of women and children.

"You come back here and drink your milk."

"I did drink my milk. That's Mary's milk."

"Where are Grandma's glasses? Grandma's lost her glasses."

The sergeant breathed deeply and beamed with utter contentment. Here was real living. Here was the genuine article, all wool and a yard wide. He pushed the button, and silence fell inside. He smiled fondly as he heard the whisper, "I'll bet that's him."

Quick steps were heard, and Kate opened the door. Her eyes were serious, almost solemn, as she looked at him. And she was beautifully dressed to go out.

THE END

Call it sheer luck—or whatever you like,

But Mrs. Carruthers came up with a strike.

Now Mrs. Carruthers was new at the game,
And yet she scored X's in frame after frame,
And despite her exceptional avoirdupois,
Her bowling drew bursts of applause from the boys.

Her footwork or form didn't faze her a bit,
As she knocked out a spare—or a difficult split—
For Mrs. Carruthers' incentive was clear . . .
The prize was a case of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer!

* * *

There's 100 years of brewing skill in every delicious drop of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer. *Full-flavor blending* from 33 fine brews gives Pabst its unchanging *goodness*—its matchless taste and flavor. Order it with confidence . . . serve it with pride . . . for no matter where you go, there is no finer beer—no finer blend—than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

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Football's Whirling Dervish

Continued from page 21

his 147 pounds, quit a government-school coaching job in Utah. Jodie Marek, fullback, who put Tech in the Cotton Bowl by kicking a field goal and then running 68 yards for a touchdown, both in the space of 17 seconds, left a railroad post.

But this year Cawthon has had time to beat the bushes, trade the Redskins out of the veteran end, Bob Masterson, and a couple of others, as well as making deals with Green Bay and the Chicago Cards. All of which will enable him to field a team of pro veterans with a line averaging 216 and a backfield 199. They should reduce his nervous breakdowns to not more than one a quarter.

Naturally Cawthon does not expect to win alone on heart attacks and veterans, and he employs one of the most successful systems ever devised—that of his late friend, Knute Rockne, whom he trailed about the Notre Dame field in spring practice. There are the familiar man in motion and flanker through a shift in the backfield and ends off a balanced line, but Cawthon has added a lot of hocus-pocus stuff of the spinner and hidden-ball variety, believing it's easier to score when you fool an opponent. And in the hipper-dipper Southwest he helped develop the wide-open game with passing from any yard line, which is in more evidence this year. However, he backs it up with a balanced running attack and a punter who can strong-leg that ball downfield.

But in the final analysis it isn't the Rockne system or the wild-passing game of the Southwest. It's the tough Cawthon system, the Mr. Hyde system, which makes daily workouts so hard that the week-end games are rest periods. There's no horseplay or loafing on the Tigers' field. Tiger players run (not walk) while they're in practice, and substitutes run on the field at full tilt and off at the same speed, except in stretcher cases when Cawthon makes an exception. And if the team isn't going good, as you get a glimmer it didn't last year, Cawthon employs one of his innovations—the white ball for practice after dark. The first one ever developed, so far as known, came when Cawthon applied a coat of white paint to a standard ball while at Tech, after sporting-goods salesmen wrinkled their brows and said they'd never heard of one.

Hyde Technique, with Posters

Cawthon has carried not only the Hyde system into pro football but the old college try as well. Last year when his club went five games without scoring, players as well as coaches felt they were taking money under false pretenses. And the signs with which he adorns the clubhouse walls reflect both last year's as well as current problems. Some of them are: Buck Up and Shut Up When You Lose; It's an Honor to Be a Pro, Conduct Yourself as One; No Short Cuts to Victory, It's Hard Work; Winners Don't Quit, Quitters Don't Win; Block and Tackle and You Will Play; Love the Game, Not the Girls; It's a Tough, Rough Game, Play the Winning Kind.

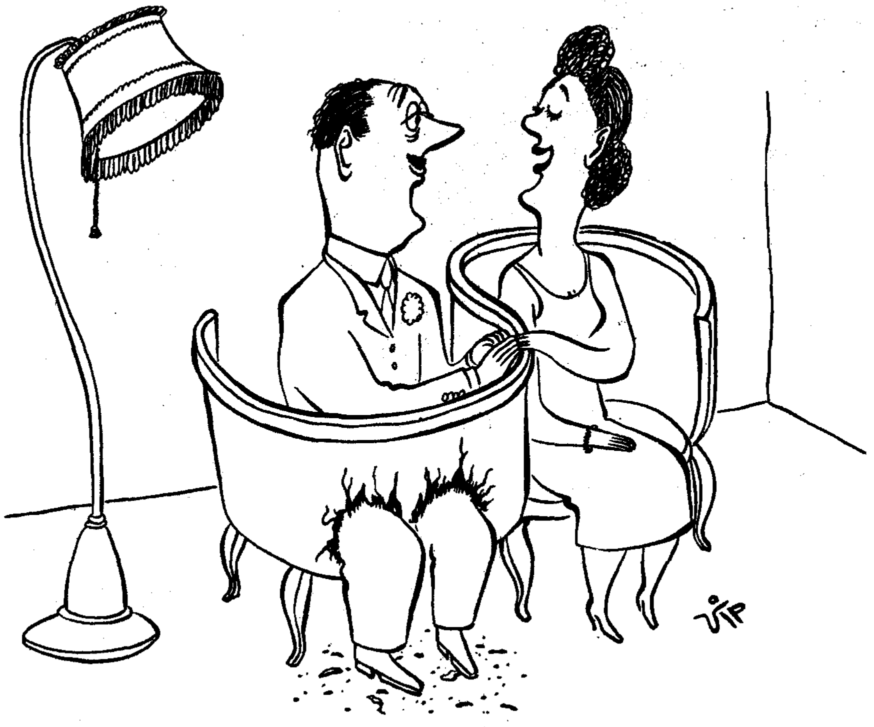
Cawthon lives those slogans. His single desire is to win, and those who put him in a passion find him a violent Mr. Hyde. For instance: His great team at Austin College, Sherman, Texas, in 1923 hooked into, at Wichita Falls, a tough, rawboned outfit from the then Simmons University of Abilene. With time fast running out and the score 0–0, Simmons punted and Walter Miller, an Austin College scat back, gathered it in on his five-yard line and whizzed untouched down the side lines to the pay-off.

But Jack Roach, veteran Southwest Conference official, who was out of position, ran over to the side lines in front of the Austin College bench, marked a spot where he thought Miller ran out and whistled the ball back. Cawthon shot out on the field, jumped up in the air at the giant Roach and closed his eye. That night Cawthon apologized to Roach and in 1928-29, while both were officiating, they shared the same room.

Texans can't understand why Cawthon showed up in Brooklyn this year. For his intenseness over winning reacted on him in defeats in other years to make him the All-America disappearing coach. When Gus Dorais' Detroit University team dynamited Tech at Lubbock in 1936, it nearly killed Pete. After the merciful gun sounded, the palsied Cawthon wreck climbed in his car and headed south, not even going by home for a clean shirt. When the ignition in the family bus was turned off, it was in Juarez, where the Mexicans never heard of Señor Hyde Cawthon. He holed up for two weeks.

In 1939, Cawthon with one of his better Tech teams shot at and hit the Cotton Bowl game with St. Mary's in Dallas. West Texas went nuts, made him its No. 1 citizen and on New Year's Day trekked to Dallas with layers of oil and cotton money. But the game meant more to Pete, for he was fighting also for membership in the tight, tough, exclusive Southwest Conference. He died several times that New Year's Day, although the score was only 20 to 13 against him. When the gun fired, West Texas' ex-Citizen No. 1 crawled into a car which couldn't talk punts or scores, and stopped only when he reached Sulphur Springs, Ark., where he registered under an assumed name.

The gentle Dr. Jekyll doesn't like to talk about his Rockne-Hyde system, how bad Mr. Hyde's temper in defeat makes him feel. But he admits, "I just cain't face anybody. I cain't sleep, I cain't eat, I just gotta get out of town. It neahly kills me to lose." Then Mr. Hyde roars to the surface. "Who wants to be a good losuh?" he snorts. "Get to be a good losuh and you'll lose all the time." Then comes back a contrite Dr. Jekyll: "I oughtuh studied moah when I was in school and I wouldn't have to be in this racket. When I lose I'd rathuh be a ditch digguh. But when I win," and the charming Dr. Jekyll shows those pearly teeth in a grand smile, "man, man, I wouldn't swap places with the President."



COLLIER'S

"Silly boy!"

VIRGIL PARTCH

A coach who wants to win as much as Cawthon seldom will change a winning combination. Cawthon is that way also about his clothes. During twenty-six years of coaching, he has worn practically the same outfit that he graduated with at Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas, in 1919, and started coaching in a Beaumont (Texas) High School that fall. The ravages of years made the aged outfit and Cawthon look like the ragpicker man. The socks in particular were disreputable. So Sammy West, then of the St. Louis Browns, sent him a new pair when he was at Tech, and Pete retired the old darned and patched ones. His Tech team immediately lost three games in a row. One day a player pointed an accusing finger at the socks, so back from oblivion came the old ones, and West's gift went into moth balls. Tech then won seven straight. Those old socks didn't help Pete in 1943, but he wore them nevertheless and he's wearing them now in their twenty-sixth year.

One year his wife wore a new green coat suit to the train on a chill winter day as Pete's men left for an important game that became a great victory. In the following September when a torrid sun was popping open the cotton bolls on the Texas plains, Pete had her wear the same lucky suit. "She neahly smothuhed," he grins. "But we won," he justified it. Then adds, "It takes all of us pullin' togethuh."

But if Mrs. Cawthon nearly smothered, Pete almost froze another fall, that of 1937. However, it wasn't superstition. He had started the season in a linen suit and straw hat. His team got to losing and "I was 'fraid to go to town to buy anothuh, 'fraid somebody might see me. You got to take an awful ribbin' in a small town."

Chill days came and still no victory. Then the howling northers began ripping down from the pole, and Cawthon wore an overcoat over the linen suit as he slunk along the alleys between home and stadium. Finally, Mrs. Cawthon prevented pneumonia by ordering three suits sent out, made Pete select one and then altered it herself.

A man who hates to lose as much as Cawthon naturally bears down on his men. He makes his players cut their hair Army style, just as he does, to keep it out of their eyes and to keep the girls away. And his usual medicine for loafing is to lap the field.

Several years ago when his Tech team dropped a game to Arizona, Cawthon concluded that his tackle play had been responsible. As the stadium cleared, he ordered his battered tackles, "Broadway" Browning and "Bull" Katrola, to lap the stadium track until he told them to quit. Cawthon busied himself in the dressing room, then in his office, finally went home. Two hours later he recalled a package he had left at the stadium and returned to find in the gloom, with their tongues on their chests but still stumbling around the track, his forgotten men, Browning and Katrola.

He was so contrite and so impressed that he awarded them the highly prized Texas Tech Blanket, an honor conceived by Cawthon and presented only to visiting captains of opposing teams.

Cawthon had a standing punishment at Tech for players who messed up plays in practice. It was to run from the stadium to the college water tower and back, a four-mile round trip over plowed fields and sand. One afternoon in 1939, he ordered a reserve back to do penance. When practice was over, the back had not returned. So Cawthon sent a searching party. They found exactly nothing. Several days later, Cawthon received a letter which said, "Coach, I just hitchhiked on to California since I was halfway here when I got to the water tower."

Cawthon expects implicit obedience to orders, and his Tigers will give it or get out. Once five stars of his great Austin College team of 1923 asked permission, during a layover at Texarkana between trains, to go riding with some girls. They included Dell Morgan, great lineman who succeeded Cawthon as coach at Tech, and Vernon Tuck, who became the surgeon who in later years operated on Cawthon. Cawthon agreed but told them to get to the station early. They returned just after the train had pulled out. A telegram to Student Manager Walter Hunter, on the train, asking for transportation brought a return wire, "Pete says hell no walk home." And on the following Monday, they took laps around the track after practice until the moon came up about 9 o'clock, with Cawthon standing by.

In the Last Seventeen Seconds

Cawthon is very stern about smoking and drinking. He has relaxed only twice. In 1938 the Red Raiders came up to the University of New Mexico game undefeated and untied, and had the Cotton Bowl invitation in reach. But the Lobos had an idea, too, and went into the game to hamstring the flashy Texans. With but 17 seconds to go, the score was 7–7, the Cotton Bowl was fading, and the Lobos were tonguing that moral-victory howl. But Jodie Marek of Tech booted a 26-yard field goal and a few seconds later intercepted a pass and ran 68 yards for a touchdown.

Cawthon went slap-happy. "Boys," he said later, "I'm just so happy I'm goin' to do somethin' I would fiah you off the team foah if I evah caught you doin' it."

He bought a box of cigars and passed them around for a victory smoke. But the players insisted that he smoke one, too—which he did—and it made him so sick that he had to be assisted off the train at Lubbock.

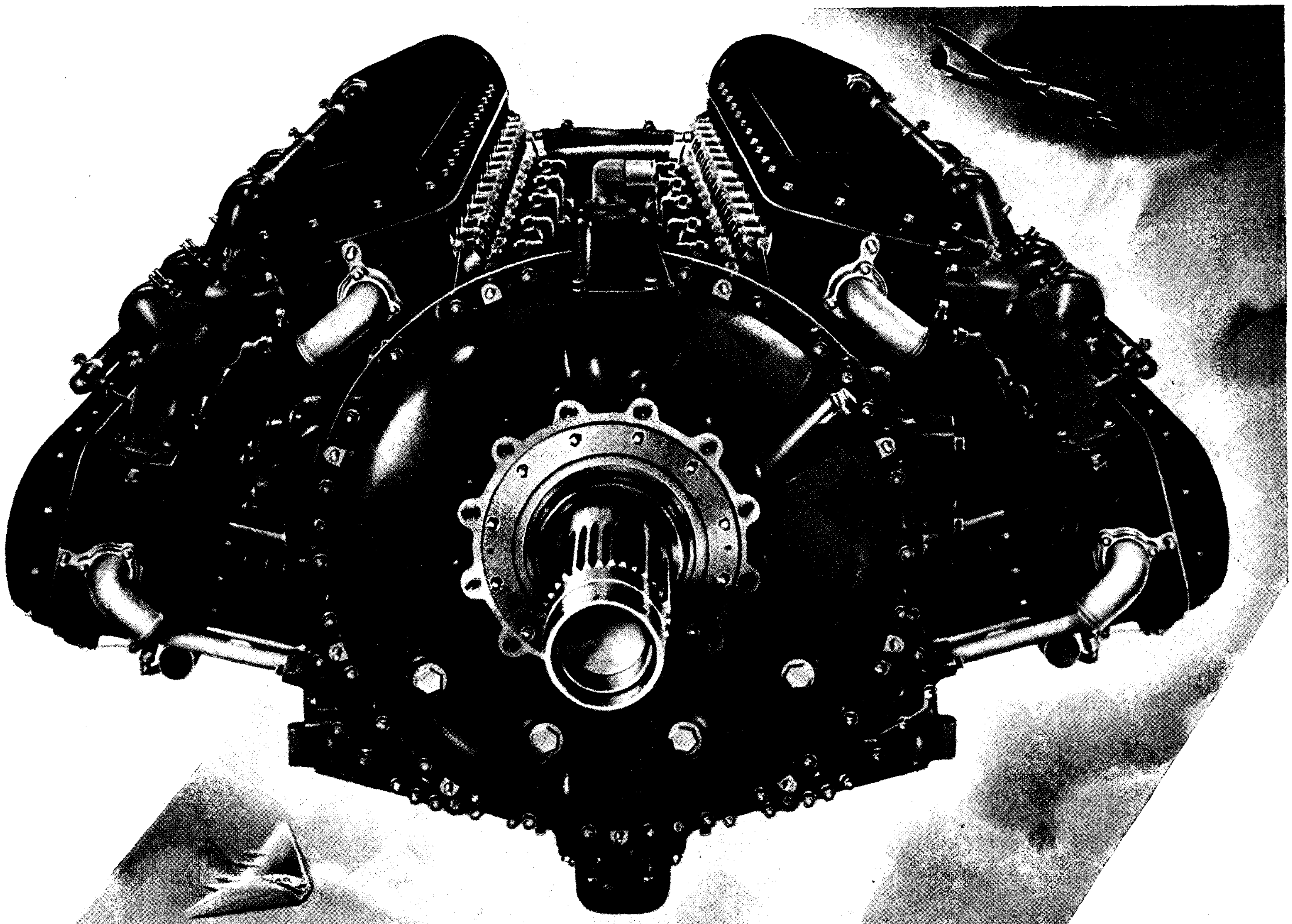
The only rules that Cawthon regularly breaks are those of pressing too hard for a human frame, and he has done that consistently since he broke into the line-up at Southwestern. There he was obsessed with the idea of breaking the four-sports record hung up by the great Jack Snipes. He became quarterback and end in football, a sharpshooting forward in basketball, a major-league infield prospect, a dash man on the cinders, captained football, basketball and track teams, but in trying for a fifth letter, in tennis, he developed heart trouble. That heart, aggravated by the world's worst worrier, forced him out of coaching in 1928-29.

Probably, he inherited his scrappiness but he has fought since he was born, across the tracks in Houston somewhere around 46 years ago. He won't divulge his correct age, since he fudged a bit on the upside when he first applied for jobs. Now he fudges a bit on the downside.

Through the years he has been tough on his players but he is a bit daffy about them. In Texas he went to bat for hundreds of his ex's, and the businessmen took his word and hired his boys, for they knew he would not lie. He keeps up with his former players, has a book of addresses and before the war wrote each one of them once or twice a year. Before Pearl Harbor he had 146 ex-players in coaching jobs, probably more than anyone else excluding Rockne. Incidentally, he was with "Rock" the day before Knute made that fatal airplane reservation, but it did not keep Cawthon from being the first coach, as far as known, to transport his team by airplane, flying in 1937 to Detroit to play Detroit U.

In that game Pete took a licking, and on the return trip called a meeting of his players. "I just want to tell you guys," he roared, "you eat like Notuh Dame, travel high-class like Yale, and play football like Nitwit College. It makes me sick at the stomach to look at you. The meetin' is dismissed!"

THE END



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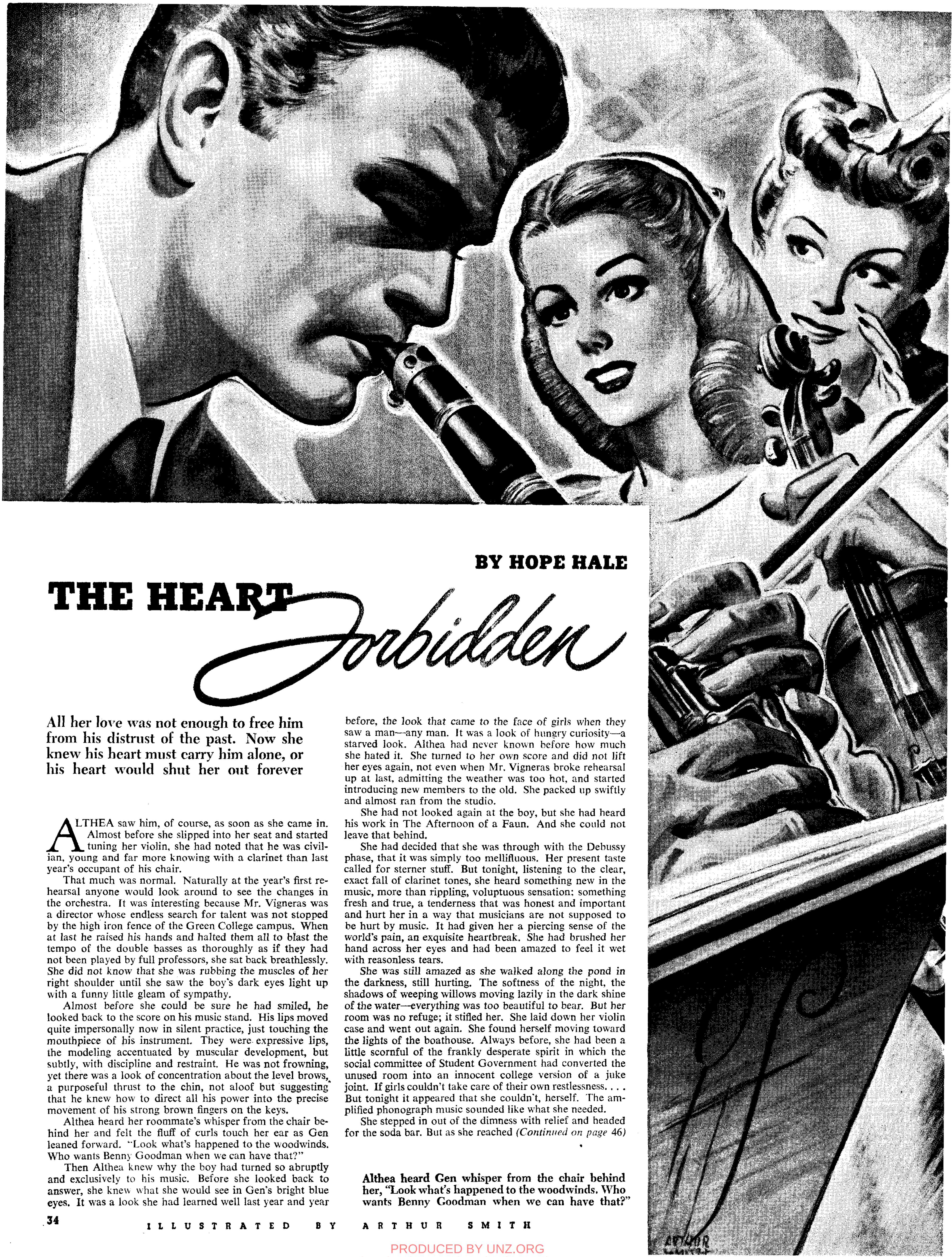


Althea heard Gen whisper from the chair behind her, "Look what's happened to the woodwinds. Who wants Benny Goodman when we can have that?"

BY HOPE HALE

THE HEART *Forbidden*

All her love was not enough to free him from his distrust of the past. Now she knew his heart must carry him alone, or his heart would shut her out forever

ALTHEA saw him, of course, as soon as she came in. Almost before she slipped into her seat and started tuning her violin, she had noted that he was civilian, young and far more knowing with a clarinet than last year's occupant of his chair.

That much was normal. Naturally at the year's first rehearsal anyone would look around to see the changes in the orchestra. It was interesting because Mr. Vigneras was a director whose endless search for talent was not stopped by the high iron fence of the Green College campus. When at last he raised his hands and halted them all to blast the tempo of the double basses as thoroughly as if they had not been played by full professors, she sat back breathlessly. She did not know that she was rubbing the muscles of her right shoulder until she saw the boy's dark eyes light up with a funny little gleam of sympathy.

Almost before she could be sure he had smiled, he looked back to the score on his music stand. His lips moved quite impersonally now in silent practice, just touching the mouthpiece of his instrument. They were expressive lips, the modeling accentuated by muscular development, but subtly, with discipline and restraint. He was not frowning, yet there was a look of concentration about the level brows, a purposeful thrust to the chin, not aloof but suggesting that he knew how to direct all his power into the precise movement of his strong brown fingers on the keys.

Althea heard her roommate's whisper from the chair behind her and felt the fluff of curls touch her ear as Gen leaned forward. "Look what's happened to the woodwinds. Who wants Benny Goodman when we can have that?"

Then Althea knew why the boy had turned so abruptly and exclusively to his music. Before she looked back to answer, she knew what she would see in Gen's bright blue eyes. It was a look she had learned well last year and year before, the look that came to the face of girls when they saw a man—any man. It was a look of hungry curiosity—a starved look. Althea had never known before how much she hated it. She turned to her own score and did not lift her eyes again, not even when Mr. Vigneras broke rehearsal up at last, admitting the weather was too hot, and started introducing new members to the old. She packed up swiftly and almost ran from the studio.

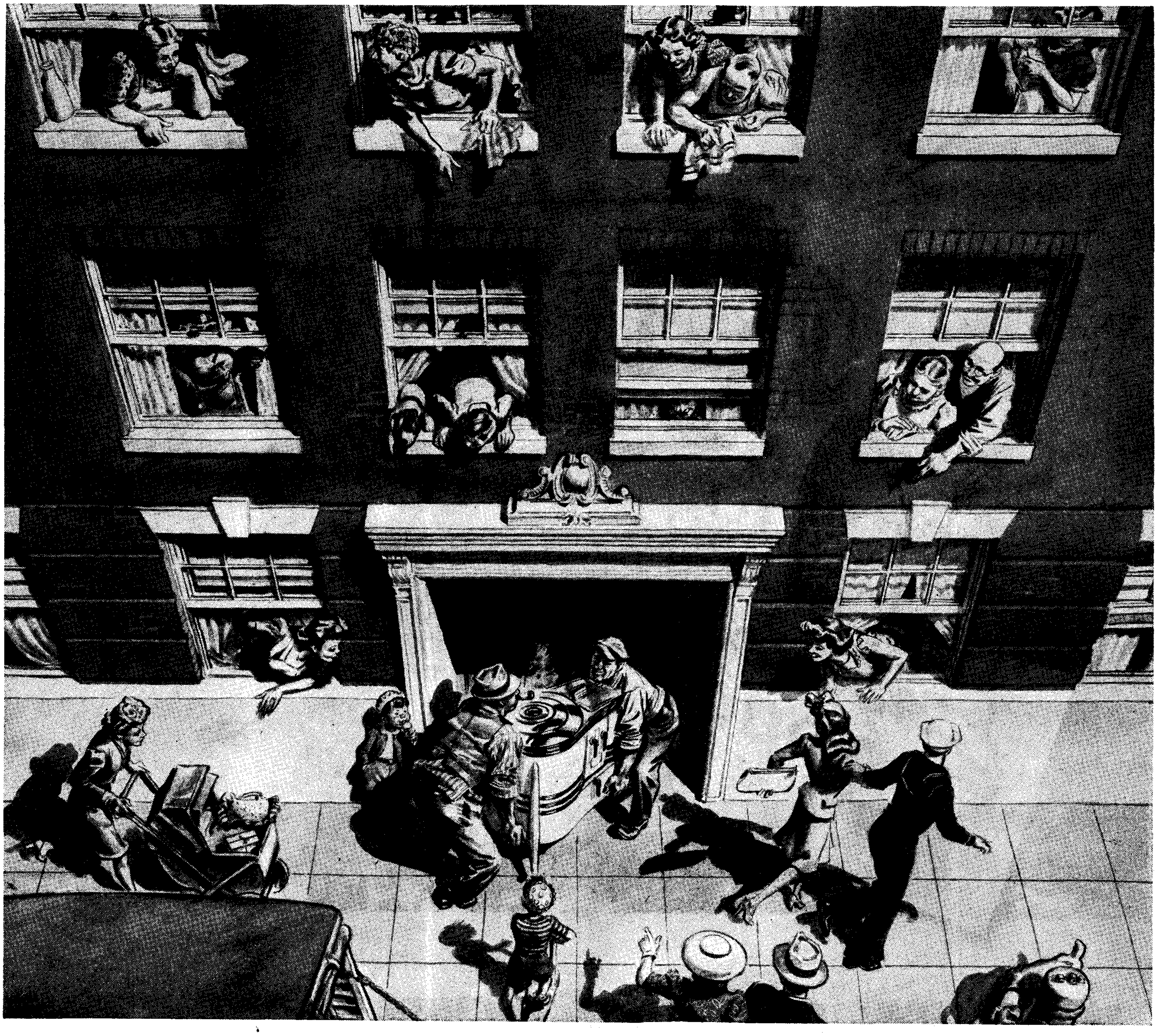
She had not looked again at the boy, but she had heard his work in The Afternoon of a Faun. And she could not leave that behind.

She had decided that she was through with the Debussy phase, that it was simply too mellifluous. Her present taste called for sterner stuff. But tonight, listening to the clear, exact fall of clarinet tones, she heard something new in the music, more than rippling, voluptuous sensation: something fresh and true, a tenderness that was honest and important and hurt her in a way that musicians are not supposed to be hurt by music. It had given her a piercing sense of the world's pain, an exquisite heartbreak. She had brushed her hand across her eyes and had been amazed to feel it wet with reasonless tears.

She was still amazed as she walked along the pond in the darkness, still hurting. The softness of the night, the shadows of weeping willows moving lazily in the dark shine of the water—everything was too beautiful to bear. But her room was no refuge; it stifled her. She laid down her violin case and went out again. She found herself moving toward the lights of the boathouse. Always before, she had been a little scornful of the frankly desperate spirit in which the social committee of Student Government had converted the unused room into an innocent college version of a juke joint. If girls couldn't take care of their own restlessness. . . . But tonight it appeared that she couldn't, herself. The amplified phonograph music sounded like what she needed.

She stepped in out of the dimness with relief and headed for the soda bar. But as she reached *(Continued on page 46)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SMITH



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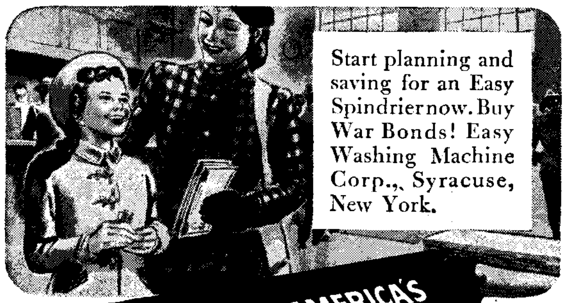

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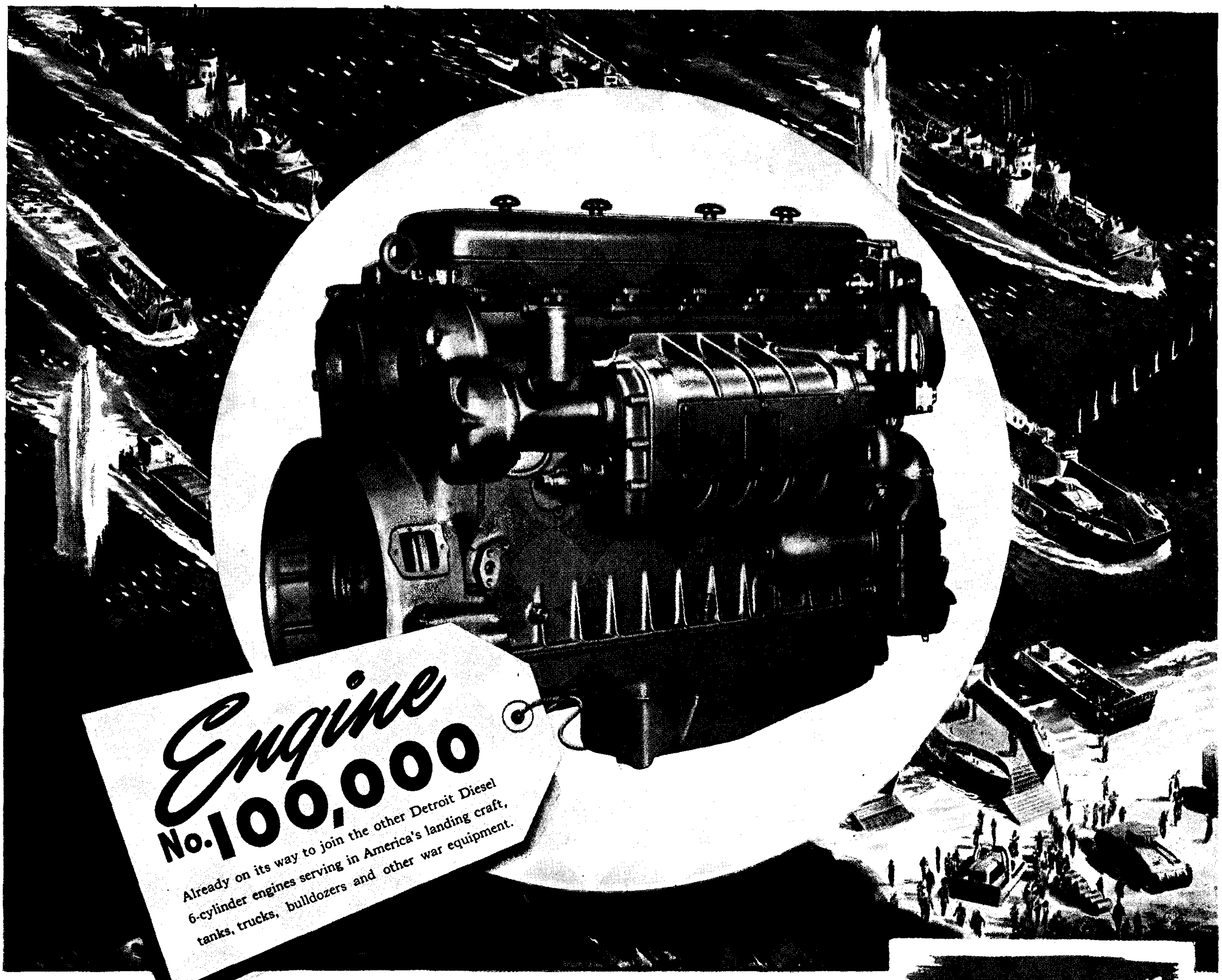
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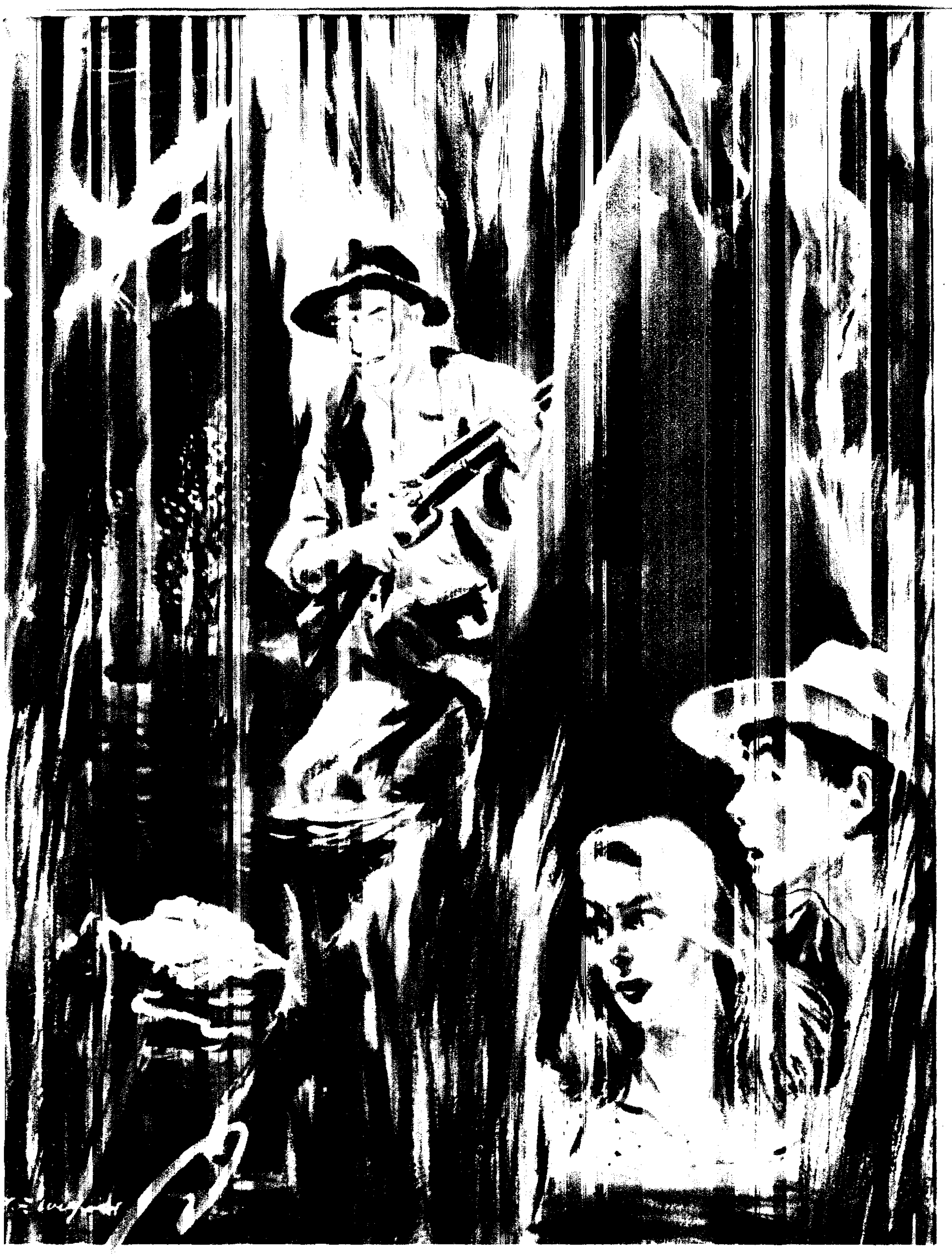

“Sh-h! Don’t move!” whispered Lonnie. He knew the man with the gun was near, peering about. Then Sally gasped. Her sunbonnet was floating out on the water

Eyes IN THE SWAMP

BY PEIRSON RICKS

ILLUSTRATED BY LORIN F. WILFORD

Some day the secret of life may be found in the lush growth of a swamp where most people see only evil, and where Lonnie Williams saw both death and salvation

EVER since he had left the barn, Lonnie Williams had felt somebody was watching him. It wasn't anything that he saw or heard that made him stop and scowl and glance that way across the cotton patch, and this way across the peanut field, and back up yonder toward the barn, and down yonder toward the swamp.

Of course, his wife Sally was up yonder at the house, canning vegetables. She could have stepped out across the yard to the barn or the pig pen. She could be up there hidden, peeping through a crack, watching him. But Sally's direct blue eyes would hold only warmth and friendliness. It didn't *feel* like it was her watching him.

Lonnie Williams stood there in the late afternoon sun, scratching his head. His face and throat and arms were tanned to a deep coppery red. He was young, with the stanch, patient look of a man who tills the soil for his living.

Lonnie had always considered himself a matter-of-fact person, and probably he was. It troubled him—troubled him deeply—this feeling that a cold and furtive eye was watching him.

It made him think of an old song that the Negroes sang, a ballad with the mournful one-line refrain: "A dead man walks in Redfin Swamp." It made him think of Ben Pike, who (so the jury found) had slain his own brother and sunk the corpse farther up the swamp, three miles from here. Because the evidence against him had been largely circumstantial, Ben Pike had escaped the death penalty but he had been sent to the penitentiary for thirty years and had buried his youth behind those rocky walls.

The years passed, and the crime he was convicted of became a legend, and the legend became a song. And the North Carolina Negroes plucked their banjos and murmured that Ben Pike's dead brother walked forever through the reeds and cattails of the dark, still swamp, feeding off leprous fungus, thumping on a hollow cypress stump every midnight when the moon was full.

Lonnie Williams stood there, thinking. Maybe that was it. Maybe it was because Ben Pike had been paroled, had recently come back to the Redfin community a silent, bitter old man—maybe that fact had stirred up his memory of those childhood days when Ben Pike's crime was fresh.

He snorted with disgust. Tugging sharply at his hatbrim, he set off with firm, purposeful strides down the rough path toward the swamp. He was going down there to have a look at his patch of corn—the patch that grew in the rich dank meadow that swept right up to the secret precincts of the swamp itself.

There he stood with his hands in his pockets and his back to the swamp. He wasn't thinking about anything but the fine, ripe corn. But again he felt the eye on his back. The feeling was so powerful now that he started and glanced apprehensively over his left shoulder, almost expecting to see someone standing back there watching him. But all he saw was the thick tangled wall of underbrush, and the tall trees, and through scattered openings the heavy inner darkness of the swamp. The swamp was still. Not a rustle came from all that mass of foliage.

"Damn it!" muttered Lonnie Williams. "What's come over me?" In sudden anger at himself he wheeled about and headed straight for the swamp. He wasn't one to hem and haw and sidestep something he didn't understand. When something baffled him, he butted right into it like an old bull.

He strode through the high grass and the brush, and then he was in among the water birch and willows just within the borders of the twilit realm.

He halted there. At his feet lay the first shallow puddles of the swamp, grown up thickly with reeds. The stench of sour earth and stagnant water hung heavy in the air; the swamp smelled of disease and decay. He looked about him and he saw no alien thing; he heard no sound that did not belong in the dim, still swamp. Yet now he felt more strongly than he had felt before that an alien creature was in the swamp—a creature unfriendly to himself—a creature with cold, sharp, hostile eyes.

A little distance up the swamp he kept a flatboat tied up; in it he could pole about from pool to pool. He decided to get his boat and ride along this side of the swamp to see what he could see. So he came out and walked along the edge of the cornfield and he found the footpath and went down into the swamp again.

THERE was the boat, a crude, gray, weathered skiff, tied to an old stump; it was just as he had left it. Or was it? Had he left that much slack in the rope? And the pole—hadn't he left the pole in the skiff instead of lying there beside it in the shallow water? Of course, some of the neighborhood Negroes could have borrowed the skiff to fish for redfins; they did that sometimes. He stepped into the boat and pushed off through the thick scummy water. All was silent except for the slosh of the pole entering the water and the gurgle of the ripples springing up under the blunt bow.

The boat slid through the water, round the burly heels of cypress, through duckweed, reeds and rushes. Slowly, smoothly, Lonnie Williams thrust the long, stout pole into the mush and pushed. He was peering this way and that. He saw nothing—saw nothing, that is, till he came into one of the larger pools and perceived that the green murky water had been muddied. Lazy streaks of gray curled like wisps of fog through the dark, still water. Lonnie gave a strong push and coasted across the pool, staring down.

And then he saw it—a man's hand, glowing pale green through the thick green water. The hand was motionless. It was a dead hand, the arm and sleeve fading away into the murky depths.

The blood drained from Lonnie's face; his hands gripped the pole so tightly that it seemed the bones must crack, but he didn't start, he didn't flick an eyelash. Those eyes, the eyes hidden in the swamp, were on him now—he knew that. The eyes were watching him, watching to see if he had seen, to see if he had caught a hint, a clue, of something amiss in the swamp.

Slowly he poled on down the swamp, feeling the eyes boring into his back. A quarter of a mile down he guided the skiff in and tied up to a small willow. He came out of the swamp and crossed the boggy pasture, filled with grazing cows. He climbed over the rail fence and headed up the lane for the house. He walked along casually, unhurriedly, because he knew those eyes were watching him.

He came up onto the back porch and entered the kitchen. Through clouds of steam he could see Sally, tall and blond, bending over the range. She had a strong face, a face which, like his own, seemed to draw its strength from a deep well of patience. She looked up when she heard his step on the threshold. She stared at him.

"Why, Lonnie! What's the matter?"

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"Get your bonnet," he said shortly. "I want you to ride with me up the road a piece."

A little pucker appeared between her eyebrows. "Why, I can't leave my canning, Lonnie. Is something wrong?"

He nodded. "There's a dead man in the swamp."

"A *dead* man!"

He nodded again. "I saw him in the water. He ain't been dumped there long because it's still muddy. I'm going after Sheriff Gudger. You know I'm not going to leave you here by yourself."

"I'll get my bonnet," she said hurriedly. She slipped out of her apron and went into the bedroom. She came back wearing a faded blue gingham bonnet; she was knotting the ribbon at her throat with shaky fingers. "What does it mean, Lonnie?" she whispered in a frightened voice.

He shook his head. "I don't know. But *this* is one time I sure would give a purty penny to have a phone in the house."

They crossed the back yard to the shed, built against a side of the barn, where the car was kept. When they came under the shed roof, they saw the man standing back there in the shadows. Sally screamed.

He was an older man, knotty-looking, with sallow, flabby skin. He had a sharp little hooked nose like a hawk's beak; his mouth was tight and drawn. But the thing you noticed instantly—the thing that struck you most forcefully about him—was the eyes, pale and withdrawn, burning with a cold, intense fury. He was wearing a battered, shapeless black felt hat. He was carrying a double-barreled shotgun.

Neither Lonnie nor Sally had ever seen the man before.

" 'Bout to go somewheres?" inquired the stranger roughly.

"I don't see it's none of your business," said Lonnie boldly. "What you doing hanging around my place?"

"Been hunting in the swamp," said the man. "Thought I might pick up a ride in to town."

Lonnie observed that the man wasn't holding the shotgun casually, like one who has finished his day's hunting, he was holding it with a stiff alertness, like one who expects momentarily to flush a covey of birds.

"I don't recollect seeing your face before," growled Lonnie.

"Live over t'other side of the creek. Robinson's my name." The stranger shifted his eyes. "Howard Robinson. Cousin to old man Joe."

"Oh!"

The stranger made a slight gesture with the gun; it was hardly a threatening gesture—it was too slight for that—but Lonnie caught the meaning of it instantly; he stared into the stranger's eyes. "Reckon I can go along with you, can't I?" said the stranger.

"I reckon so," said Lonnie.

"You and her can set on the front seat. I'll set in the back."

Lonnie and Sally got in. The stranger got in. When Lonnie twisted around to back the car out of the shed, he saw that the gun was lying across the stranger's knees. He observed with a start that both hammers were cocked. He backed out very carefully.

AS LONNIE drove along the rutted dirt road, he was trying to think how he could get word to the sheriff without rousing the suspicions of their menacing passenger. Sheriff Gudger lived up the road about three miles; he lived by himself in the old Gudger home place; Mrs. Gudger was dead now, and the children had married and moved away.

From the position of the sun, Lonnie figured it must be a little after six o'clock; the sheriff should have left his office at the courthouse in town about an hour ago. He ought to be home now.

"I reckon you know Sheriff Gudger, don't you?" said the stranger suddenly.

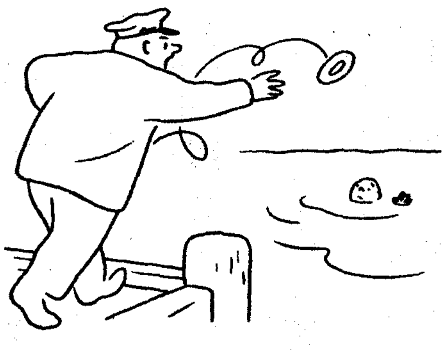
Lonnie's hands tightened on the wheel. "Reckon I do."

They rode on in silence.

"You know who I am, don't you?" said the stranger softly.

Lonnie thought that one over. "You're Howard Robinson, so you said!"

"Maybe so," replied the stranger. "Maybe so. And again, maybe not." He was silent for a while. "I ain't lived around here for twenty years," he went on. "I was a young man twenty years ago, full of hope. All my life lay before me." His voice was bitter. "But I'm an old man now. I'm done for now. My life is gone." He cleared his throat. "You might think I'd blame Tom Gudger," he continued softly, "but I don't." He paused. "Of course, Tom wasn't sheriff in them days. He was a young feller like myself. He was a deputy then. It was his testimony, more'n anybody else's, that sent me up. He was young, and he married and he had children and he got to be sheriff. He didn't waste his youth behind rock walls. But I ain't sore at him. I ain't one to bear a grudge. That's purty decent of me, ain't it?"



"Get Out and Vote!"

"Why, yes. Yes, it is," said Lonnie.

"Why don't we drop by the Gudger place and see old Tom?" suggested the stranger, as though the thought had just occurred to him.

Lonnie felt Sally's body tauten at those words; from the corner of his eye he could see her sitting tense and motionless beside him, looking straight ahead. He knew what she was thinking; she was thinking what he was thinking: that here was a possible avenue of escape; here was the break they needed to rid themselves of this dangerous and perhaps unbalanced man.

Lonnie started to answer "Yes" to the fellow, but he didn't; his native caution triumphed over his sudden eagerness, and scowling thoughtfully as he watched the road, he waited for the man to continue.

"Old Tom wouldn't know me now," said the stranger; "not after all these years. But you could go up to the front door and knock, and when he came to the door you could tell him an old friend of his was setting out in the car. You wouldn't mind doing me a little favor like that, would you?" The voice of the stranger was smooth and gently urging, it was like the voice of Satan begging Eve to eat the apple.

Lonnie squirmed uneasily on the seat. "No," he said bluntly. "I ain't got time to stop by." He heard Sally gasp. "But I'll let you out at the gate to the Gudger place if you want me to. I reckon the sheriff would drive you on in to town."

The stranger didn't make reply. But when a few minutes later they came in sight of the Gudger place—a big old white house set back in a grove of elm and white oak—he exclaimed roughly in an excited voice: "There it is!"

Lonnie recognized the sheriff's car, a three-year-old model, a green touring car, parked in the grove near the house.

"He's home, Lonnie," murmured Sally, nudging her husband's ankle with her foot. "There's his car." Lonnie could feel her eyes peering sharply at his face. He ignored her.

"Sure," whispered the stranger. "He's home. Come on up to the house. We won't be there but a minute."

"No," said Lonnie; he began to slow the car. He half turned his head toward the back seat. "Want me to let you out at the gate?"

"Sure," said the stranger, "sure. Let me out at the gate."

LONNIE stopped the car. The stranger stepped out into the white sand road. The pale, blazing eyes were looking at Lonnie in a hard and calculating fashion. The gun was still cocked. "You're sure now?" he said.

"I'm not going in there," stated Lonnie. "Good day." He turned around and threw the car in gear. He roared off in a cloud of dust. Through the rolling billows of dust he could see in the rear-view mirror the faint image of the stranger standing in the road watching them.

"Lonnie!" cried Sally, clutching his arm. "That man! He's—he's—"

"Yes," said Lonnie, "he's Ben Pike."

"You think—" Her voice, which was dry and husky, faltered—"you think he killed—that dead man—you saw in the swamp?"

"Yes—" slowly—"I think so."

"But, Lonnie! Why didn't you drive in

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"Have had unusually g
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miles they are not smo
enough to [illegible] rec
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one-half their
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Smith, Excelsior

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"A [illegible] shows my set of Goodyear synthetic tires have gone **22,000** miles so far and I expect to get a good many more."
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"Two Goodyear synthetic tires have given me in excess of **33,000** miles on gravel and paved roads. As you say, it must be 'know-how.'"
H. F. Crawfis, Lima

"My two Goodyear synthetic tires are just about smooth enough to recap after going over **22,000** miles."
Everett Murray, Morgantown

"Have 30 Goodyear synthetic tires on our cabs that have averaged **20,000** miles each. Six have gone **40,000** with two recaps."
Plaza Cab Co., Kansas City

"Thought you would like to know about two Goodyear synthetic tires I have driven **23,000** miles and they are not 50% worn as yet."
Lloyd Bowling, Louisville

"Have driven a Goodyear synthetic tire **22,000** miles in defense work. Still has good tread design showing."
William B. Ragland, Richmond

"Well pleased with service from two Goodyear synthetic tires. After **26,238** miles about one-third of tread is still left."
Oliver Smith, Covington

"Pleasure to report fine service from Goodyear De Luxe synthetic tire. Now gone **17,000** miles and only half worn."
Thomas V. Wicker, High Point

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"Service from my Goodyear De Luxe synthetic tires has been a pleasant surprise — **20,000** miles of perfect performance."
H. C. May, Little Rock

"Records kept for ODT show **30,800** miles on my two Goodyears. My doubts about synthetic tires dispelled."
D. W. Eargle, Langley

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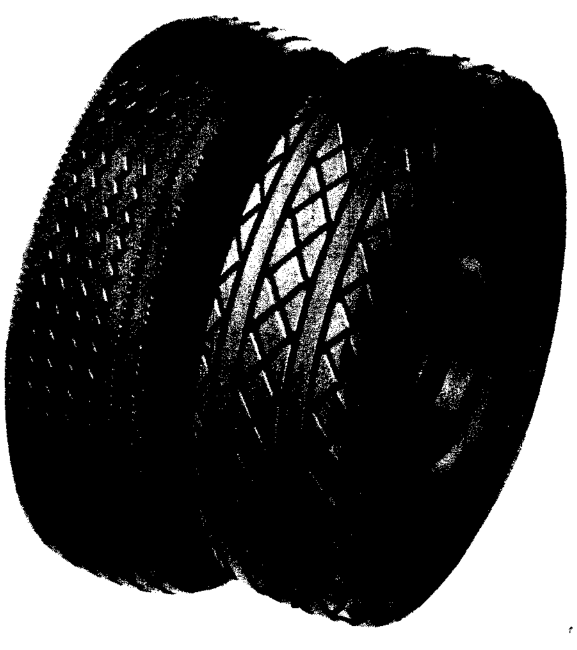
"Have driven my Goodyear synthetics **37,000** miles over all types of city and country roads and there is still a lot of tread left."
J. N. Rogers, West Monroe

"Our records show Goodyear synthetic tires are averaging **25,000** miles before recapping; some have exceeded **30,000** miles."
Whitman's Cab Co., Birmingham

"Goodyear synthetic tires are a real product — one of ours has now gone **20,000** miles and looks good for **10,000** more."
N. W. Rushing, Savannah

"My Goodyear synthetics are averaging **23,000** miles before recapping, better service than I get from other makes."
Gordon F. Smith, Bradentown



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YEAR

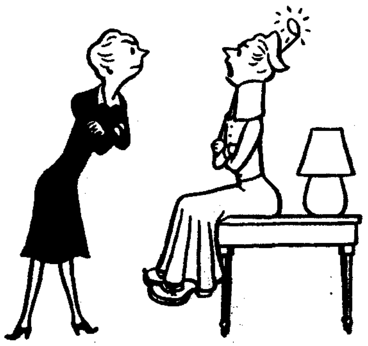
AME IN RUBBER

Richard Decker

"QUIT SNOOPING...YOU SNOOP!"

War Conscience: Never mind the sass, Sis—snooping is my business! Because *I* am your Wartime Conscience and it's *my* job to keep you doing your wartime duty.

Woman: Well, I like that! Are you calling me a slacker? I'll have you know I write my soldier every single day and what's more I write *V-Mail* like the Army and Navy wants us to—to save space . . . and if more people did as much . . .



War Conscience: Hold on, my little bundle of T.N.T.—In your case it isn't *when* or *how* you write, it's *what* you're writing! "Rationing's such trouble"..."can't find a maid anywhere"...! Don't you know you ought to be building up his morale? Write cheerful stuff and keep complaints to yourself. You ought to be ashamed!

Woman: And *you* ought to be keeping that needle nose out of things you don't understand. Telling *me* to be cheerful. When I can't even enjoy a cup of coffee without it keeps me awake. One cup, one *teensy* cup, and I never relaxed an eyelash all night! Go away. Go pick on somebody else!

War Conscience: My, my, we *are* upset, aren't we! Wonder how come nobody's suggested Sanka Coffee to you before?

SANKA COFFEE

Woman: Sanka Coffee? What for?

War Conscience: Because Sanka Coffee is a coffee that's 97% caffein-free! Can't keep anyone awake! What's more . . . this Sanka Coffee's just the kind of full-bodied, flavorful coffee every tender young coffee bean *dreams* of becoming. But don't take *my* word for it. Try it! Something tells me, once you've started sleeping nights, Sis, you and I won't have *nearly* so much trouble getting along!

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97% CAFFEIN-FREE . . . DRINK IT AND SLEEP
A product of General Foods

TUNE IN THE
New Kate Smith Hour
NOW ON SUNDAY EVENING
CBS Network, 7 p.m. EWT
Check your local paper for time and station.

You could have told the sheriff. He could have arrested—"

"Listen, Sally. If Ben Pike had just killed a man, why would he beg us to go—of all places—by the sheriff's?"

"I don't know! It's—"

"Sally, that was his test to learn if I had caught sight of that body in the swamp. If I'd turned in to Sheriff Gudger's, Ben Pike would have blown us both to kingdom come!"

"Oh, Lonnie!"

"You see, the way I figger it, Ben Pike knew Sheriff Gudger wouldn't be at home because he knew the sheriff was lying dead at the bottom of Redfin Swamp!"

Sally recoiled in horror.

"That's the only way I can figger it to be, Sally. Of course I could be wrong. But I'm going to turn off up here into a little old lane that runs through the pines back of the Gudger place. We'll come close enough to the house to see what happens. If Ben Pike drives off in the sheriff's car I'll bust into the house and phone for help."

Lonnie swung the car off the sandy road into a rough little lane, grown high with weeds, which twisted and turned through a thicket of runty pines and brush. The lane headed in the general direction of the swamp, though it bore back toward the Gudger place. They lurched along for three quarters of a mile; finally, in a small patch of mature pines, Lonnie cut the motor. He and his wife dismounted from the car and crossed to the edge of the woods, about fifty yards distant.

Gazing diagonally across a wide field of new-plowed land they could see into the shady grove of the Gudger place. At first they didn't see the man, though they sought him with anxious eyes; but at last Sally caught a glimpse of him walking up the avenue of box shrubs and pointed him out to Lonnie.

The man went straight to the green touring car; he put his gun in, and then he crawled in behind the wheel. A few moments later they heard the faint but unmistakable sound of the motor starting. They watched the car drive through the grove and turn into the highway.

"Why, look!" exclaimed Sally. "He's heading toward town—the same way we were going!" She glanced uneasily at her husband.

They watched the cloud of dust roll out and rise like a gray mist over the road. The car disappeared from sight. They listened to the motor.

After a while, the little pucker appeared on Sally's forehead between her eyebrows. She cocked her head to the side in an attitude of listening. "Sounds to me like the motor's getting louder," she said.

Lonnie was scowling, listening. He looked sharply at his wife. "Sounds that way to me too."

"Lonnie!" She was appalled. "Listen!"

"Good Lord!" he cried. "He might have seen our tire tracks turning off in the sand!" They listened. The sound of a rapidly approaching motor was welling up through the trees. "He's coming this way, all right! We've got to run for it, Sally! No! No! Not back toward the car—we can't make it—head for the swamp!"

THROUGH the sparse underbrush and patches of bramble in the still pine woods they tore. They heard the motor close by—heard it stop—and they knew then that the green touring car had reached the spot where their car blocked the lane. They also knew that soon through this small thin patch of woods, a knotty little man with a shotgun would be tracking them.

They fought the brambles, which held them back like malicious claws in a nightmare; they stumbled through the brush.

"Sally! for heaven's sake!" panted Lonnie. "Be quiet! be quiet! If he hears us—"

"The briars! They catch my skirts."

"Come on! Grab my hand! If we can get in the lane—" With torn clothing and scratched and bleeding hands, they came out into the lane. Giving a swift glance backward, Lonnie caught sight of their car sitting back half hidden among the trees. The green car was behind it.

"Run! Run!" he whispered. "If we can make it to the swamp—"

The swamp was a quarter of a mile away, down a gentle slope, across open fields. Tall weeds and intermittent clusters of coarse Johnson grass bordered the twisting lane, partially screening it. They came out of the wood and fled down the lane, crouching low to take advantage of the ragged cover. When Lonnie straightened up once to look backward, he saw with an icy shock that the man was already out of the woods; he was trotting after them along the lane. *They weren't going to have the time they needed to lose themselves in the swamp.*

They plunged through the fringe of scrub pine and brush and entered the outer region of the swamp.

"This way," panted Lonnie, grasping his wife's arm, thrusting her forward roughly. "Crawl out on that log—quick!—swing down into the water! That's right—go straight ahead—right through that patch of reeds—quick! quick!"

THEY struggled through thick, foul water that came above their waists, they floundered through reeds and rushes. The nearest cover was the huge smooth trunk of a cypress which rose from the black, stagnant water.

"Get behind it!" cried Lonnie. "Squat low. Hug up close to it!"

They crouched down till the surface of the water came above their shoulders. Sally was gasping for breath, plucking at the knotted ribbon at her throat; in her flight the sunbonnet had been pushed back from her head, and the ribbon of it now pressed tightly against her throat. She unfastened the ribbon.

"Sh-h! Don't move!" whispered Lonnie. They were still as two posts. They could hear the footsteps coming down through the muck. The footsteps halted. They could hear heavy breathing. They knew he was there on the bank, peering about him in the semidarkness for a clue.

Sally gasped. Then Lonnie saw it. The faded blue sunbonnet was floating out on the still dark water.

They heard the low chuckle. Then they heard the slow sloshing of the water as he waded in. He was coming out after them with the shotgun cocked and ready.

Lonnie looked at his wife, at her young, faded face, at her wide, terrified eyes. He thought of her appearance a few years ago, when she was fresh and lovely. He wanted to speak to her, to press her hand. But he couldn't now. It was too late.

Inhaling deeply, he slipped below the surface of the water. He thrust out powerfully with his arms; he kicked his legs; he pushed his way through the inky blackness. He slid along the mucky bottom of the pool, groping, groping. Once his hand touched something upright, smooth, cylindrical—his heart leaped—but it was only a cypress nub. Now his lungs were clamoring for air; they were aching, as though they were clamped in an inexorable vice; he couldn't stand it—he had to breathe—he *had* to . . .

At that instant his hand brushed against a moving thing. He clutched at it, and it was a leg—a man's leg. As he hugged it with both arms, the leg kicked—and Lonnie leaped upward. As he sprang from the water, gasping for breath, he felt, rather than heard, the report of the gun. He saw man and gun tumbling backward. He saw the splash, and then he was in there, and they were struggling in the water.

It was over quickly. A bitter worn-out man without a gun is no match for a stout young fellow in the full vigor of his manhood.

On the bank Lonnie and Sally bound the hands of a glowering Ben Pike. They bound them with a blue ribbon torn from a woman's sunbonnet.

Lonnie Williams reached out and took his wife's rough hand in his own big rougher one. He tried to remember what he had wanted to say to her back there in the pool when death had seemed so close. But he had forgotten. He cleared his throat.

"I reckon I just about ruined your canning for today, didn't I, Sally?" he said at last.

She pressed his hand. It was all right. She knew what he was trying to say.

THE END

Portrait of a Soldier

Continued from page 16

suspicious when an artist first visits them. They ask, "Are you from the government? Do you do this for a living?" The artist says, "Of course not," and then perhaps shows some of his regular work, illustrations for stories and advertisements in Collier's, the Saturday Evening Post, the Cosmopolitan or some other magazine. "Why do you do it, then?" the men ask, and the artist replies, "Here's how it is: The USO pays our traveling expenses, and, as for our time, we're glad to use it like this if you men are interested." The artists believe that if they were paid the service would not be so successful.

Local groups, serving local hospitals, now are organized in Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Most artists give one night a week at near-by hospitals and besides, as often as they can, go out on the longer out-of-town tours. The USO hopes to provide continuous sketching service in 84 military hospitals.

Miss Sharon had an impressive experience at Brooklyn Naval Hospital. Chaplain Oldman had told her about a problem patient. His hands had been terribly burned but the doctors had done a wonderful repair job, and now they were urging him to use his hands to regain strength and co-ordination. But the boy refused to try. He said the doctors couldn't fool him, he knew his hands were useless. He wouldn't be shaved, he wouldn't comb his hair, he wouldn't talk. He just lay all day long, gazing at his bandaged hands.

Miss Sharon stopped at his bed and asked if he wouldn't like to be sketched. He turned his head away, not answering. But about a half-hour later, when she was finishing another sketch, one of the patients nudged her.

"Look what's happened to Joe over there," he said.

Joe was sitting up in bed, shaved and combed, waiting for her. He had slipped out to the washroom and had shaved himself with his "useless" hands.

The next week, Chaplain Oldman greeted her happily: "Joe's a new man. That sketch you made of him dates his returning interest in life."

Mental cases especially benefit from the sketch tours. One man was ashamed because he was going to be discharged from the Army as a neurotic, when he hadn't even seen action.

"I can't go home after this," he said. "I wish they'd let me fight."

As Miss Sharon worked on his portrait, he remarked, "I used to draw a little in high school." She said, "Why don't you keep it up here? The men would like it." And she left some sketching materials with him. Eventually, she talked him into studying draftsmanship after his discharge, so he could take a job in a war plant near his home where, she convinced him, he would be as useful as at the front.

Holmgren, trying to explain the sometimes magical effect the sketching seems to have, says, "I'm no psychiatrist, but you can see it does something for them. A man's mug is absolutely his own. When you give that mug a half-hour of your undivided attention, I guess it's a kind of flattery. It does something for his ego."

The artists say the boys like to tell about when and where and how they got their injuries. "All this talk of reticence is the bunk so far as I can see," Hawes says.

When you start sketching, it's natural to say, "How'd they get you, mister?" One man told Artist Charles M. Hawes he was in a radio shack during the North African invasion when they "blew hell out of both my legs—I don't suppose I'll ever use them again."

"That's tough," Hawes said, "I guess the doctors are doing all they can for you."

"Oh, sure! The doctors are wonderful!" (All the artists come home shouting that the doctors *are* wonderful, that civilians can't possibly show enough appreciation to them and to the nurses, who give their utmost, with good cheer thrown in.)

A week later, the boy could move one knee, and three weeks later, Hawes said, "This wheel chair started toward me at full speed. It stopped about ten feet away, and the boy got up and walked over to me."

An Artist in Strategy, Too

The artists avoid getting sloppily sentimental about the patient's troubles. A soldier whose leg had been amputated interrupted Miss Sharon's sketching to say bitterly, "Be sure you put in both legs."

Miss Sharon swallowed hard and said, "If I do that, I'll have to part your hair in the middle, too."

The man, who was bald-headed, laughed, and so did the other patients, and everything was all right.

Facial injuries are a problem for the artists. One man's face was messed up on one side, undamaged on the other. After consultation with the plastic surgeon in charge, Vickery went ahead and sketched the good side.

"It's all right," Vickery told him. "You won't be fooling your family, because the doctor says the injured side is going to look the same as before when he gets through, and you know your doctor wouldn't lie to you."

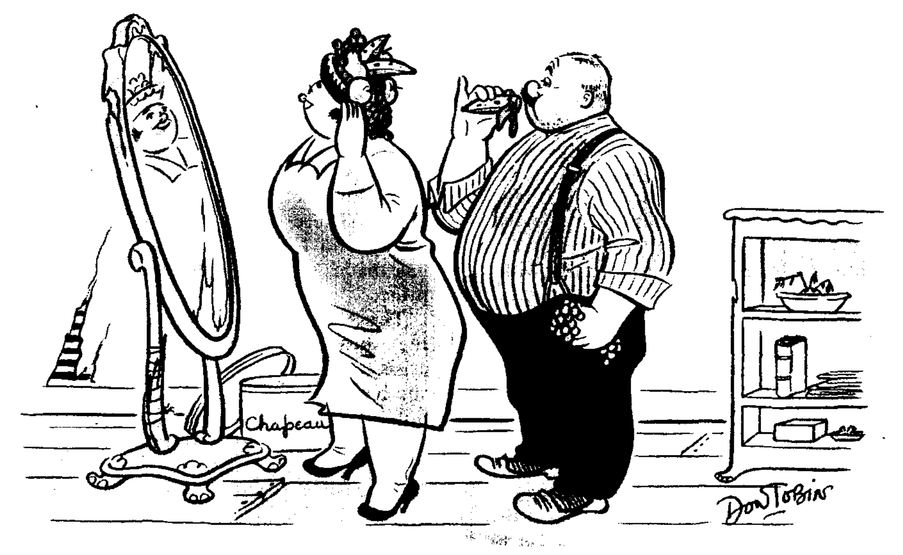
A sailor had had a plastic job done on his nose, and it was completely covered with bandages, but he wanted very much to have a sketch.

"Couldn't you just imagine my nose without the bandage?" he begged Holmgren.

"Well, I don't know," said the artist. "What does your nose look like?" The sailor surveyed the noses of his fellow patients, picked one which was, he said, very like his, and the sketching proceeded.

One soldier gave precise instructions to his artist. "Print 'To the One and Only' across my picture, please," he said, "and have ten copies made."

THE END



COLLIER'S "It's delicious, dear!" DON TOBIN

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BY THE MAKERS OF ESSLEY WOMAN-WISE SHIRTS

Crisis in China

Continued from page 18

long been one of the major Allied concerns, and steps have been taken to remedy it. Two years ago, Brigadier General Jerome J. Waters, Jr., launched a Field Artillery Training Center in western China. Thus far, some 1,000 officers have completed the course.

In South China, the hush-hush American "Y-Force," under Brigadier General Frank Dorn, has done training wonders. Perhaps its greatest achievement has been the operation of a staff school, patterned after that at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. By last July, 70 officers, including 13 major generals, had gone through the course. Tough and able American officers of the "Y-Force" have also helped General Wei on the Salween front with tactical advice. But all these efforts have barely scratched the surface.

Most of the woes which beset the regulars harry the Chinese guerrillas in Japanese-held territory. They, too, suffer from a lack of weapons, ammunition and medical supplies.

The best guerrillas are Communist-led. Partly this is because the Reds have gained experience in their long feud with Chiang Kai-shek; partly because their slogans on land and tax reform bring them support from the starving peasantry.

What these ill-equipped farmers have done has been one of this century's military miracles. Long ago, Tokyo admitted that nearly half of Japan's casualties in China had been inflicted by the guerrillas. This year the Japanese army conceded unhappily that in the single province of Shansi it had fought 900 odd battles with guerrillas in 1943.

The guerrillas fight with a pinch of powder and rivers of blood. Their smithies produce only crude hand grenades and land mines. All other equipment is either captured from the Japanese or bought from Japan's puppet soldiers. Scarcities limit operations. Thus, battles are fought only when a small expenditure of ammunition brings high returns.

Even more serious to Japan than the loss of men is the necessity of maintaining huge garrisons to police the areas over which they claim control. In a hundred-mile square south of Peiping, the Japanese have more than 1,000 two-story forts manned by 13,000 Japanese and 30,000 puppet troops. A short rail line near by is guarded by a tall wall, a deep ditch on either side, and 90 forts.

Yet both these sectors form only small chunks of the so-called "occupied" territory—and within these chunks a guerrilla government continues to function, collects taxes, and organizes attacks on the Japanese.

The bulk of the Communist-led guerrillas operate in North China, where perhaps fifty million people live in the territory they govern. Another Communist-led army fights along the lower Yangtze, up to the very suburbs of Nanking and Shanghai. A third force, of some 10,000 men, is doing effective sabotage along the South China coast.

Unfortunately, China's military woes are compounded by political friction. As late as October, the guerrilla territory in the north remained under an airtight blockade by a Chinese army of some 400,000, which could have been usefully employed against Japan. Gingerly, the gates were opened in August to let through an American military mission, under Colonel Barrett, and then slammed shut again. Desperately needed medical supplies are still kept out of Red territory.

Civil War at its Worst

The Communist-led Fourth Route Army in the Yangtze delta was attacked by government troops in 1941, and partly destroyed. Its commander is still in prison. In South China—in the very areas where Admiral Nimitz predicted American landings—government troops have fought guerrillas.

An army's striking power sometimes may be measured by the care it takes of its sick and wounded. In Central China seven years ago, I watched the evacuation of a base hospital before a Japanese break-through. Screeching trucks roared off in clouds of dust with heavy loads of file cabinets, beds, tables, spittoons. But the wounded were left behind to take care of themselves.

Seven years have passed. Some improvement has been made. Though there are good medical schools in Free China, the army still has only 30,000 "medical officers," of whom only 1,500 have had medical training. The bulk of the "medical officers" are former orderlies, stretcher-bearers and eager youths who have picked up a smattering of medical knowledge, and have gradually worked their way up to a commissioned rank.

Special "quickie" schools train "medicos" in the ABCs of hygiene and medical care. One result of this, for instance, has been a drop in some areas of the incidence of scabies from 90 to 15 per cent. But there is a desperate shortage of doctors, and of such elemental items as quinine, iodine, sulfa drugs and surgical instruments.

Even today more men die of disease than of wounds. In a typical area in Hunan, in the quiet year ending July 1, 1943, an army of 400,000 had 40,000 deaths from sickness and 9,000 from battle injuries. On the Salween front, where the best equipment and talent are massed, the wounded have had to drag themselves for scores of miles to the nearest receiving stations, where for days they lay in misery on blood-soaked straw in their ragged, filthy uniforms.

In the bloody battle for Hengyang, only the walking wounded escaped. Those who could not walk were abandoned to their fate. And in the same battle, hundreds succumbed to dysentery, after taking a sip of water from a flooded rice field.

BRIDAL GOWNS INC.
GEORGE WOLFE

"Shh! We want to be all ready in case he proposes. He has only five hours leave!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

In the province of Kweichow, an American officer estimated that every third soldier dies of hunger and its effects. At General Waters' Field Artillery Training Center, units arrive for training decimated by disease (of a typical detachment of 207, only 38 could report to the parade grounds on the first day).

In the face of this vast and uncomplaining tragedy, this wistful sentence by a high officer of the Chinese Army Medical Corps must come as a personal reproach to every American: "If we could only get one planeload of medical supplies a week from you, we could do wonders."

Much of what ails the Chinese army has come about through no fault of its leaders. The ailments were born of physical, material and financial stringencies, of devastation, blockade and acute poverty, of old economic and political flaws.

Because of these flaws—and not because of unwilling spirit—the Chinese army can fight no major action today. It can launch no major offensive because 80 per cent of its conscripts and 20 per cent of its officers are illiterate; because it has no trained reserves and receives no regular reinforcements; because half of its recruits arrive at the front unfit for any physical effort; because it lacks food, modern weapons, technical skills, motor vehicles, and even bandages for its wounded.

The top Chinese leaders are not blind to the flaws. Late in August, reports the well-informed Shanghai Evening Post, a transportation regiment packed with sick and half-starved men passed through Chungking. Persuaded to visit the camp, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was so moved and angered by the sight that he struck the regimental officers on their faces with his cane. He then also decided to go into the field to see for himself the condition of the Chinese troops.

The same month, when the scope of the defeat became clear, a blueprint for the army's reorganization was drawn up at a conference called by Chiang.

The blueprint provided for changes in the system of conscription. (Conscription was halted altogether in Chungking, though the city's youths between twenty-one and twenty-five were forbidden to leave for the duration, to make sure the army gets the 4,000 men it wants in Chungking before 1945.) It prescribed greater attention to *lao ping's* living conditions, his food and medical care.

The blueprint also provided for the retirement or reassignment of officers, and for intensive schooling for others. Even more important was the decision to draft annually 10,000 university students, thus far spared the rigors of war, for combat duty as noncoms. The hope is that these youths will raise the army's collective I.Q., and will eventually become alert, educated officers.

Possibly as the result of the blueprint, a few generals have been reshuffled, and a few officers, who had betrayed their trust in battle, were put before the firing squad. But with the best of intentions, the blueprint alone cannot save China. It has come too late, it does not go far enough, and it hinges its success on supplies which the Chinese Command well knows cannot be now obtained.

Where can China's army fit in the coming great offensive? What can be done to help it? What can it do to help itself? In this, the gravest crisis in her history, will China hold on until help comes? Can she make more sacrifices in the cause of common victory?

In China they tell this story of Governor Lung Yun and the American airmen's steaks: The thousands of Americans in the Fourteenth Air Force and other branches had been steadily eating their way into Yunnan's meager livestock, until Governor Lung protested to Chungking. "If the Americans continue to eat as much as they do now," he is reputed to have said, "the province will soon be left without cattle."

Chungking's reply was curt and to the point: "Continue to supply all beef demanded by the Americans. This is an hour of crisis, the Americans are doing a vital job, and we can't stop now and haggle over cows."

It is this spirit which China will need in undertaking the desperately wanted reforms. Some of them may hurt, some may seem offensive, but all of them will help. Briefly, these are some of the steps called for at the moment: (a) Immediate political reforms, including a democratization of the government, a clear and unequivocal understanding with the Communists, and the end of the North China blockade. This would require the dismissal of a few top officials, known for their antidemocratic tendencies; a freer press; the closure of concentration camps.

(b) A drastic reorganization of army procedures, including the establishment of a fair conscription system; a drastic weeding of corrupt or inept officers; establishment of a Service of Supply; rigid safeguards to assure the *lao ping* of adequate food, clothing and medical care; a reorganization of the Medical Corps.

(c) Intensification of guerrilla operations, with the assignment of capable officers to the task and with greater material aid than Chungking has thus far been willing to grant.

(d) Permission to high Allied officers to take over the planning and direction of Chinese operations. "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell is listed as Chiang Kai-shek's chief of staff. Actually, this title is only nominal, and the Chinese have jealously preserved their "face" by keeping foreigners out of their counsels.

Reforms Already Begun

As this is being written, some of these essential reforms appear to be on the way. Press censorship has been slightly relaxed. Major General Patrick J. Hurley has conferred with Chiang Kai-shek, presumably on army reforms and transfer of important powers to high American officers. At the same time Donald M. Nelson has charted China's needs, and the channels through which the supplies could flow in. Seemingly, China has realized both the shortness of time still left her and the urgent need for reform.

Training of modern troops demands time, and the Allied blueprint for victory cannot wait until the Chinese army is fed, equipped and retrained for major offensive operations. However, even half-ready China can play an important role.

The best springboards for air attacks on Japan lie on Chinese soil. One of the main goals of this year's great Japanese offensive in China was to destroy some of the big U.S. air bases and to fence off the others. It will be China's unceasing task to build more fields, supply them with all that can be procured locally, and then defend them as long and as stubbornly as she can.

Equally important will be the expansion of the guerrilla armies, which can, better than any other force, strain Japan's manpower and imperil her overland supply lines. With skillful guidance and ample aid, the guerrillas can—as effectively as the Russians did to the Wehrmacht—endanger Japan's entire military structure on the mainland.

Guerrilla attacks may well be coupled with raids by the better-trained Chinese regular divisions, of the caliber now fighting in Burma. They may not be able to meet the Japanese in head-on major battles, but they can play havoc with the enemy's rear.

Many Chinese airmen have already joined U.S. fliers in the skies over Asia; many more are being trained in this country and in China. By next year, China should be able to send into battle an effective air force of her own.

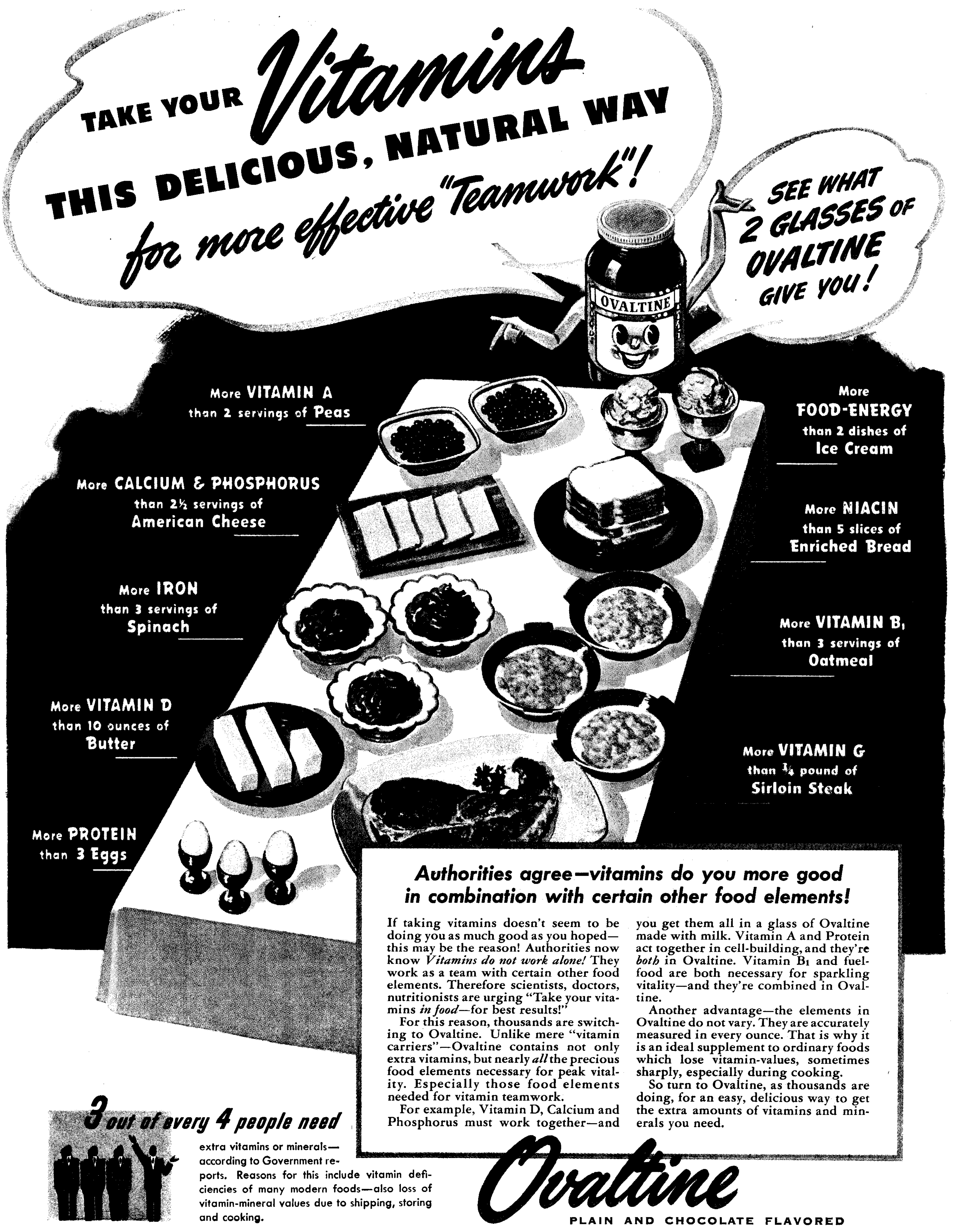
And if and when U.S. troops land on the coast of South China, the Chinese can be of inestimable aid by scouting out and harassing the Japanese defenses, by supplying guides, spies and interpreters, by providing the necessary billets and foodstuffs.

But the Allies would do well to remember that China's woes concern them almost as much as they concern her. There should be more than a readiness to criticize and demand. There should also be a readiness to understand China's needs, the sacrifices she has made, the depth of her exhaustion, her pride.

The Allies would do well to remember that they bear much of the blame for China's crisis, and they would do well to recall that she has been fighting Japan for seven years, not three, and that almost to this hour she has been fighting without their help.

When the hour comes to offer this aid in full measure, the Allies must do so with humility. In the delicate balance of international obligations, fighting, valiant China is still the world's creditor.

THE END



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More **CALCIUM & PHOSPHORUS** than 2½ servings of **American Cheese**

More **IRON** than 3 servings of **Spinach**

More **VITAMIN D** than 10 ounces of **Butter**

More **PROTEIN** than 3 **Eggs**

More **FOOD-ENERGY** than 2 dishes of **Ice Cream**

More **NIACIN** than 5 slices of **Enriched Bread**

More **VITAMIN B_1** than 3 servings of **Oatmeal**

More **VITAMIN G** than ¼ pound of **Sirloin Steak**

Authorities agree—vitamins do you more good in combination with certain other food elements!

If taking vitamins doesn't seem to be doing you as much good as you hoped—this may be the reason! Authorities now know *Vitamins do not work alone!* They work as a team with certain other food elements. Therefore scientists, doctors, nutritionists are urging "Take your vitamins *in food*—for best results!"

For this reason, thousands are switching to Ovaltine. Unlike mere "vitamin carriers"—Ovaltine contains not only extra vitamins, but nearly *all* the precious food elements necessary for peak vitality. Especially those food elements needed for vitamin teamwork.

For example, Vitamin D, Calcium and Phosphorus must work together—and you get them all in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk. Vitamin A and Protein act together in cell-building, and they're *both* in Ovaltine. Vitamin B_1 and fuel-food are both necessary for sparkling vitality—and they're combined in Ovaltine.

Another advantage—the elements in Ovaltine do not vary. They are accurately measured in every ounce. That is why it is an ideal supplement to ordinary foods which lose vitamin-values, sometimes sharply, especially during cooking.

So turn to Ovaltine, as thousands are doing, for an easy, delicious way to get the extra amounts of vitamins and minerals you need.

3 out of every 4 people need extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons for this include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also loss of vitamin-mineral values due to shipping, storing and cooking.

Ovaltine

PLAIN AND CHOCOLATE FLAVORED

The Heart Forbidden

Continued from page 34

to pay for her root beer, her hand stopped. He was here.

Gen was dancing with him, but another girl, her red hair tumbling over the shoulders of her shirt, tapped Gen's arm and cut in. Gen turned with a rueful shrug and came toward Althea. But Althea slipped out to the porch. She could not toss back Gen's line tonight; it was too young and brazen and pathetic.

The night was worse than ever, softer, more languorously sweet, against the background of the glare and racket. Gen was coming through the screen door, followed by the one who had cut in on her. "Where did you find him?" the girl was asking Gen. "Under twenty-six, tall, dark and smooth? What's wrong with him?"

"Leprosy," Gen answered cheerfully. "Invisible, but terribly contagious. You keep away, hear?"

"But seriously." In the dimness, Althea could see the determined stance of the girl's figure, with the man's white shirt hanging over her rolled-up jeans. "Seriously, what is wrong with the glamor guy?"

NO ONE had spoken to Althea, the other two were hardly aware of her in the darkness beside them, and surely it was none of her affair. But suddenly she was answering. She had stepped out between them and she was saying, "He is a musician. He can play. Isn't that enough? Can't we leave a man alone, just once, without peering into him with eyes like X-rays?"

She heard the girls gasp but she could not stop. All the half-understood shame of two years had taken form and activity of its own, and there was nothing she could do to check it. "Look at him," she cried out. "You can see there's nothing wrong with him. Nothing!"

The red-haired girl said, "My! My! What's in the oven here?"

And Gen's tone was a little too kind, too light to cover her appalled surprise. "Althea, lamb, you rather baffle—"

Gen broke off suddenly. There was a stark, sick silence. And Althea knew he was there, on the porch with them.

In the same second the girls were gone, and he was coming toward her from the shadows. He said quietly, "Thanks. That was a noble defense. Perhaps a shade too noble—"

She said, "I know! It sounded like a Thursday evening chapel talk. But I meant it." Her voice was low now, but the crazy intensity was still in it. "I've had enough, suddenly. Girls setting themselves up as recruiting experts. Sitting here comfortably in college, eating quite well, sleeping on fine bunks, nobody asking us any questions. Who appoints us to question anyone else?"

"Pinning on the white feather," he said, "has always been one of women's jobs in a war." His voice had an edge to it, but she couldn't tell whether it was scorn for her or for all women.

"I notice the ones who have other jobs don't have much time for that one," Althea said.

"Where have you been working?" The edge was gone from his tone now.

"Assembling detonator fuses, just for the summer," she answered. "But coming back here and seeing everything different—" She sighed, the anger gone, leaving her tired.

He stood above her, looking down at her intently for a moment, then he asked, "Can we get away without going through there?"

"Yes." She led him along the dim porch to the stairway down to the dock. They paused below in the dense darkness and she said, "There should be a couple of steps somewhere here—"

He reached and found her hand. His fingers felt the way they had looked on the stops of the clarinet—able and sure. Leading him, Althea stepped off the dock, walked along the water's edge, her hand still held in his, held strongly. The night was soft as before, but Althea was aware that the twisted tightness inside her had relaxed, and for no real reason she felt smoothed out and good.

"Nice," he said, stopping, as if he'd guessed her thoughts. But he was looking at her and not the water. The silence seemed suddenly important and intense.

She started walking again, faster, up along the wooded shore. Where the path was narrow, edging the steep bank, she stumbled and would have fallen but for the instant strengthening of his hand. Again the silence held that disturbing quality, and she said, "I used to be scared of tree roots when I was little. Isn't that funny, but I had bad dreams about them."

"It doesn't sound funny to me," he said quietly. And then he asked, his voice different and deep, "Was she like you, that kid? Her hair so black that the high lights were like rainbows? And funny bright dark eyes turned up at the corners?"

She did not answer him this time, though that same silence had come again. She could not. And with the hand that had held her from falling he drew her nearer, so that they stood looking into each other's faces, intently, with a wondering, waiting suspense. And then he brought her the rest of the way and they were together, her face against the crisp plane of his cheek, her arms clasping his wide, hard shoulders, and she knew that this was the reason for the craziness that had come into her.

When she reached her room, Gen was already in bed, studying.

"Waiting for me?" Althea asked very briskly. "Shall I turn off the light?"

"Certainly not," Gen said. She closed her book and leaned on her elbow, looking down at Althea over the edge of the top bunk.

Althea took up her hairbrush and tried to turn from Gen's eyes. In the mirror she saw that her face would tell Gen everything. She had never seen herself like this before. With the color coming up beneath the skin over her cheekbones, rose under bronze, her eyes looked luminous.

Gen asked, "Did you find out?"

Althea drew in her breath and waited for the anger to send out furious words. She said, "Yes. I found out. He's a physicist. He's working over at Tech on a job that's important to about ten million soldiers, among others—"

She recognized the voice, but only with difficulty, as her own. It held no anger. It was soft, strangely rich in tone. It was the happiest sound she had ever heard in her life. She turned off the light quickly to hide the joy that must show in her face.

BUT the next week was long—long enough for much of the joy to slip away. It started on Friday and by bedtime Saturday night, after she had sat in the drawing room all evening pretending to play bridge while listening for the phone, almost all the joy was gone. She could not hold it even by thinking of people in laboratories on war jobs, how they worked for days and nights on end and fell asleep exhausted.

At rehearsal, however, he did not look exhausted. Grave, yes, the bones of his face showing a little too rugged perhaps, but certainly not exhausted. Her eyes observed all this, disobeying the commands of her will. And their glances met and held. She did not try to run away when rehearsal was over, but waited, and they left the studio together.

He put their instruments in his car, settled her on her side, and drove until they had reached the open meadows. There he stopped and she could smell the salt in the wind, and thought she heard the sound of surf.

He asked, "Did you wonder why I didn't call you?"

She faltered. "I—" She drew a breath and made the words come honestly. "Yes. I did. But I thought you were working hard."

"Without time for one phone call? One post card?" The harsh question echoed the misery of her thoughts all week.

"I imagine I was kidding myself," she said faintly.

"Yes. You knew there was a real reason. One to keep me away."

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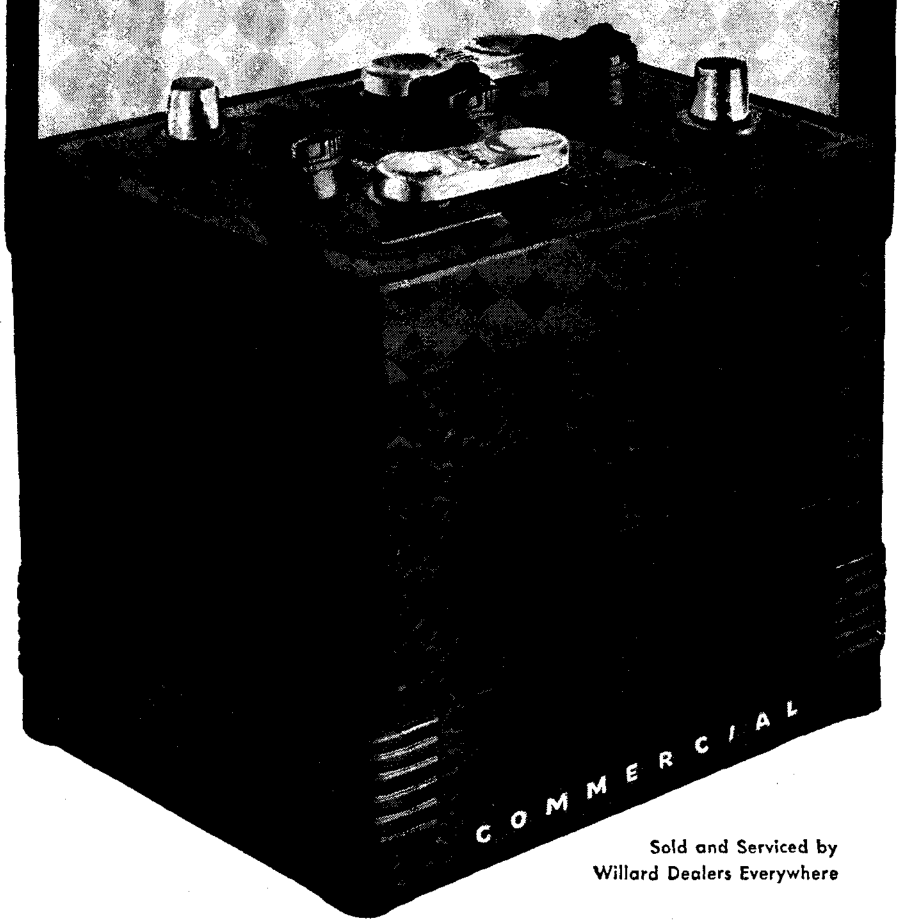

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For a moment there was only the sound of her breath, a sharp little sound. And then she said, "There is only one reason that could do that. Only that you didn't want to see me."

He said, "You know that isn't true." His voice was rough. Its roughness seemed to touch her senses physically and stirred her with relief too deep for speech.

He got out of the car and walked up and down on the grass beside the road. She stepped out too and watched him, her head moving a little as he passed. At last he stopped. "Listen. The other night you told those girls there was nothing wrong with me. It wasn't true. There is—"

"Stop! Do I look like a draft board?" she asked him, her voice wild. But even as she cried her protest, she saw the outthrust painful line of his jaw and she knew then that this was something he had to say. "All right," she said quietly.

"It's fairly brief. I had dreams, you see." The derisive edge had come back to his voice. "I had to get in the fight, the same fight the others were in. But that fight had no use for me. It took them a few months. They even guessed wrong enough to put me in Ranger training. But they found out in time. I could climb through a certain amount of barbed wire and crawl on my stomach a couple of miles. I could carry a hundred pounds of equipment over my head and ford a few streams. I was all right until the last obstacle and then I passed out and woke up in the hospital with a full-grown cardiac condition."

"Heart trouble!" She almost sang the words. "That's not *your* fault!"

"This kind of heart trouble is." He spoke patiently, as a kind adult might explain away a child's interruptions. "You see, it isn't organic. But it puts on the same show. A little exercise sends the pulse sky-high and it stays there as if the ratchet that should release it had got stuck. Do too much, and you're as near dead as if you had a real reason. But your reason is fear."

"But if you don't know," she protested, "if you don't know you're afraid—"

"The doctors know," he told her. "They call it 'soldier's heart'! They wouldn't even keep me in the regular Army." And then he added, very low, "What they mean is 'coward's heart.'"

She couldn't answer. After a moment, she said wonderingly, "That must be happening all the time—"

"So they tell me." Then, suddenly, his voice no longer ironic, "How did you know?"

"I didn't know, exactly. It's just that— Oh, it's in all of us. Fear so deep, and all tangled up with everything we do and think—"

"Tangled is a good word." He laughed and the sound hurt her. "The Army's tactful these days. If you're no use, they just say so."

"No use!" She was absurdly and utterly angry at him. "Anybody doing your kind of job!"

He said gently, "That doesn't happen to be the job we're talking about. We're talking about one I wasn't quite up to doing. Do you see, Althea?"

She did see. She saw him, in that moment, as he saw himself, and there was no escaping the answer it gave her to all her questions of the past week.

They got in the car, silently again, and he drove back to town, this time slowly. And when they parted at her door, Althea knew he would not touch her and that she must not reach her hand to him.

Yet she went to rehearsal on Wednesday. And though she concentrated on the perfection that was possible now, after this week of arduous practice filling every spare moment, all she heard was the sound of the clarinet. It was a long rehearsal and after midnight by the time they were finished.

Althea waited at the door for him and said, "I have something to tell you."

"Are you sure?" He smiled, but it was a smile to break her heart, and she could not read at all the dark look in his eyes. She just followed him doggedly like a child.

HE OPENED the car door for her, but when she was in the seat, he did not start the engine. He sat waiting. He was not making it easier for her. "You said it was a reason that came between us." She forced the words through stiff lips. "But why—why does it?"

He turned and looked at her, and the fine modeling of his mouth tautened with effort. "Because—well, you have something to do with it— It isn't reasonable, maybe. But there it is. You're just the person I can't let get mixed up with me. There isn't any future in it for you, do you see? I can't— We can't count on anything ahead—"

She said, "I don't have to count on anything ahead. The present—well, it's enough, that's all."

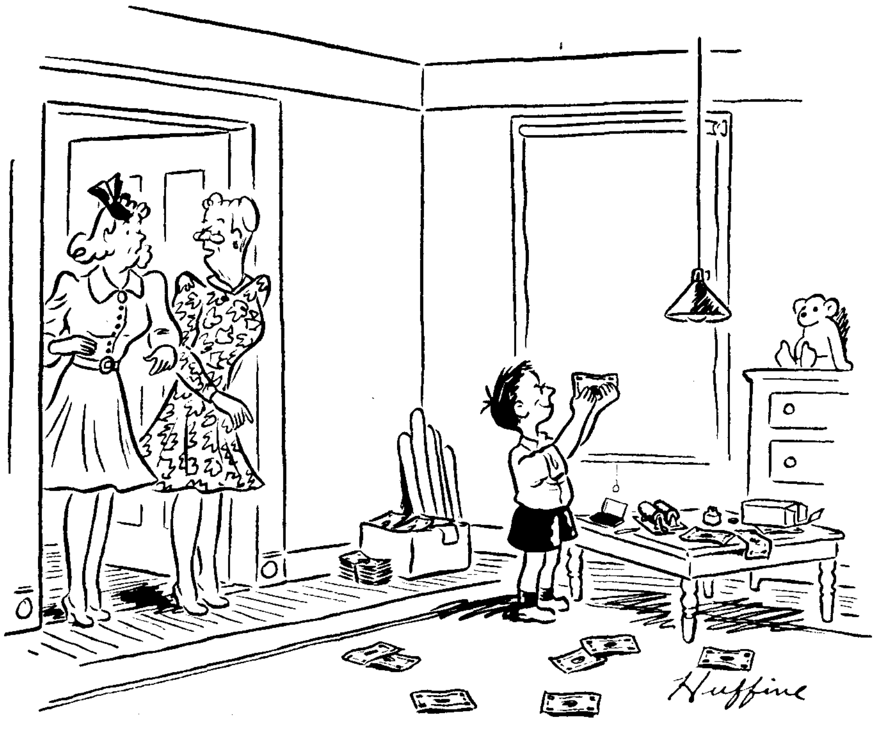
He turned and looked at her then. "You are very, very stubborn, aren't you?"

"Yes." She smiled at him, not moving. She felt rather than heard his long indrawn breath, as though he had finished an endlessly hard job. He said, "Well, what shall we do with this splendid present of ours?" His tone was sardonic but there was something more—hope, maybe—crowding through it. She laughed aloud. "Well, it's a hot present. First let's find a cooler one."

"You make everything seem very simple," he said.

"Maybe it is." She believed it, suddenly. The half-teasing, half-excited sound of his chuckle had made anything possible.

In five minutes they reached the road they



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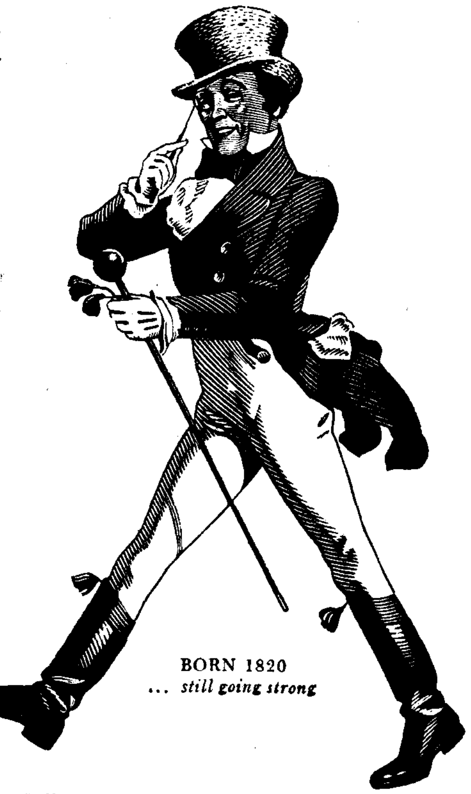

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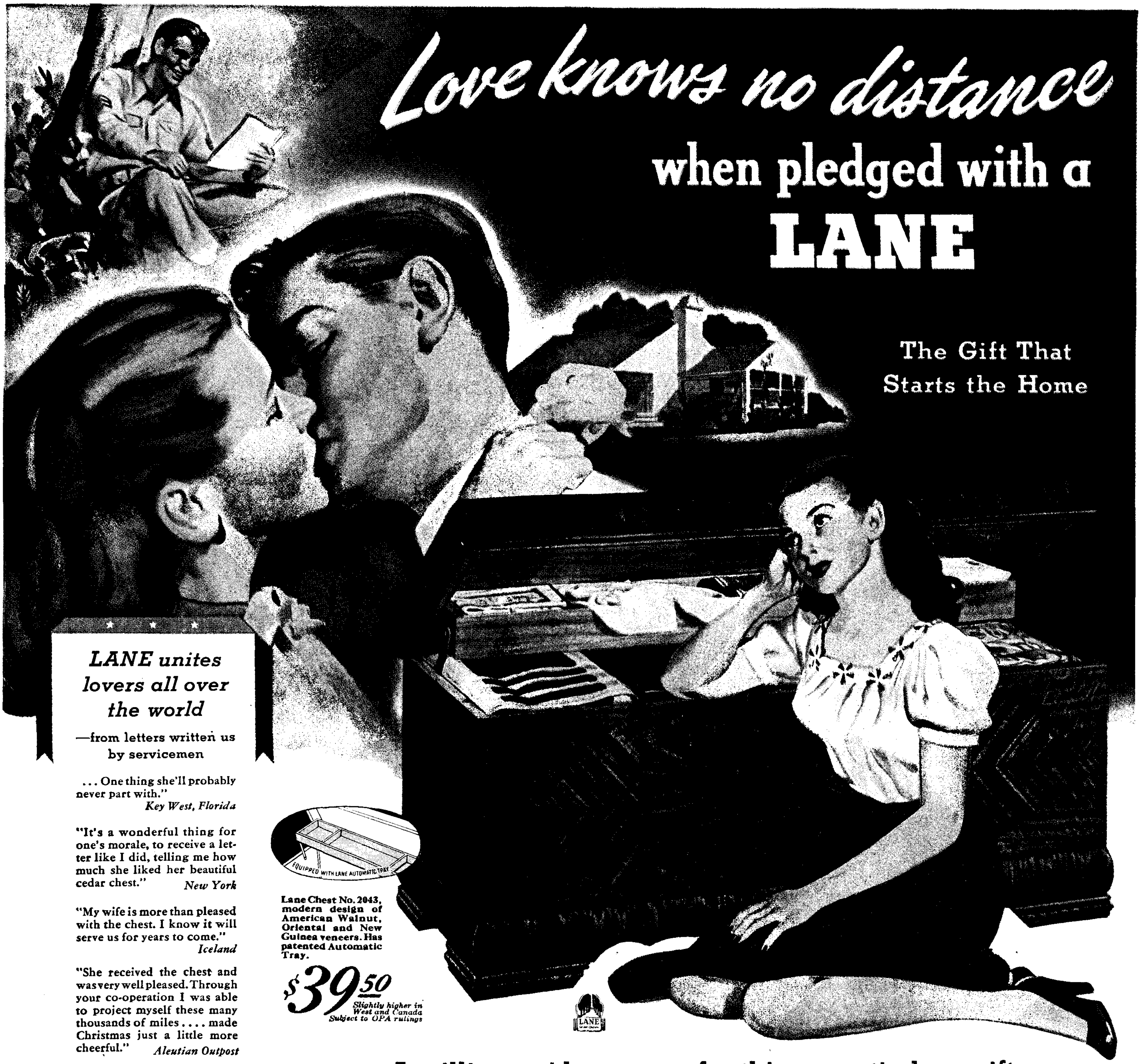
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THE GIFT THAT STARTS THE HOME

had traveled the week before, only this time when they came to the meadows with the smell of salt water he turned into the first straight sandy lane to the right and drove till there was no longer any road and they could hear the light lapping sound of waves.

"I've never trespassed here before," he said, as they got out of the car. " 'Private,' 'Danger,'—the signs are all there."

She laughed at him and ran toward the water. They walked on the hard-packed sand still damp from the receding tide. The rhythm of their feet swinging and stepping quietly against the contrapuntal light sweep of shallow water on the beach was all they wanted, for a while. The heat hung heavy here, too, with a rich soft overwhelming languor melting away all resistance and all miseries. The night grew darker as they walked, starless and sultry, thick with imminent storm but not broken by lightning.

"It's as if everything had stopped, suspended," Althea said. "Waiting."

"Is it in the air?" he asked, pausing and holding her quiet beside him. "Or in us?"

SHE looked up into his face in the dimness and again she laughed, maybe because it was so fine a face that she must either laugh or cry. "Does it matter?" she whispered.

"No." He said the word softly, so that she felt the word rather than heard it, against her lips. And then his mouth and his arms were holding her, enclosing her, and she felt herself complete, no longer at odds with any reality in life.

She had never felt the need, before, to make another person know all about her, everything. But now she wanted urgently to have him see her in her life. If they could not have a future together, they could have a past. She started telling him first of unimportant things and he laughed, matching her stories with his.

"Oh, we might have missed each other," she whispered, her face against the curve of his neck.

He didn't answer. She wondered if he were thinking it would be better to have no future, and she was afraid. She felt the same lost desperation she had known, long before, in that homesick night when she had tried to run away from a summer camp in Maine. She had never told anyone, for some childish secret reason, but now she told him, and how her bad moments could still take her back to that night when she had huddled at the roots of a tree which was only a few hundred yards from warmth and safety yet seemed to be the very center of a black enchanted forest.

"What loads kids carry," he murmured. And he told of his older brother Martin who had been his hero till he was twelve. "Not many boys would take their kid brother with them hunting, chasing specimens for collections, fishing—" He broke off, his voice remote.

"What happened?" Althea held him urgently close.

She felt his deep sigh. "It wasn't anyone's fault. I know that now. But for a long time I couldn't lose the notion that I might have saved him, might have dragged him out of the rapids some way, if I'd been stronger, or tried a little harder—" She could feel the twist of his shoulders as if in an effort to escape the memory. "He told me to climb out and get help, and I did what he told me. But he'd been hurt on the rocks when the canoe went over and he didn't have enough strength left to hang on till we got back—"

"But you couldn't know that," she told him, her hands firm, clasping the clipped roundness of his head, holding his face against her. "You *had* to do what he told you. Another time it might have been fatal *not* to— You didn't— Darling, did you think they'd blame you as you blamed yourself?"

His body moved within her arms, almost convulsively, and she knew then that this was no burden to be tossed off lightly in the telling. Even her compassion, her love, was not enough to free him. She had held him with all her strength but she could not get close to him now. These dark thoughts, this distrust of himself, had shut her out, and always would.

She could not bear to stay here knowing this. She straightened slowly and stood up. The eastern sky was graying, but the heat had not lifted. She ran to the water, felt it cool her ankles. She walked through it, watching the phosphorescent spray fan out. The sky grew lighter, touched with faint pastel, and he caught up with her and took her hand. They walked without talking toward the sunrise, the water deepening only imperceptibly about them until the sky had flamed into incredible brilliance, and still their feet were treading the solid sandy bottom of the bay.

"Hurry," she told him in a crazy sort of haste. "I must get far enough to swim before the color's gone." And now it seemed endless, this heavy laborious plowing through the resisting water that never seemed to deepen, while the color faded in the sky. She thought: This is symbolic. She had wanted so terribly to know the splendor of love before it lost its beauty.

At last she laid herself upon the buoyance of the shining water and let it hold her, lifting her arms lazily, while she watched the sunrise spread over the sky above her. He swam beside her and she saw the colors of the water and sky reflected in the wet, gleaming planes of his face. His lashes were separated into bright black points, edging the brilliant blue-white of his eyes around the hazel iris. He smiled, and again his face was too fine, his lips too sweet and stirring, to be looked at unless she laughed or cried. And now she wanted to cry. She turned away.

SHE glanced back to shore and was amazed to see how far away it was. They had come nearly halfway across the neck of the bay. She had not realized how far she walked, trying to escape her thoughts. She thrust her foot down toward the bottom. But the bottom was not there. She lowered herself still farther, thrusting violently down, her head beneath the surface. But still she could not touch, and then in sudden panic she tried to come back up but could not wait to breathe and came up choking and disturbed, shaking the water from her eyes.

He was swimming toward her, and she saw that his face was white beneath the tan. He said, "Do you see what's happened?"

She shook her head. "But we *walked*—"

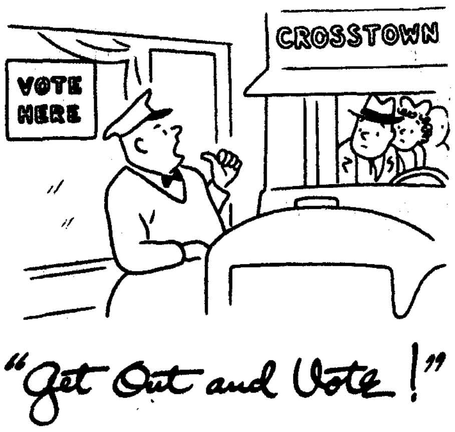
"On a sandspit, at ebb tide," he said. "Now it's turned. How far can you swim?"

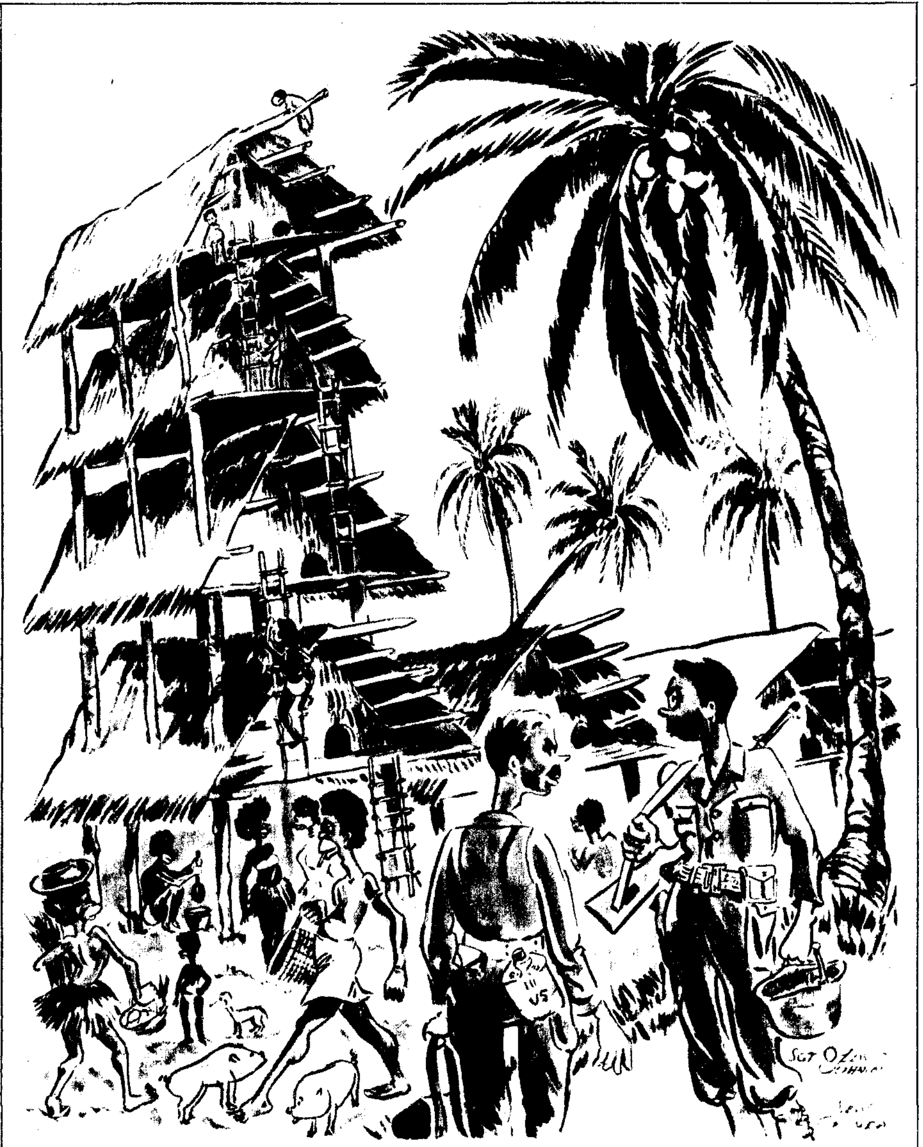
She had already formed the words: "Not that far—" But then she stopped. She could not say that to him. Looking at his pallor, she remembered. If his heart could carry him all that way, alone, it would be doing more, far more than anyone could hope. She said, "I can make it."

Without more words to waste their breath, they started swimming. "Not too fast," he told her, but her muscles would not obey. She stroked frantically, with flailing, jerking movements, her eyes fixed desperately on the shore line that was never any nearer.

He swam up beside her. "Head this way," he said, "and take it easy." He struck off at an angle to the left. She followed, and was aware for the first time of the current driving her to her right. It was the rip tide rushing through the inlet. If they let it carry them, they would be flung into the open bay.

It was better, following him. She fell into the long, easy rhythm of his arms flashing from the water, in and out again, one after another, endlessly and easily. Her breathing





"Last week I was telling 'em about our apartment houses back home"

COLLIER'S SGT. OZZIE JOHNSON

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As moonlight goes with dreams

Wine goes with Food

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When the roast is in the pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Do not cover pan — sear in very hot oven (500° F.) 15 minutes, then cut heat to 350° F. As roasting continues, baste frequently with fat from pan and 2 spoonfuls of California Burgundy or Claret wine, using 1 cup wine altogether. Roast 30 minutes per lb. for rare roast beef, 40 minutes per lb. for well done, (include searing time in total allowed). Make a brown gravy in pan by using 1 part wine and 3 parts of water for the liquid

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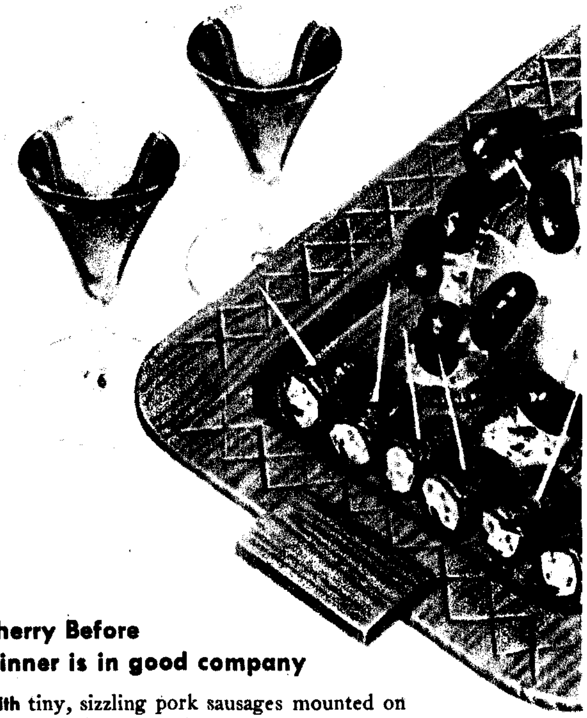


Sherry Before Dinner is in good company

with tiny, sizzling pork sausages mounted on a whole golden grapefruit

with crackers and a cheese spread mixed with finely chopped pickles and chives

with thin slices of chipped beef rolled around a cream cheese and horseradish filling became regular and sure. She could go on this way forever. She was possessed of infinite strength, infinite endurance. This was nothing at all, just to keep going, on and on, on and on, forever . . . So long, they must be nearly there by now, they had been swimming so long. It would be good to see how far they had come, it would be encouraging, give her new strength. It cost amazing effort to twist her head and look; her neck seemed stiff. And then, she could not make herself believe what she was seeing. The shore was no closer, still far away. She must hurry! She jerked back into position to resume her stroke, but something had happened to the rhythm. She tried desperately to follow but the harder she tried, the more she floundered.

He was coming toward her, and she said, "No. No, really, I'm all right." But still he watched her, glancing back. Almost by accident she fell into his rhythm again, feeling strength come back to her, sharing the steady musical precision of the movement of his arm. It was a beautiful arm, she had not known before that a man's arm could be beautiful, but his was, the muscles sliding beneath the shining skin of his shoulder. But everything about him was beautiful.

That would, of course, be true of the man that she would love, the man she could not have. And there would naturally be something wrong with him, something to keep him from her always. It was quite true, just as he said, and it was better to accept the fact. Better, and easier. Much, much easier. It was restful, really, restful and rather pleasant. For she was tired . . . so tired. She needed rest. She must have rest, for if she resisted any longer, she would press the knife edge of that pain against her chest. But she need not resist. She could rest.

She had a right to rest, an inalienable right, which she would never give up, no matter how they tried to take it from her. Let them try, and she would fight. Fight furiously, to keep her right to rest upon the water, the soft sweet water; it was so gentle, so much more comfortable than sand. Sand was hard and dry and sharp, it would cut her face, sand would get in her eyes and mouth, for nothing could be more painful and shocking than sand against the skin.

She was coughing and crying, but still they would not let her alone. They kept on hurting her, over and over, crushing her, and shouting, so that the echoes of the shouts reverberated hollow and enormous, far away but coming closer, over and over, maddeningly. "When you can talk, Althea, tell me you're all right. When you can talk, Althea, tell me—"

"I'm all right," she gasped, and opened her eyes.

She saw the sand, then, very blurred and magnified about her face, before his hands lifted her and turned her over. He wiped her face, gently, and then her eyes could focus and see him looking at her, very close, his dark eyes brilliant. "Althea. Althea." The murmur was almost like a prayer.

There was something she wanted to say, something she had to ask him, but she could not remember. All she could think was that he looked different, somehow exalted, and she was too content for questions. All she could do was fall asleep, there in his arms.

WHEN she woke up, he was standing beside her, smiling down. She was dazzled, whether by the sun on his white shirt or by his smile she could not tell. She blinked at him and laughed, tears in her eyes. He helped her up and they started walking through the deep sand. Her feet felt dreamlike in their heaviness. He took her in his arms and carried her.

And it was then that she remembered. "All that way, you brought me in. What—what happened?"

"You mean my heart?" He stood smiling at her, his mouth sweet. "Nothing. It started kicking up, at first, and then—" He shrugged, incredulous, his eyes alight. "Your guess is as good as mine."

She could not take it in, all at once. It was too much. She felt lightheaded, dizzy, so that she had to tighten the clasp of her arms as he carried her, and the words on the signs they were passing danced in a crazy way before her eyes. "Danger," she echoed.

He stopped and looked at the sign. "I might have guessed," he said in a voice that didn't sound sorry, "if I'd been thinking."

"You didn't need to think," she told him, laughing a little. "You knew you could save me from any danger that came along."

"No." He looked at her steadily. "I'm not sure I knew that. Not then—"

"But now," she whispered. "Now you know."

She felt the lovely rough scrape of his face against her cheek as he nodded. "Now I know," he said. "And I have a hunch the Army doctors will know it, too."

His arms tightened about her as he started walking in long, swift strides toward the car.

THE END

Lady in Waiting

Continued from page 13

seem that Miss Crawford's earlier marital ventures with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Franchot Tone made her appreciate Mr. Terry to the utmost. She was not moved by these whisperings; the Crawford lady is made of tough material. Behind those freckles, prominent eyes and red hair is a hard structure known as the brain.

Starting as the little Le Sueur girl of Texas, who disliked her stepfather and thought she was getting a bad deal from her mother, she had become an international star known even in Assam. With little education and few of the social graces to help her, she had made the leap from silent pictures to sound films with no difficulty whatever.

Until now, her life has not been happy. Her marriages before Philip Terry were failures and she was never sure that the fault might not be hers. It has been said that because of her unhappy childhood she has tried too hard for happiness. Whatever else may be said about her, she can't be charged with snobbishness. The surest way of getting a dirty look in Hollywood is to malign her before electricians, taxi drivers, photographers or studio employees. She is a quick lady with the open purse, as dozens of families in that cruel town can testify.

When she continued to read scripts sent her by Warner Brothers without finding one she could agree to act in, she finally asked them to take her off the pay roll. More than that, she had continued to refuse to work in Never Goodby even though they offered her $500,000 for that one picture. Later she had the satisfaction of a visit from Goulding.

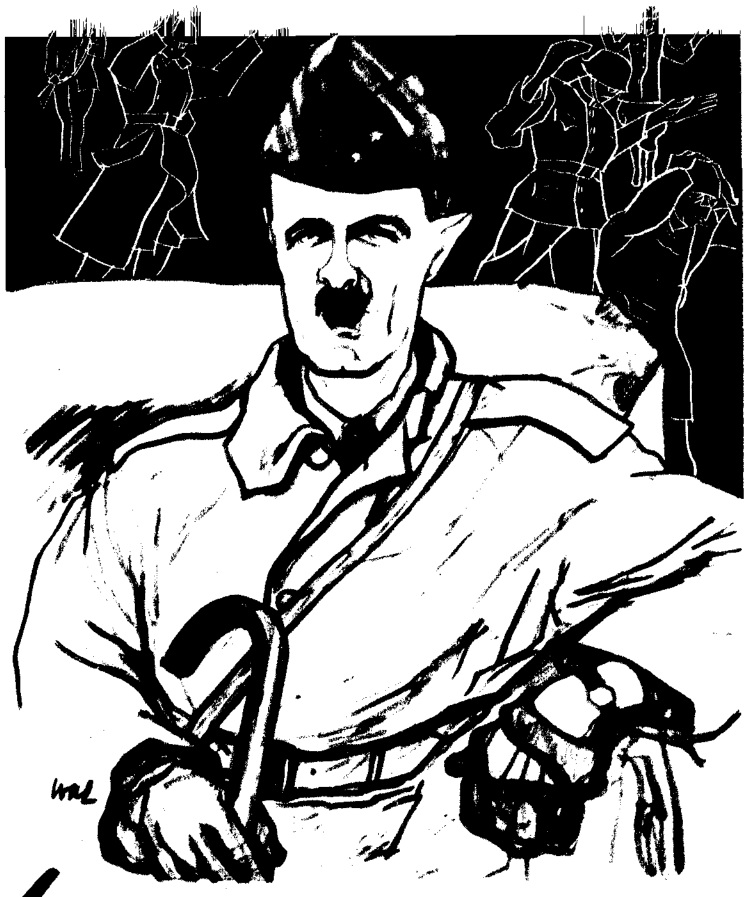
"You saved my life on that one, Joan," he said. "It was no good. I see it now. If we'd made it, it would have ruined me."

Finally she found the story she wanted, a novel by James M. Cain called Mildred Pierce, a characteristically hard-boiled, hard-hitting Cain job which had been published five years before and which no studio had dared to touch. While she was waiting for a screen treatment to be done of it, she went back to her knitting and her gum chewing.

Through her good friends and others less good, she learned anew that the eyes of the town were upon her, most of their owners secretly hoping that she was through, but Crawford will not be through without a fight. If the script of Mildred Pierce is what she wants, she will go into battle with a determination that may not only save her but set her off on a new series of conquests. The court intrigues, petty bickerings, and secret knifings of Hollywood are a part of the only life she has ever known. When somebody once asked her if she didn't hate that part of Hollywood, the getting to the top by climbing over the prostrate bodies of everybody else, her face lighted up immediately. She stopped knitting, she stopped chewing.

"That's the part of it I like," she grinned. "I know all the tricks of that little pastime."

THE END



THE Heroes

JACQUES LECLERC

I

EVEN in peacetime, aided by all that makes for speed and comfort, the journey from Africa's heart to the Mediterranean calls for the ultimate in human endurance. Two thousand miles of trackless desert, littered with camel bones and cut in half by the frowning barriers of the great Tibesti range. A horror of desolation where travelers burn all day and freeze at night, the stillness broken only by the scream of sandstorms.

An inferno of torment, yet General Jacques Leclerc and a small force of Free French covered the ghastly stretch in 39 days, entering Tripoli at the end to join their tattered banners with those of the victorious British Eighth Army. A military exploit worthy of a Hannibal, yet far more than that, for news of the heroic march lifted the soul of France, and fanned French courage into a sustained blaze.

Everything about Jacques Leclerc is epic. Captured by the Germans as they advanced on Paris, he escaped, despite severe wounds, and heard the radio call of Charles de Gaulle as he lay in hiding. Making his way to London by slow, secret stages, there was that in the eyes of the young captain—the "look of eagles"—that marked him fit for dangerous and daring assignments. "Drive Vichy out of our African possessions," ordered General de Gaulle, "and chase the Italians out of Libya." Just that brief command.

Landing in Nigeria, Leclerc found scattered bands of French colonial soldiers who had fled to British territory rather than take the oath of allegiance to Pétain and Laval. Packing some twenty-odd into two small boats, he sailed under cover of darkness and captured the important port of Douala. Hurrying on to Yaoundé, capital of the Cameroons, he dared the commander to fire on the Cross of Lorraine. So it was in every place from the Congo to Lake Chad. Garrison after garrison yielded to his appeals, and by 1941 the flag of Free France waved over the whole of French Equatorial Africa.

Now began a series of spectacular raids into Italian Libya. With Leclerc's veteran Colonials reinforced by wild tribesmen, he rode them in battered trucks on thousand-mile drives, striking at widely separated points with a suddenness that kept the Fascists in panic. Kufra, an oasis fortified until it was regarded as impregnable, fell before one of his swoops, prisoners outnumbering victors by ten to one. All through 1941, therefore, he continued his Libyan raids, racing back and forth over deserts as though they were tree-lined boulevards.

These raids were successful enough, but indecisive, and in the late spring months of 1942, Leclerc, now a general, decided upon a sustained march to the Mediterranean. A call to General de Gaulle started a stream of supplies and—even better than arms and ammunition—several hundred young Frenchmen, boys of eighteen and twenty, who had fled France to train in England.

Now followed months of heartbreaking drudgery. Guns, ammunition, gasoline, foodstuffs, when landed at Cameroon ports, had to be hauled up the Congo on flat-bottomed boats to Ubangi, one thousand miles away; after that, the 600-mile trek to Fort Lamy over an almost impassable terrain.

Not until December 22 was the gigantic task completed, and trumpets sounded for the advance. In the little army of 700 Frenchmen and 2,000 tribesmen, the whites were as black and gaunt as the natives. Machine guns and hand grenades were their weapons for the most part, but overhead flew three old-style American bombers; ancient trucks and lorries furnished transportation.

Mile after mile of desert, then the stony defiles of the Tibesti, and after that, more desert. Travel was entirely by compass, and sandstorms often compelled aimless wandering. But at last in the Fezzan, that vast, mysterious center of Libya that the Italians were never able to conquer fully, Leclerc's staggering army came to grips with the enemy. Spectral in their *djellabas*, the flowing white Arab dress, they fell on Umm El Raneb and El Gatrun, and then swept forward to capture high-walled Murzuv and the air base at Sebha—not sieges, but fierce assaults with hand grenades, knives and spears and machine guns. Far and wide, General Leclerc flung his little detachments, youngsters still in their teens often finding themselves in command of a convoy. Mizda, gateway to the Djeb Nefoussa area, capitulated after a fierce attack, yielding many prisoners and rich stores, and the Italians ran like sheep from historic Ghadames, the citadel of Islam.

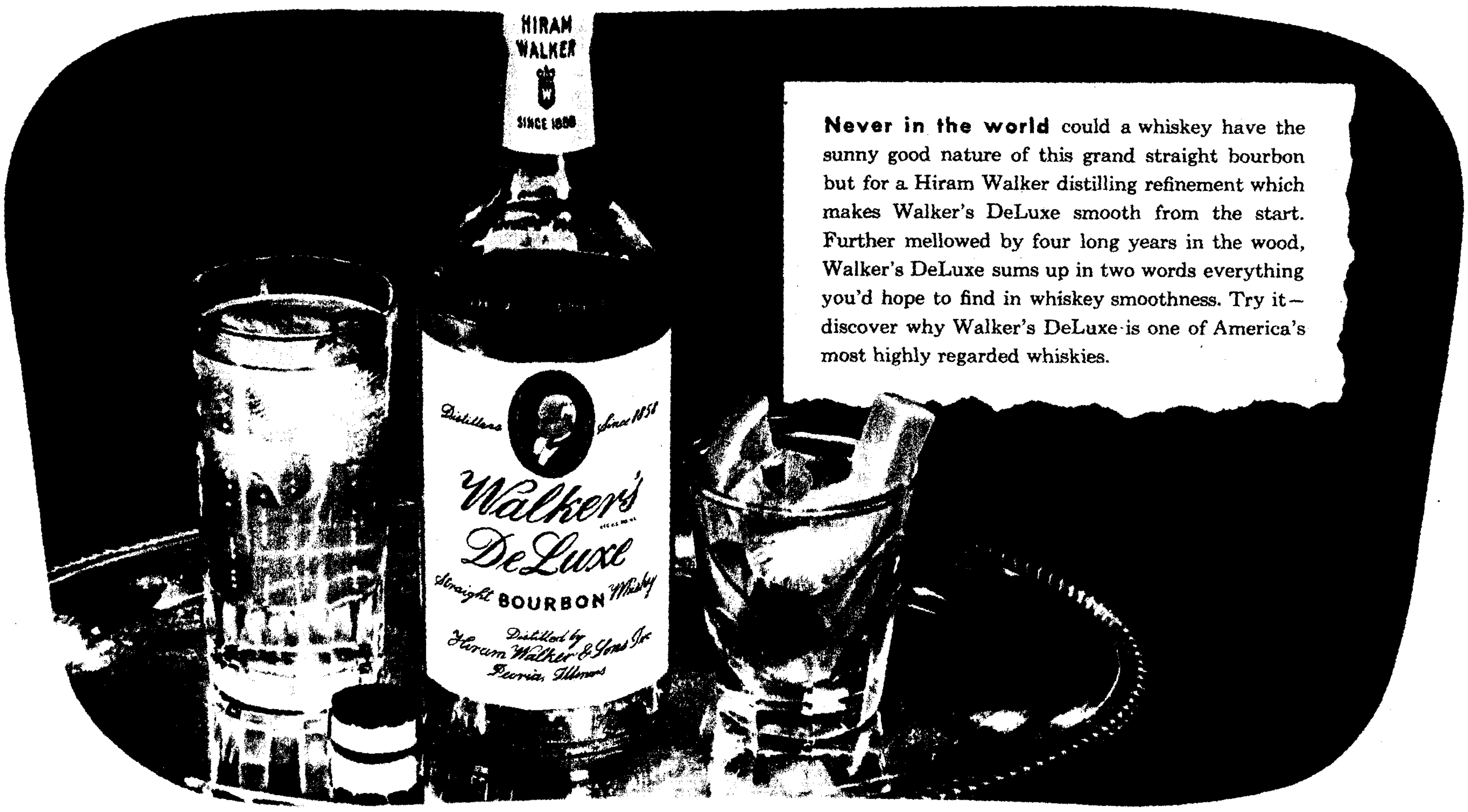
On January 25, exactly 39 days after the start from Lake Chad, General Leclerc led his scarecrows into Tripoli, and as the wild tribesmen gasped at sight of the Mediterranean, the Frenchmen, cut off from the world for two years, embraced their countrymen in the Eighth Army, and consecrated themselves anew to the full deliverance of France. An epic with an epic end, for when the Free French entered Paris, gaunt, sun-blackened Jacques Leclerc walked at their head.

GEORGE CREEL

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

"Opening Day"– 2 words that mean great expectations

2 words that mean smooth whiskey – "Walker's DeLuxe"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Since 1858
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Never in the world could a whiskey have the sunny good nature of this grand straight bourbon but for a Hiram Walker distilling refinement which makes Walker's DeLuxe smooth from the start. Further mellowed by four long years in the wood, Walker's DeLuxe sums up in two words everything you'd hope to find in whiskey smoothness. Try it—discover why Walker's DeLuxe is one of America's most highly regarded whiskies.

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

A Case of Identity

Continued from page 12

encased in a solid, seamless plastic cover. In this process, the plastic melts and is bonded to the paper, so that card and cover are one piece. Thus it is impossible to pry the cover off without tearing the card. If acetone or some other chemical is used to dissolve the plastic, special inks on the card instantly change color.

To prevent possible substitution of photographs, Whitehead has patented a method of making a checkerboard perforation on the part of the card where the identification picture is mounted. Even if the plastic cover is cut away over the photograph, the latter cannot be removed without breaking the perforated backing and destroying the intricate hairline engraved pattern on the reverse side of the card.

Whitehead & Co., which today does a gross business of nearly $500,000 annually, started less than three years ago on a household-furniture loan of $150. Forty-two-year-old Ned Whitehead, a native of Cape Charles, Virginia, formerly worked for a Los Angeles banknote company. His particular job was to try to develop a foolproof system of identification for companies whose employees were paid by check. Such a system would have two purposes: First, to make check cashing easier for the employees, who often had to pay high fees to commercial agencies for the privilege of getting their money. Second, to protect storekeepers and others against check counterfeiters.

The counterfeiting of checks has long been a major racket. Organized gangs obtain sample pay checks issued by large companies and then make up thousands of bogus checks. On paydays, they descend on the cities where the checks ostensibly are drawn, and unload as many as possible.

In the course of working on an identification system to end this racket, Ned Whitehead became an expert on watermarked papers and special inks, and then studied existing methods of laminating paper and plastic. Machines to do this work were cumbersome, expensive, and difficult to operate. They used live steam to heat the plastic, and cold water to cool it in the press. The process was slow and results often unsatisfactory.

Having a mechanical bent, Whitehead rigged up a small machine shop in his garage, and built a laminating machine of entirely new design. Hydraulic power supplied the pressure, electricity the heat, and an air-cooling system was substituted for the cold water. The time required to laminate a card was cut from five minutes to less than a minute, and the cost of the machines was reduced from as much as $20,000 to $350.

Whitehead had a total capital of $6.50 when he demonstrated his machine for the first time at the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation in 1941. He immediately received an order for cards for all employees, and within a few months, most of the aircraft and shipbuilding companies on the West Coast also placed orders.

Since going into business for himself, Whitehead has sold well over a million dollars' worth of counterfeitproof identification cards, and has more than a thousand of his machines in operation from Australia to Douglas Aircraft's Middle East Depot.

Whitehead assembles the machines in his small Los Angeles plant and supplies them along with the blank cards and plastic covers. The work of filling in the cards and laminating them is done at the plants where the machines are installed. Whitehead's profits derive not from the machines, but from the sale of the counterfeitproof cards and cellulose acetate thermoplastic which are sold as sets.

Safeguards Against Espionage

Whitehead's company would make a juicy target for espionage agents. Probably the rarest of all cards which Whitehead makes are those for members of the Combined Chiefs of Staff of the United Nations. Only a few hundred of these cards are in existence, and all leftover blanks are destroyed.

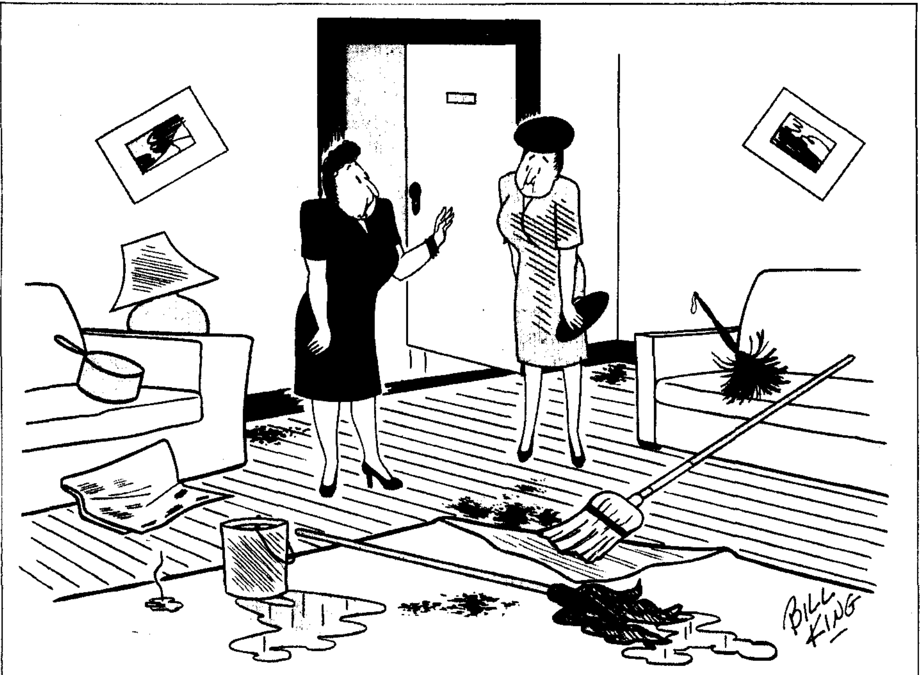
Whitehead's plant is considered theftproof. Besides armed guards and elaborate burglar-alarm systems, it is protected by a series of electric eyes and other devices which react in spectacular fashion when disturbed. As for Ned Whitehead, he thinks he is one of the most thoroughly investigated individuals in the U.S.

Far from thinking that the end of the war will mean the end of his business, Whitehead believes that, in the future, licenses, registrations, and identification cards of all kinds will be issued by his process. Furthermore, having developed an identification system which actually is counterfeitproof, he looks forward to applying it to the field of credit.

"The check counterfeiters are still busy," he says; "and it's still nearly impossible for a stranger to cash a check at a bank—or even a money order in a post office—without a birth certificate, a passport, an insurance policy, and a letter from the mayor. But I believe that the record of almost ten million cards without one successful alteration or duplication ought to convince everyone that a simple, unarguable means of identification is here at last."

Anyone who has ever struggled to raise money on a check in a strange bank will hope that the bankers agree with Mr. Whitehead.

THE END



"I hope you'll excuse the condition of the place. The maid was here today"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

LEE WATER BLOC* HATS

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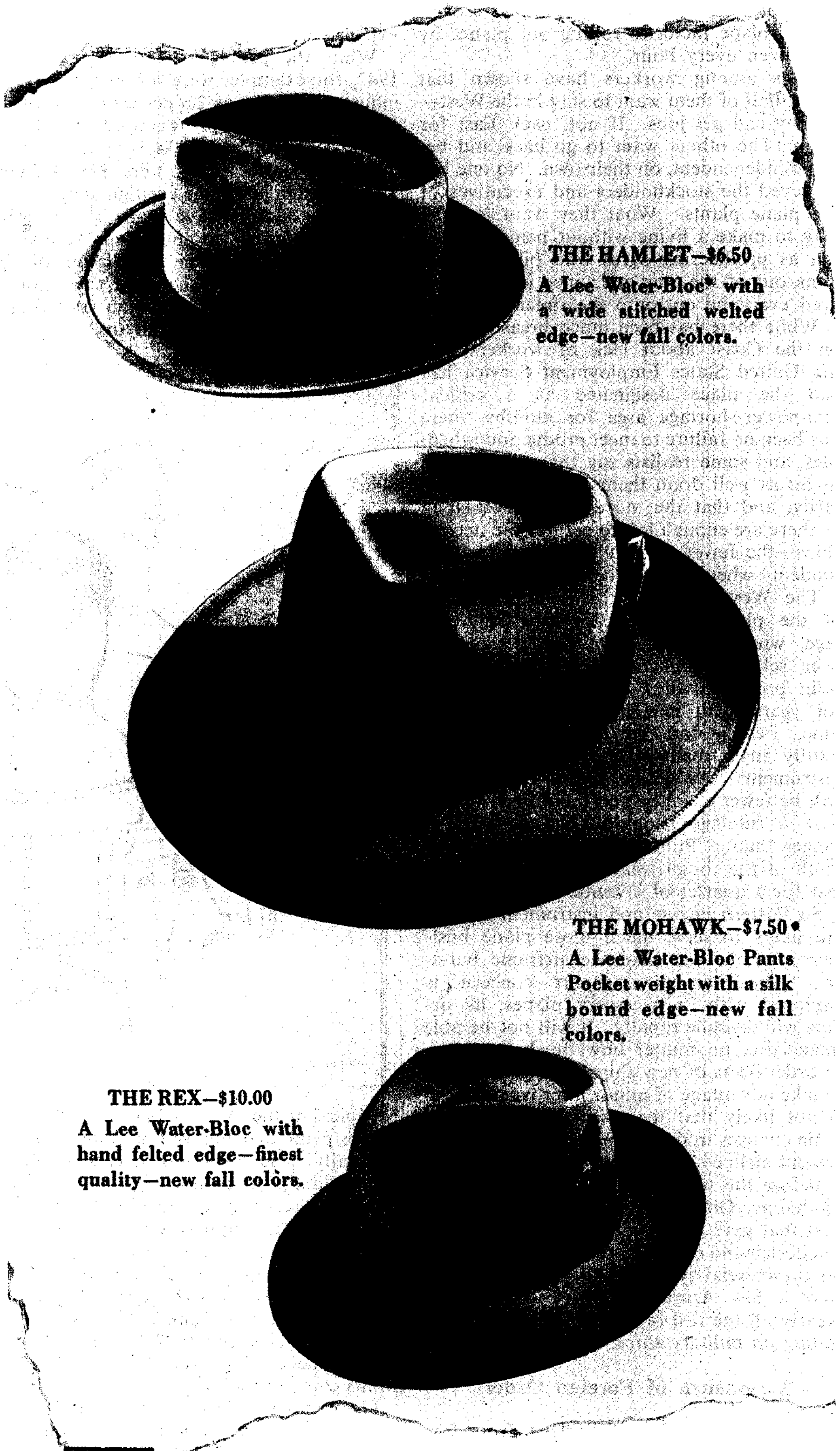
just the way you want to wear them.



THE HAMLET—$6.50
A Lee Water-Bloc* with a wide stitched welted edge—new fall colors.

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A Lee Water-Bloc Pants Pocket weight with a silk bound edge—new fall colors.

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Trouble in the Sky

Continued from page 11

One September day this year, American Airlines, United Air Lines and Pan American-Grace ordered 93 new commercial planes from Douglas, for about $50,000,000. Four years ago, there would have been celebrations and dancing in the streets. Today, the industry on the Coast could produce all those planes in about a day and a half.

There are two schools of thought about industrializing the West Coast. Most of the old-timers regard the idea with horror and want nothing more than to go back to the old West of 1930, when tourists were the main industry. The other section of public opinion whoops up industrialization and talks about new Pittsburghs in orange groves, and airplane factories rolling out planes by the dozen every hour.

Polls among workers have shown that about half of them want to stay in the West—*if* they can get jobs. If not, back East for them. The others want to go back and become independent, on their own. No one has surveyed the stockholders and executives of the plane plants. What they want is some way to make a living without being pointed out as profiteering ogres who piled up billions out of the war and, once it was over, fired everyone out onto the street to starve.

While there has been much breast-beating on the Coast about lack of workers and the United States Employment Service has had the place designated as a critical manpower-shortage area for months, there has been no failure to meet production schedules, and some realists say that the workers might as well drain themselves away voluntarily, and that the more who do—as long as there are enough left to get out the needed ships—the fewer will have to be discharged suddenly when the Day comes.

The West Coast plants build the parts of the plane that last longest—the fuselage, wings and tail. Once a design has been set and 100 commercial planes have been produced, they probably will operate for years, with new motors from time to time. Few motors are made in the West, hardly any armament and only part of the instruments. As design settles down, there will be fewer changes, and there is no reason why a fuselage shouldn't last as long or longer than a Pullman car: It gets only a tenth of the rough treatment. Pullman cars last for a quarter of a century or more.

So Eastern engine and instrument makers are likely to have much more plane business after the war than the airframe builders. Once an air-transport concern is equipped with its necessary planes, its orders will dwindle rapidly. It will not be able financially, no matter how much it wishes, to order fleets of new ships every six months to take advantage of minor improvements. It is not likely that there will be any radical basic changes in design to force scrapping of present airline ships overnight.

Before the war, plane concerns were none too happy. One or two had commercial business that gave them work, in spurts. American design and engineering were concentrated on commercial types mainly, although there were a few Army and Navy trial orders. Nearly all the rest of the world was concentrating on military ships.

A Bonanza of Foreign Orders

Then orders began to trickle in from foreign nations—and this not only saved the industry, it may have saved us, and it certainly saved thousands of American lives.

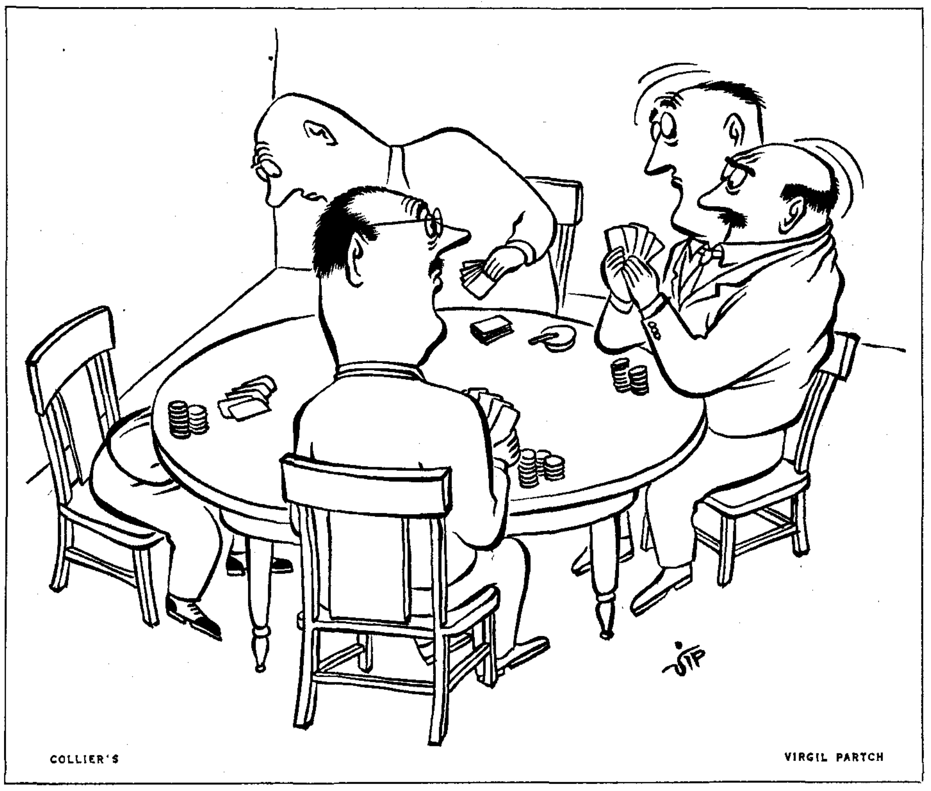
First, it started our engineers thinking about military planes. Second, it produced designs. Third, it produced the know-how of building this type of ship. Fourth, it discovered a lot of "bugs" in production and performance. It was these four things we had, when our own war started, that we never would have had without orders from Britain, Holland, Norway, France, Siam, Iraq, Iran, Belgium and one or two other countries.

Without these orders we'd have had to waste a year or two—and the two vital years, at that—in getting started. As it was, when the emergency came, we were rolling—slowly, but rolling.

Before the war, the big Douglas plant at Santa Monica was employing about 3,000 workers. British orders shot this up to 7,600 in 1939, and from then on, the pay roll skyrocketed until, at the peak in August, 1943, there were 160,000 men and women at work. It was a similar story at North American, Northrop, Boeing, Consolidated Vultee, Lockheed, and Ryan. This didn't tell the entire story, either, because there were similar increases at the shops of the ten thousand sub and sub-sub and sub-sub-sub contractors all over the place. But profits failed to rise with expansion.

While the profits of general industry in 1942, for example, were 4.8 per cent, plane industry's profit was 2.6 per cent. (According to a SEC report for 1942, total sales for 34 aircraft companies were $4,514,642,000; profits on this, after taxes, were $115,403,000.) The spread in 1943 was even greater.

Various factors have made it impossible for plane builders to collect any reserves to tide them over between cancellation of government orders and the time they can get some more income from civilian sales. Stories of "huge profits" are just myths.



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

Typical of the industry is Boeing, the great Seattle plant that builds Fortresses—and incidentally, paid out its own cash to design and build the first ones without any assurance that the Army would buy the ship.

Boeing's latest annual report shows that in 1943 their gross annual sales before renegotiation amounted to $493,188,161. Their profit on this was $4,482,870, or 91 one-hundredths of one per cent. This was a drop from 1.34 per cent in 1942, when gross sales before renegotiation were $390,320,000, and profits came to $5,238,000.

The companies have been victims of their own efficiency. Take the case, again, of Boeing. After developing the first Fortress at its own expense, it got an order for 39, which it delivered from July, 1939, to March, 1940. It got $239,000 a plane—and lost a million dollars on the deal. It took 127,900 man-hours to build one ship, at a labor cost of 75 cents an hour.

A new edition of the Fortress came along in August, 1940. Boeing built 500; but now planning and engineering had reduced man-hours per plane to 34,300, while labor costs rose to 83 cents an hour. The plane now sold for $189,361, although it was a better ship than the original.

Later, a still newer ship, still more complicated, was produced for $115,560, although labor costs had gone to $1.25 an hour. Man-hours were cut to 8,100 per ship.

One result of Boeing's efficiency was that, on its second contract, it had to give back to the government $32,000,000; on the third, $9,000,000. This represented the difference between the estimated cost of the planes and the actual cost when rolled off the line. This "renegotiation" prevented the company from building up any reasonable surplus, and from what surplus it managed to accumulate, the Treasury took so much in surplus-profits tax that the concern had little left.

This Boeing story is told in detail because it is more or less typical of all the companies.

There is another headache: What to do with returning veterans? The industry was hiring as many as it could, but the statistics were against it. Already it was employing 20,000 veterans, but more than 90,000 men and 600 women had quit the plants to go into the Army, Navy, and so forth, and the most optimistic estimate of the industry's employment figure after the war was 50,000.

The industry never had promised to re-employ veterans; such a promise would have been a fraud in face of the facts. But there was a certain amount of public criticism because the plane builders hadn't promised the impossible. Some agitators even went as far as to assert that the plants should re-employ veterans, whether there was anything for them to do or not. Where the pay roll was coming from, these talkers didn't say. That was the companies' problem.

At the insistence of the Army, which wanted plants in "safe" locations, several big Coast concerns operated plants far inland built by the government: Boeing at Wichita; Consolidated Vultee at Fort Worth and Nashville; Douglas at Tulsa, Oklahoma City and Chicago; North American at Dallas and Kansas City, Kansas—as examples. To operate these plants, they had to steal technicians and experts and trained engineers from their home plants to get production going in the new ones. What will become of these plants, no one knows. Some may be sold to small manufacturers; some probably will be just abandoned. Coast plants, which now get thousands of items from subcontractors, probably will try to make most of these things themselves.

Plant ownership is in such a mess that it will take years to find out who owns what. Some plants are owned by the government; some were put up with federal money and are in process of purchase by the plane companies; others are owned by the companies. In some places, part of a plant is government owned, part privately owned. This drill press belongs to the taxpayers; this pipe-bending gadget over here belongs to the company. Even desks, chairs, filing cabinets and inkwells have two ownerships.

Unscrambling the mess looks like a lifetime job for an army of accountants.

There has been talk about converting some of the plants to make furniture, bathtubs, small cars, refrigerators and a score of other things. This plan has two strikes on it: It would require building up expensive new sales organizations and entering a highly competitive market in which no profit could be expected for some time; and most of the plane manufacturers would rather stick to what they know: building planes.

Another postwar problem is this: With desperate need for workers, all the plants started free services, ranging from complimentary weddings to fixing traffic tags and arranging for watch repairs, quick laundry service and minding the baby. These services ran into heavy money and they will have to be curtailed. But curtailing them may start labor trouble; but not until Japan quits.

The Future of Our Air Force

The industry, in recent huddles with General Arnold, has tried to lay out a postwar program that would call for a completely new Air Force every five years. That is, each year about one fifth of the Army's planes would be scrapped and replaced by the newest models, preventing the Air Force from becoming static, as France's did before the war. It would depend, of course, on what Congress—and public opinion—thought about it. After the last war, public opinion sank most of the American Navy's newest ships; after this one it may do the same thing with our air fleet.

There is tentative agreement among Army, Navy and some influential people in Congress that the industry ought to be kept going as far as possible on a schedule of continuous experimentation and a reasonable production of military models.

The industry, says Donald Douglas, isn't afraid of mistreatment by top Army, Navy and government officials who understand the reconversion problem.

"What we're afraid of," he said, "is the red tape and insistence on forms and long, slow procedures by small bureaucrats. When we were called on to convert our plants from peace to war, the government acted speedily and generously, and red tape was cut. We did the job—and more. Now it is only fair to ask that the government will help us convert from war to peace with equal speed and understanding of the problem. If the government doesn't do this, such small reconversion plans as we can put into effect will be hindered and delayed, resulting in a lot of unemployment and distress."

LaMotte T. Cohu, head of Northrop, thinks present concerns should concentrate on their specialties.

"We all know," he said, "that the future strength of aviation is vital to the safety and development of the country. When this war is over, the manufacturers who have been concentrating on top-flight military planes ought to go on concentrating on them. Northrop certainly intends to continue development and building of the Flying Wing, jet-propelled craft and other new types."

While most manufacturers seem to lean heavily on government orders—which may or may not appear—there still is the civilian market. Hall L. Hibbard, chief engineer for Lockheed, thinks there will be a market for 10,000 small, safe helicopter-type aircraft a month, selling for around $1,500. Other concerns have plans for family planes.

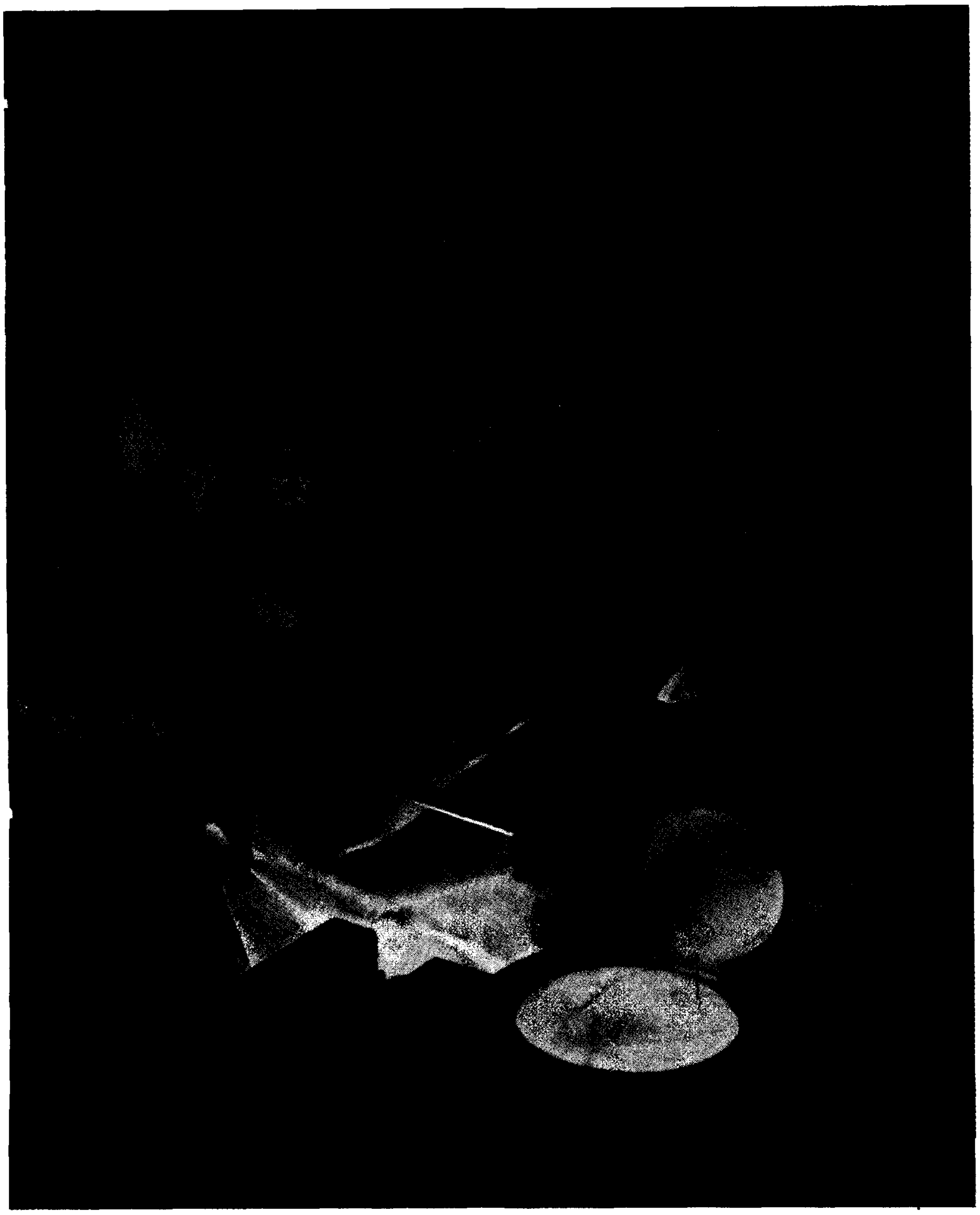
But this market at present is something to dream about, and the realists of the business are not overoptimistic about its development for some years. And if it is developed, the auto manufacturers, with their sales forces all ready to go, might prove stern competitors.

The problem doesn't concern merely half a dozen companies. It concerns a quarter of a million workers, many of them with families, plus the thousands of small merchants whose income depends on the workers.

What they're all afraid of is that the wonder child of American production, who saved rich old Uncle Sam when the wolves were after him, may be left on the cold doorstep of the future, while the grizzled old industries go romping happily into the bright new world.

THE END

OPTICAL SCIENCE reaches new heights at Kodak



POURING A "MELT" of optical glass in the world's first all-electric glass plant, at the Kodak lens works. The heavy platinum lining of a melting pot costs $4,800—only platinum keeps impurities down to the maximum allowed by Kodak, 1 part in 1 million . . . The glass itself is made of "rare elements"—tantalum, tungsten, and lanthanum. Kodak's use of these, instead of sand, to produce optical glass with a much higher refractive index (light-bending ability), without marked increase in dispersion, is the "first basic discovery in optical glass in 55 years."

. . . makes possible the finest camera lenses of all time

The first of Kodak's "postwar" lens formulas are incorporated in such lenses as Kodak Medalist's f/3.5, the Recordak microfile lenses, and Kodak's f/2.5 aerial lens for night reconnaissance.

Experimental aerial lenses of other speeds, designed and made by Kodak, each requiring years of computation, are now with the Air Forces.

ONE great factor in these new lenses is the revolutionary "rare element" glass developed by Kodak. In the past the lens designer begged for new types of glass for the development of his ideas. Now he has resources in glass which outstrip his creative imagination.

His position is similar to that of the physician who suddenly is given a new curative agent such as penicillin. It takes years to explore and realize its full usefulness.

At Kodak, "optics" includes every step in lens making, from a design originated for a special purpose by Kodak scientists to the tested and approved lens finally mounted in the camera.

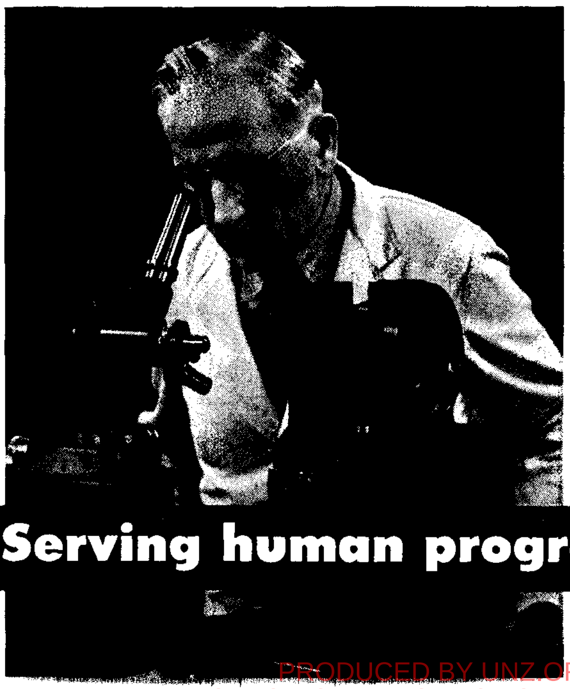
This applies from the lens of the lowest-priced Brownie or Kodak to the rare-element "postwar" compound lens of the costliest Kodak.

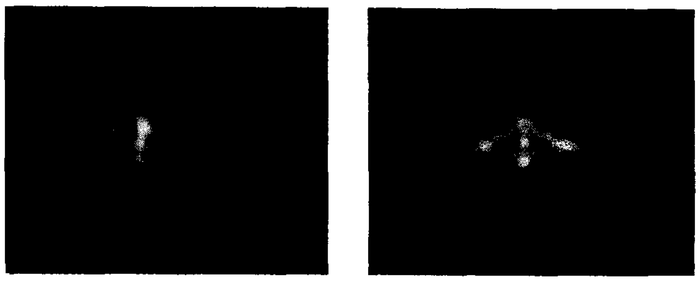
This program of lens development is now being extended—for the better pictures you'll make in the future.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

REMEMBER THE MARINE CAPTAIN who led his platoon of amphibious tractors onto the beach in the first assault wave on Tarawa? . . . how, after all his men were killed, he pushed on and single-handed wiped out a Jap machine-gun position before he was fatally wounded? . . . how, in his last letter home, he had written "The marines have a way of making you afraid—not of dying, but of not doing your job"? A stern example to us at home. BUY MORE WAR BONDS.

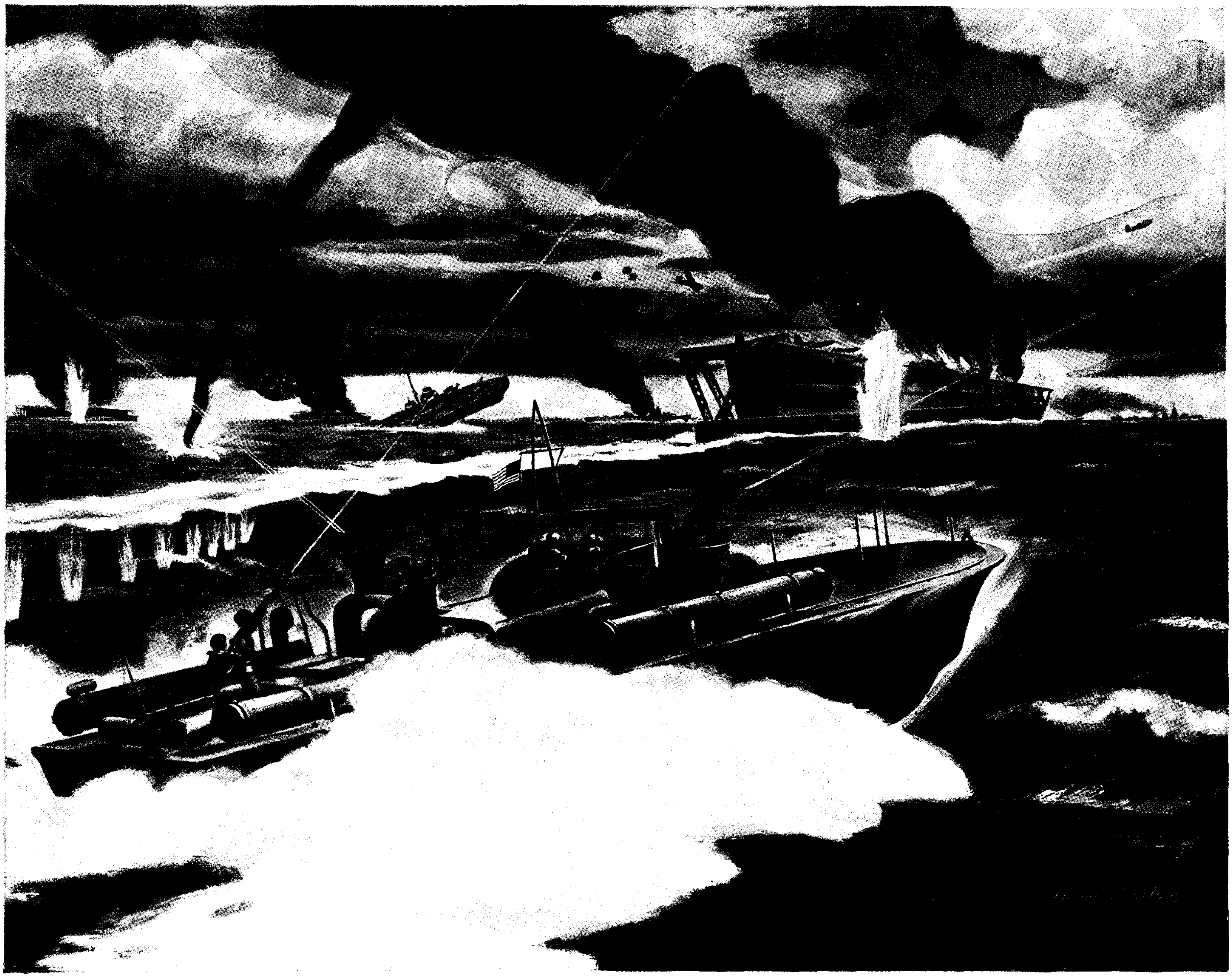
½ "LIGHT WAVE"—after all surfaces of the several elements in a lens have been ground and polished to an accuracy of ½ "light wave"—1/100,000 of an inch—the assembled lens is brought to a lens bench for study and adjustments. The microscope shows the image of a pinpoint of light about 200 feet away—it appears as a tiny star. The size, shape, and color of the star image are determining factors in judging the optical quality of the lens.



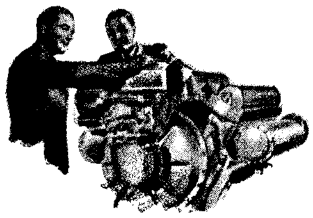


STARS BAD AND GOOD—On the left is a "bad" star, on the right a "good" star, as they appear in the microscope on the lens bench. At every point throughout its area—in a lens which passes muster—the star must be symmetrical as to shape and color, and not exceed a maximum size. Weird shapes and bright colors, such as seen at the left, mean rejection. Star images were photographed at 11° off axis.

Serving human progress through photography



What keeps a fighting heart alive?



Here's the heart of the world's fastest fighting craft—the deadly PT boat.

It's a heart that throbs with more than 4000 horsepower... power that hurls the 80-foot hull over the water at express-train speed.

Its three mighty engines — a single cylinder of which delivers as much power as an entire automobile engine—take a fearful beating. But they can take even more punishment than they're *designed* to take... thanks, in part, to a superb oil.

For, originally required to have a major overhaul every 400 hours, they were found to get safely through 750 hours. And in the emergencies of war, those engines often deliver *1000 and more hours* of grueling service between overhauls.

Credit, of course, goes to the American craftsmanship that goes into the engines. But equally vital is the special OIL produced by America's petroleum industry... by Tide Water Associated and other oil companies.

For the incredibly close tolerances of those engines—the terrific speeds at which they operate—demand supremely fine lubrication to keep them from burning into junk. *Any* oil won't do — only an oil made to exact specifications from the world's finest petroleum can suffice.

And the country's petroleum industry provides it... just as it provides the lubricants that protect, and the fuels that power, *every* piece of mechanized equipment now helping to force the unconditional surrender of our enemies.

Tide Water Associated, together with America's other oil companies, is working to provide your son, your brother, or whoever dear to you is in the Service, with every aid petroleum can provide. If we have helped to make his life safer and his task easier, we've filled a vital role.

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Cracking the Gothic Line

Continued from page 24

And it is awful to die when you know that the war is won anyhow. It is awful, and one would have to be a liar or a fool not to see this and not to feel it like a mystery, so that these days every man dead is a greater sorrow because the end of all this tragic dying is so near. There it was: the Gothic Line carefully planned so that every fold of the earth was used to conceal death, and the young men were walking into it, and because they have seen so much and done so much, they walked into it as if it were part of the day's work. A hellish day but still just part of the work.

It was the Canadians who broke into this line on the Adriatic side by finding a soft place and going through. It makes me ashamed to write that sentence because there is no soft place where there are mines and no soft place where there are Spandaus and no soft place where there are 88-mm. guns, and if you have seen one tank burn on a hillside you will never believe that anything is soft again. But, relatively speaking, this spot was soft, or at any rate the Canadians made it soft and they got across the mined river and past the dynamited villages and over the asphalt road and up into the hills and from then on they poured men and tanks into the gap and they gouged the German positions with artillery fire and they called in the Desert Air Force to bomb it and in two days they had come out on the other side of the Gothic Line at the coast of the Adriatic. But before that, many things had happened.

First of all, the main body of the Eighth Army moved from the center of Italy to the Adriatic coast in three days' time, and the Germans did not know it. That sounds very easy, too, written like that. What it meant was that for three days and three nights the weaving lateral roads across the Apennines and the great highways that make a deep V south from Florence and back up to Ancona were crowded with such traffic as most of us have never seen before.

Trucks and armored cars and tanks and weapon carriers and guns and jeeps and motorcycles and ambulances packed the roads, and it was not at all unusual to spend four hours going twenty miles. The roads were ground to powder by this traffic, and the dust lay in drifts a foot thick and whenever you could get up a little speed the dust boiled like water under the wheels. Everyone's face was greenish-white with dust and it rose in a blinding fog around the moving army and lay high over the land in a brown solid haze.

The road signs were fantastic, too, because more than one hundred thousand men who could not speak Italian were moving through complicated unknown country trying to find places which would never have been too easy to find even with empty roads and complete control of the language. The routes themselves, renamed for this operation, were marked with the symbols of their names, a painted animal or a painted object. There were the code numbers of every outfit, road warnings—bridge blown, crater mines, bad bends—indications of first-aid posts, gasoline dumps, repair stations, prisoner-of-war cages and finally a marvelous Polish sign urging the troops to notice that this was a malarial area: this sign was a large green death's-head with a mosquito sitting on it.

Posting a Polyglot Army

Along the coast the road signs were in Polish and in English, and at one crossroads a mine warning was printed in Polish, English and Hindu. And everywhere you saw the dirty white tapes that limit the safe ground from the treacherous ground, where mines are still buried. On the main highways there were signs saying "Verges Cleared," which means the sides of this road have been demined, or "Verges Checked," which means the sides of this road have been rapidly swept and you can suit yourself, if you want to take a chance.

So this enormous army ground its way across Italy and took up positions on a front thirteen miles long. The Eighth Army, which was now ready to attack the last German fortified line outside the Siegfried Line, had fought its way to these mountains from the Egyptian border. In two years since El Alamein, the Eighth Army had advanced across Africa through Sicily and up the peninsula of Italy. And all these men of how many races and nationalities felt that this was the last push and after this they would go home.

We watched the battle for the Gothic Line from a hill opposite, sitting in a batch of thistles and staring through binoculars. Our tanks looked like brown beetles; they scurried up a hill, streamed across the horizon and dipped out of sight. Suddenly a tank flamed four times in great flames, and other tanks rolled down from the sky line seeking cover in the folds of the hill. The Desert Air Force planes, which cavort around the sky like a school of minnows, were signaled to bomb a loaf-shaped hill called Monte Lura. Monte Lura went up in towering waves of brownish smoke and dirt. Our artillery dug into the Gothic Line so that everywhere cotton bolls of smoke flowered on the slopes. Our own air bursts now rained steel fragments over the German positions on Monte Lura.

The young British major who was directing this artillery through a radiophone said happily, "I must say! I do think our air bursts are doing very nicely!" The battle, looking absolutely unreal, tiny, crystal-clear, spread out before us. But there were men in the tanks and men in those trees where the shells landed and men under those bombs.

We had all been awake and roaming the countryside since five o'clock, when our first giant artillery barrage started. We were hot and hungry by now and we went to eat lunch in a tent about fifty yards from our own gun positions. The blast of the guns shook the tent and we could only talk between salvos. All that day and the next the noise of our own guns was physically painful. The Canadian brigadier commanding the brigade which was attacking this sector of the line amused us by outlining a postwar garden party he hoped to give.

Dinner would be served on a long wooden table covered with a rather soiled white cloth; the guests would sit on benches which had a tendency to tip over backward. In one corner of the garden a flat voice would start saying: "I am now giving you a short tuning call: Roger over Victory, Victory, Victory," and would go on saying this uninterruptedly for the rest of the evening.

Postwar Party with Sound Effects

In another corner of the garden some tractors would be organized to act like tanks and they would first race their motors, which is a sound like the end of the world, and then they would roll back and forth on screaming treads. In another corner of the garden some sort of radio apparatus would imitate the sound effect of six-inch guns firing, and it is almost impossible to believe how appalling the sound is. In another corner of the garden a dust machine imported from Hollywood would spray dust imported from the roads of Italy onto the guests. A waiter would then walk in and release one thousand flies at a time.

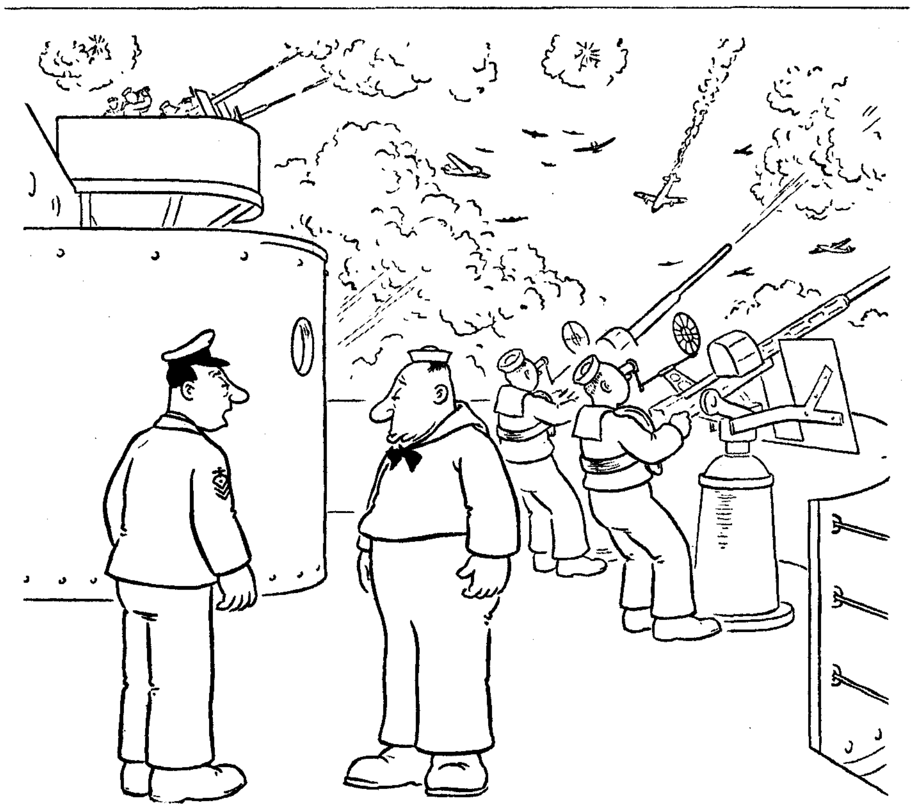
The dinner would consist of a slab of cold bully beef as appetizer, followed by not very heated-up meat, and beans and hardtack. For dessert there would be hardtack with jam. The tea would have been brewed that morning and would be coal-black and lukewarm. If the guests behaved nicely and did not complain too much, they would be given as a prize a finger of issue rum, a drink guaranteed to burn out anyone's palate. This being a perfect picture of our own meal except that issue rum was lacking, we had a hearty laugh at the expense of the brigadier's mythical guests.

Later—but I don't remember when, because time got very confused—we crossed the Foglia River and drove up the road our tanks had taken and there we saw the remnants of a tank battle. An American Sherman, once manned by an English crew, lay near a farmhouse: across the road a German Tiger tank was burned and its entire rear end had been blown off. The Sherman had received an 88 shell through its turret. Inside the turret were plastered pieces of flesh and much blood. Outside the Tiger, the body of a German lay with straw covering everything except the two black clawlike hands, the swollen blood-caked head and the twisted feet.

Some Canadian soldiers, who were sightseeing, stood around the dead German. It is remarkable how quickly soldiers start sightseeing where they have fought, perhaps trying now to discover what really happened. "Not much fresh meat on that guy," one of them said.

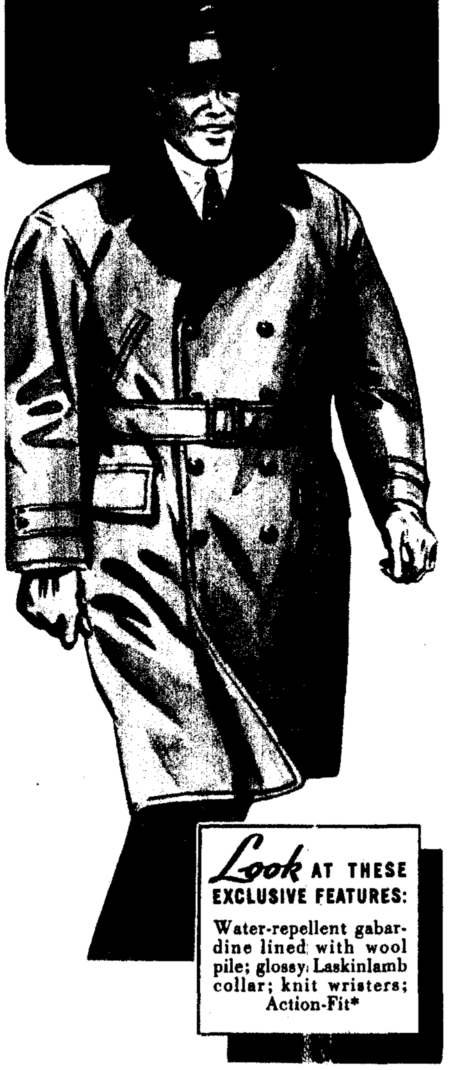
You cannot note everything that happens

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Yes, Alfred, I know it's payday, and I know we haven't had pay call yet"

COLLIER'S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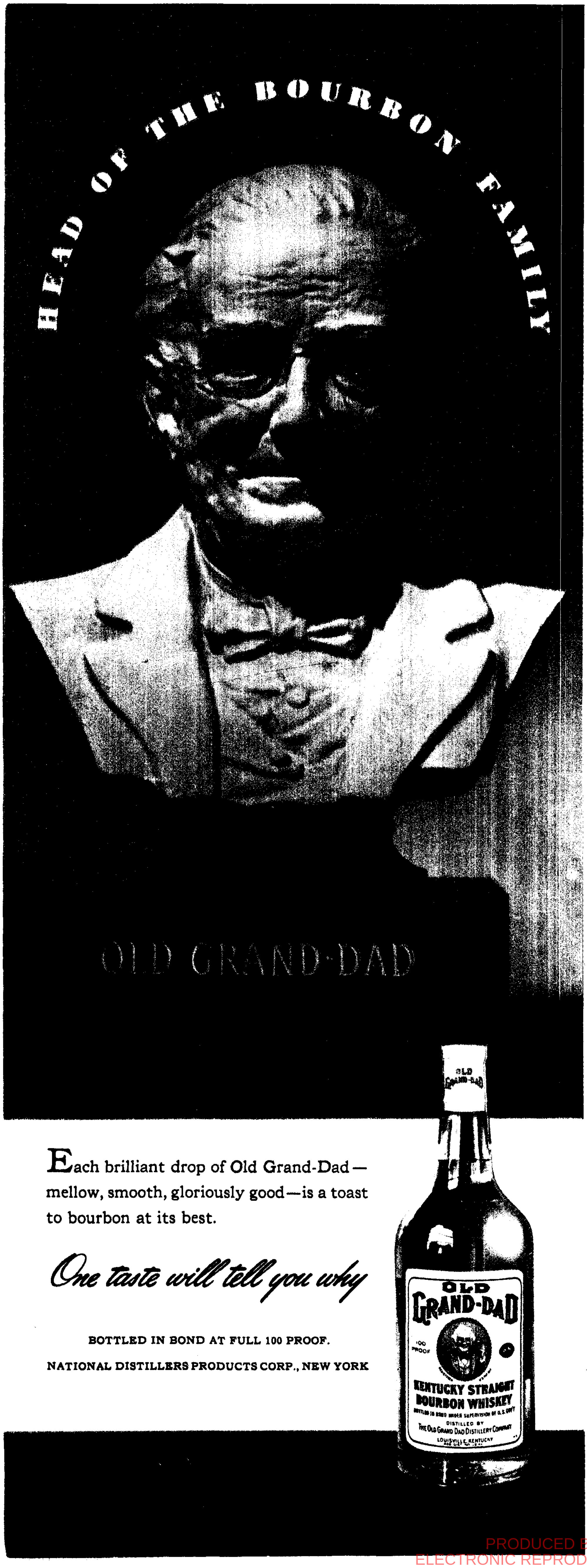
AS ALWAYS—THE MIDWEST LEADS IN OUTDOOR STYLE AND QUALITY



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during a battle; you cannot even see what happens and often you cannot understand it. Suddenly you will see antlike figures of infantry outlined against the sky; probably they are going in to attack that cluster of farmhouses. Then they disappear and you do not know what became of them. Tanks roll serenely across the crest of a hill, then the formation breaks, you lose most of them from sight, and then in what was a quiet valley you unexpectedly see other tanks firing from behind trees. On a road that is quite empty and therefore dangerous, because nothing is more suspect at the front than the silent places, you see a jeep racing in the direction of a town which may or may not be in our hands. And when you imagine you have found a nice restful place to camp in for a few minutes, German mortar shells start landing.

A battle is a jigsaw puzzle of fighting men, bewildered, terrified civilians, noise, smells, jokes, pain, fear, unfinished conversations and high explosive. A medical captain in a ruined first-aid farmhouse speaks with regret of a Canadian padre who volunteered as a stretcher-bearer to carry wounded men out of the mine fields in the river bed. The padre lost both his legs, and though they rushed him out, he died at the first hospital. Bloody stretchers are stacked all around and now a jeep arrives with fresh wounded. "Come back and see us any time," the medical captain says. "Get some more wire splints, Joe."

A group of English tankists drinking tea outside a smashed house on Monte Lura invites you into their mansion, which is mainly fallen beams and the rubble of masonry. The place smells unbearably, because of two dead oxen at the side of the road. One of the soldiers who had his tank shot from under him that morning is waiting for another job. He hopes the war will be over in time for him to celebrate his twenty-first birthday in England.

There is a Canadian soldier dead on another roadside with a coat laid most lovingly over him. If you lie to yourself you can almost imagine he is asleep. There are two captured 88-mm. guns with a welter of German paper spread around them, for apparently the Germans also are slaves of paper work. Among this paper is a post card with a baby's picture on it addressed presumably to one of the gunners from his wife. And no one feels the slightest pity.

There is a young Italian woman wrapped in a blanket on the doorstep of a poor little hovel that one of our shells had hit during the night; this was in a town the Germans held until a few hours ago. She wakes up and starts to laugh, charming, gay and absolutely mad.

There are twelve parachutist prisoners, the crack troops of the Germans, standing in a courtyard guarded by the Canadian who captured them. They are all young and they wear the campaign medals of the Crimea as well as the medal of Italy. These were the men who held Cassino all winter. You start talking to them without any special feeling and suddenly like a shock, it occurs to you that they really look evil: the sadism which their General Kesselring ordered them to practice in Italy as they retreat shows now in their mouths and their eyes. They are simply a different race of men, and one turns away from them sickened and cold and hoping that such as these will truly perish from the earth.

There was the fat old Italian in Cattolica who had worked for twelve years on the Pennsylvania Railroad and who was now trundling his pitiful possessions home in a handcart. The Germans had occupied Cattolica for three months and had evacuated the citizens one month ago, and during this month they looted with horrid thoroughness like woodworms eating down a house. What they did not wish to steal they destroyed: the pathetic homes of the poor with smashed sewing machines and broken crockery and the coarse linen torn to shreds bear witness to their pointless cruelty. This old man was going home to a gutted house but he was a healthy, happy old man and he was overjoyed to see us and he invited me to visit him and his wife the next day. The next day his wife was dead, as the Germans came over that night and plastered the little town with antipersonnel bombs.

The Canadian troops I had seen two days ago going in to attack the Gothic Line were now swimming in the Adriatic. The beaches were laced with barbed wire, but holes had been cut through it, and engineers appeared with the curious vacuum-cleanerlike mine detectors to sweep the beach, and the infantrymen, sunburned the color of expensive leather, beautifully strong, beautifully alive, were bouncing around in the flat warm sea and racing over the sand as if there was nothing terrible behind them and nothing terrible to come.

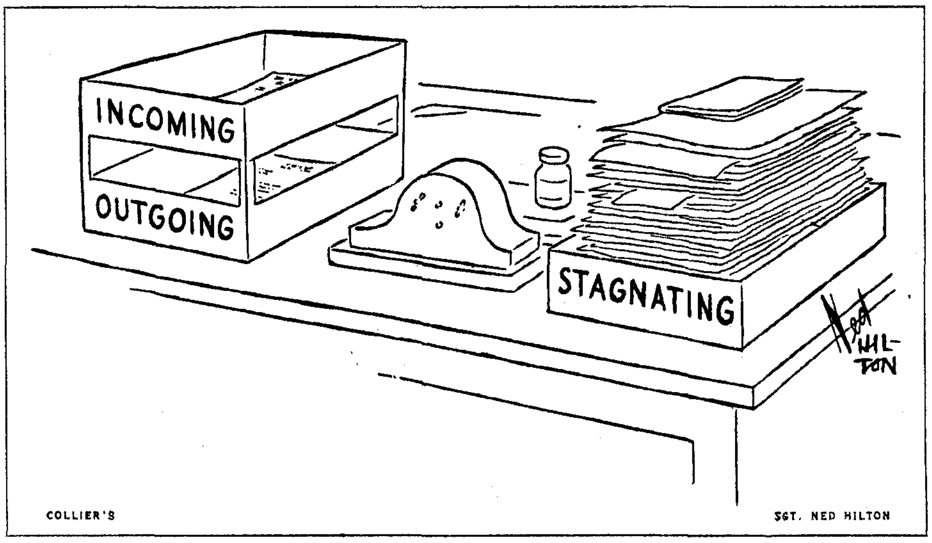
"In the Midst of Life is Death"

Meantime you could sit on the sand with a book and a drink of sweet Italian rum and watch two British destroyers shelling Rimini just up the coast, see German shells landing on the front three kilometers away, follow a pilot in a parachute slowly sinking toward the ground after his plane had been shot down, hear a few German shells whistle overhead to land two hundred yards farther down, and you were getting a fine sunburn, and life seemed an excellent invention.

Historians will think about this campaign far better than we can who have seen it. The historians will note that in the first year of the Italian campaign, in 365 days of steady fighting, the Allied armies advanced 315 miles. They will note this with admiration because it is the first time in history that any armies have invaded Italy from the south and fought up the endless mountain ranges toward the Alps. Historians will be able to explain with authority what it meant to break three fortified lines attacking up mountains, and the historians will also describe how Italy became a giant mine field and that no weapon is uglier, for it waits in silence, and it can kill any day, not only on the day of battle.

But all we know who are here is that the Gothic Line is cracked and that it is the last line. Soon our armored divisions will break into the Lombardy plain and then at last the end of this long Italian campaign will become a fact, not a dream. The weather is lovely and no one wants to think of what men must still die and what men must still be wounded in the fighting before peace comes.

THE END



Japan's Neck is Out!

Continued from page 18

Plan 3: A direct invasion of Luzon from Saipan.

Plan 4: Invasion of Luzon by way of Mindanao and other southern Philippine islands with possible further support from Saipan.

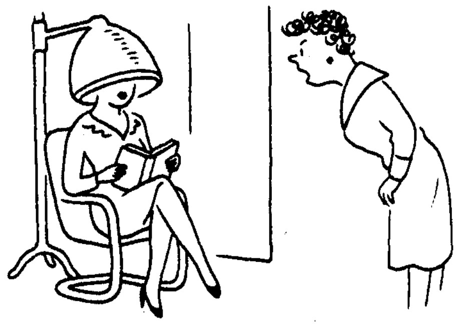
On paper, the first two plans seem the most popular. Smashing straight from Saipan to Formosa or the China coast would be daring, and save time.

I don't pretend to know whether our High Command expects to follow this bold route or not. But I do know that many of our admirals consider it a very hazardous operation, and not necessarily the quickest way of achieving our objective.

Examining Plans 1 and 2:

The combined Japanese fleet almost certainly would enter the battle. We are anxious enough to get at that fleet—but under certain conditions. In either of these campaigns, the conditions of battle might be about the worst imaginable for us.

The Japanese naturally would make us come to them. They would fight as near their own supply and repair bases as possible, and within easy range of their land-based aircraft. And for us, that would mean fighting 1,500 miles from our nearest base, depending almost entirely upon carrier-borne planes for air cover.



"Get Out and Vote!"

Even to come within range of the Japanese fleet, or our invasion objectives, our armada would be forced to run the gantlet of continuous enemy submarine and land-based air attacks for several days and nights.

No matter how good we might be, we would take a heavy battering in these circumstances. If the Japanese succeeded in knocking out enough of our larger carriers early in the action (which they certainly would try to do), we might well face the prospect of costly defeat.

Some military observers believe this is exactly the type of battle for which the Japanese have saved their fleet. It is the one way they might still hope to win, because their natural advantages would go far toward offsetting our material superiority.

Consider also the invasion objectives themselves: Formosa, the target under Plan 1, is the most heavily defended of all Japan's island possessions. It is almost twice the size of New Jersey, and could very easily be reinforced from China.

Invading Formosa would have little in common with our earlier task-force operations against the tiny islands of the central and south Pacific. It would be much more like invading a continent.

The objective of Plan 2, a port on the coast of south China, undoubtedly would be much easier than Formosa to take, but not to hold. Our 2,000-mile supply line, flanked by by-passed Luzon and Formosa, would soon be known among us by some such name as the Corridor of Death.

Of course, our military leaders are not easily discouraged by risks or difficulties. The military experts who cite the dangers in Plans 1 and 2 do not do so in the spirit of defeatism. They have no doubt that America could manage either of these campaigns, if necessary. But they regard this direct route to Japan's life line as the slowest route.

We can understand this if we imagine the extensive preparations which would have to precede such an offensive. The difficulty is not so much one of ships and planes and men as it is of establishing a base with adequate facilities to accommodate them.

Potentially, Saipan is such a base, but not today. Saipan's facilities are being expanded rapidly, and powerful task forces operating from there soon will be inflicting slashing wounds on Japan's neck and face. But Saipan itself is almost 6,500 miles from its own main source of supplies and materials in the United States. At least a year or more may be required to fit it out for the enormous invasion force we would need for a direct thrust at Formosa or China. Frankly, our Army and Navy would like to behead Japan much sooner than that.

Plan 3 is a Saipan-based invasion of Luzon, which would carry the Stars and Stripes back to Manila, Bataan and Corregidor.

This obviously would be a much simpler operation than Plans 1 or 2. We would not have strong enemy air and submarine bases on our flanks as we approached our objective. Luzon is not as heavily fortified, or as easily reinforced, as Formosa, and we could expect important assistance from a friendly native population in the Philippines, at least after we had landed.

But we would still have to plan on a full-dress battle with the Jap fleet, again under conditions more favorable to them than to us.

Minimum Risk with Plan 4

Plan 4 calls for the invasion of the southern Philippines from New Guinea, and a gradual march northward to Luzon. This is the much-advertised MacArthur plan, beginning with the invasion of Mindanao. In its earliest stages, at least, this is the easiest of the plans thus far considered.

Plan 4 consequently calls for a much smaller invasion force than the earlier plans, and provides near-by bases capable of supplying and protecting these forces. Under these circumstances, we should be able to overrun all of Mindanao—and quickly.

With Mindanao in our possession, Luzon loses much of its value to the Japanese as a major fortress. Their air and naval bases are brought within range of our heavy land-based bombers, and our invasion forces can approach Luzon through the central Philippines with adequate air cover.

This plan seems like the easiest and quickest approach to Japan's throat, mainly because we hold Saipan. Saipan may not yet be ready to base our entire fleet, but it is a powerful enough threat to keep Japan's navy and air force in the north, while we secure our new foothold in Mindanao.

We assume that American air bases in Mindanao and the central Philippines could neutralize Japanese air bases in Luzon and force the Japanese fleet to retire to home waters.

Once that is achieved, an invasion of Luzon from Saipan and the southern Philippines would be co-ordinated with the attack from the south, simply to speed the descent of the ax on Japan's neck.

From whatever direction that blow may fall, Japan already is preparing for the inevitable, and for what she knows will follow. Her leaders already have virtually written off the body of their empire as lost. Not since our landing on Saipan has any Japanese war lord dared to suggest that Japan can successfully defend Singapore, the Netherlands Indies, or even the Philippines.

The extent of Japan's despair was evident at Saipan, and it is equally evident in every recent official statement from her war lords. They know that Japan must prepare for an American invasion of her home islands.

The Japanese know their empire is about to be beheaded. Their last hope is that they can somehow prevent us from picking that bloodied and battered head out of the dust and holding it aloft as a warning to future aggressors.

THE END

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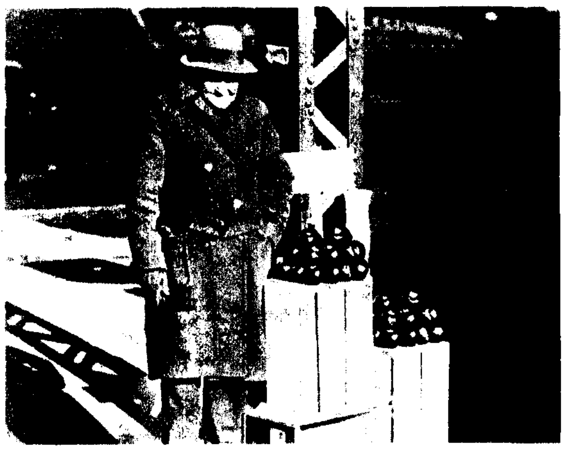
SAVE FOR A HOME! A house of your own, a garden to dig in, room-to-grow for the children—every man and his wife want that. Houses are high-priced, hard to get, now. But there'll be a lot of home building after the war. Why not save for *your* house now—while the saving's good?

SAVE FOR A TRIP! Today's no time to travel. But after the war—aren't you rarin' to go? To the ocean or the mountains, to Yellowstone or the Smokies, to Mexico or the new Alaska highway. Sensible saving today can finance glorious spending for you and the whole family then.

SAVE TO RETIRE! Sooner than you think, the day will come when a little shack in Florida or a place in the country looks better to you than an active life in town. Social security is good—but it won't pay for all you want unless you supplement it by planned saving.



SAVE FOR SAFETY! Money's easy today! But everybody can remember that it wasn't always that way—and it may not be again. The man who has a little money laid by, helps prevent depression—and is in a lot better shape to ride out hard times if they come.

SAVE TO SAVE AMERICA! It's the money you *don't* spend that helps keep prices down. And only by keeping prices down—saving, not spending—can we head off inflation, keep America a stable, happy place for our boys to come home to. For *your* sake, for *theirs*—SAVE!

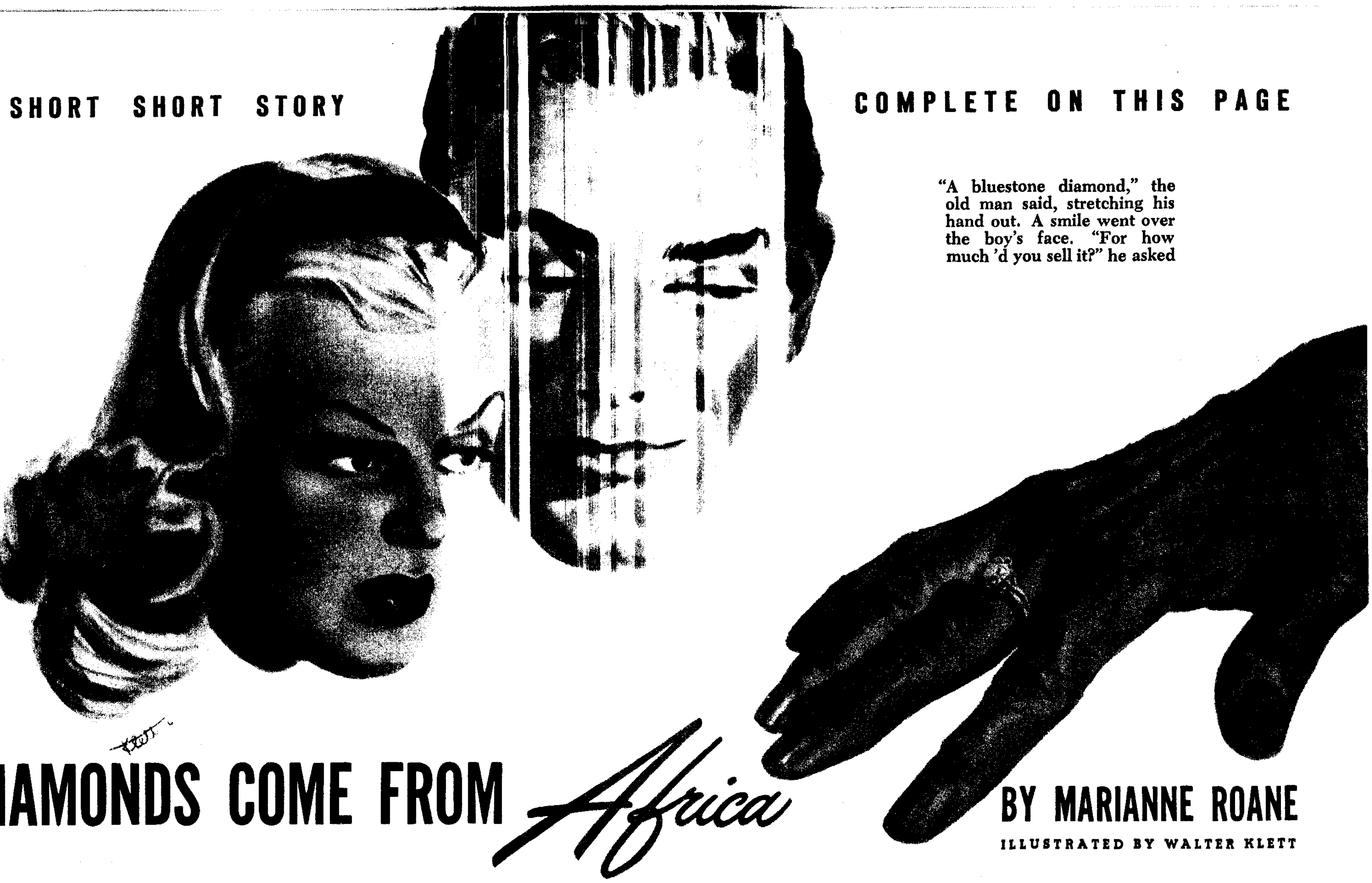
4 THINGS TO DO to keep prices down and help avoid another depression

1. Buy only what you really need.
2. When you buy, pay no more than ceiling prices. Pay your ration points in full.
3. Keep your *own* prices down. Don't take advantage of war conditions to ask for more—for your labor, your services, or the goods you sell.
4. *Save.* Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to help pay for the war and insure your future. Keep up your insurance.

HELP US KEEP PRICES DOWN

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



"A bluestone diamond," the old man said, stretching his hand out. A smile went over the boy's face. "For how much 'd you sell it?" he asked

DIAMONDS COME FROM *Africa*

BY MARIANNE ROANE

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

THE hamburger stand was very small, with only ten stools, but everything in it was neat and white, and the counterman stood happily polishing white mugs. He was alone with one customer when the door opened and the boy and girl came in arm in arm, their shoulders touching lightly.

The customer, an old man in a brown coat, who sat hunched over the counter, shot a keen glance at them as they took the two seats nearest the wall and began talking to each other in low tones. The boy had carried books and notebooks for both of them and now he put them on the counter in two piles. When the counterman had taken their order the girl immediately flipped open her notebook and began to show the boy something in it with the point of her pencil.

While the counterman threw flaps of hamburger on the hot plate, the old man sat fiddling with a bun in front of him, turning and turning it, now and then looking at his right hand that did the turning. Then suddenly he put the bun down and held out his hand.

"A bluestone diamond," he said. "Yes, sir, a bluestone diamond!"

Nobody spoke. The counterman came up with a mug of coffee in each hand, and the boy handed the girl sugar.

"A bluestone diamond," the old man said again, stretching his hand out toward the boy who sat three seats away from him. "The rarest in the world."

The boy looked up, but he did not glance at the tiny blue flash on the man's hand. "Is that so?" he said.

The old man snarled and his voice broke frighteningly. "What you mean—is that so? You call me a liar?"

For a moment the other three in the little place all turned to look at him. He had the flaring nostrils and mobile mouth of an actor, and in the bright light his face twitched dramatically.

The boy was embarrassed. "No, sir," he said. "I don't know anything about diamonds, that's all."

"A bluestone diamond worth thirteen thousand if she's a penny," the old man said, his mouth working over the cud of some secret joke. "You wouldn't believe that, not knowing diamonds."

A smile went over the boy's open face. "For how much 'd you sell it?" he asked, smiling while he chewed.

The old man shook his head. "Not for sale," he said. "Not this one. This one is lucky. I'm sixty-two and I can pay thirteen thousand for luck." His voice changed. It was no longer hard, matter of fact, but soft and full of promise. "From the mountains of the Corolados," he said, as one recites a poem. "From the mountains of the Corolados." He nodded his head and sighed.

The girl looked at him sharply now that his head was turned away. "Carolina," she said softly, under her breath. "Do you mean Carolina or Colorado? Where in Colorado would you find diamonds?"

But he had heard and leaned forward to look at her, so that she lowered her eyes to the coffee spoon in her hand.

"Corolado," he said. "From the mountains of the Corolados." His voice fell into a compelling singsong when it touched the word. He stared down at the ring on his finger. The boy and the girl looked, too. The stone was not large, but in the diffuse light it burned blueness. The white glow from the tubes on the ceiling was like stage light on the man's white hair.

HE EMPTIED his mug and then, putting on his faded hat, he said good night to no one of them in particular and walked to the door. At the door he suddenly turned around, holding it open as if he had forgotten something or was waiting for someone. His eyes went over the room looking, but only the boy had turned to watch him leave. For an instant both were quite still, and then the old man nodded and said good night again, this time to the boy alone.

As soon as the door closed behind him, the girl swiveled around on her stool to watch him go down the street. His shoulders were bowed but he walked neither heavily nor unsteadily.

When the girl swung back, the counterman looked at her, and she said, "Maybe he was drunk."

The counterman rocked his head back and forth. It might have been polite agreement or polite disagreement.

"Don't you think he was drunk?" she said to the boy. "I mean, it isn't possible that that's true. Where would he get a diamond?"

"He might have found it," the boy said smiling. "I think he looked like a miner. He kind of walked like a miner." He smiled at something that was not in the room.

The girl put down her pencil. "Would a miner very likely own a diamond and dress like that?"

"It's a lucky diamond," the boy said. Something pleased him. "If you have blue luck on your hand, what else do you need?"

"Crazy!" the girl cried. "He must have been crazy, or else he was playing a practical joke on us." Somehow her voice lost a little of its assurance. "Corolado," she said. "Who ever heard of Corolado?"

"That," said the boy, "is the likeliest thing—that he was playing a joke on us. You know all the time he talked I thought of Paul Bunyan and Huck Finn and all those. And yet, of course, the unbelievable part is the one thing that's absolutely true about Paul Bunyan."

The counterman put down his towel and said surprisingly, "When I was in the Navy, there was a man on the U.S.S. Greer come from Corolado. He lived on the Corolado River, west coast of Africa."

"A river isn't a mountain," the girl said quickly.

The boy's face lighted up. "Diamonds come from Africa," he said. "And sometimes a river *is* a mountain. Sometimes a river and a mountain and a god are the same thing and have the same name." His face was hopeful and happy as he spoke.

The girl snapped her notebook shut. "That doesn't have a thing to do with it," she said. "I don't see how you can get so mixed up. All you need to do to find out if that's a real diamond is take it to a jeweler. You've got to be scientific."

The boy did not answer.

"Thirteen thousand!" she said. "Where would he get a diamond worth thirteen thousand?" She looked into her coffee cup and emptied it with a decided gesture. "You talk about rivers and mountains, and what he looked like. But that isn't evidence. You haven't any real evidence." She had slid off her stool when she found the new word, but now she got up on the perch again with her back to the counter, sharply searching the boy's face.

He sat with his eyes downcast, his teeth working in silent protest on his upper lip.

There was a certain confusion in her eyes. "I mean," she said more carefully, "you're going on conjecture . . . you believe something that can't be proved definitely." She began pulling her books toward her, patting their edges until they formed a smooth, solid rectangle.

"That's the trouble with you—with us," she went on, and a light flush splotched her cheeks. "You're a romantic, you don't care about proof, you've always ignored facts. That's the reason I've never—I mean I'd like us to be able to work things out, but people have to have something in common, don't they?"

The boy watched her hands caressing the books quickly and precisely, but he said nothing.

"I've never heard of a bluestone diamond," she said. "Have *you* ever heard of such a thing?" her voice was almost pleading with him.

THE fan on the wall wailed softly, and the counterman stood mournfully wiping dishes. The boy turned and turned the plate on which his hamburger had been.

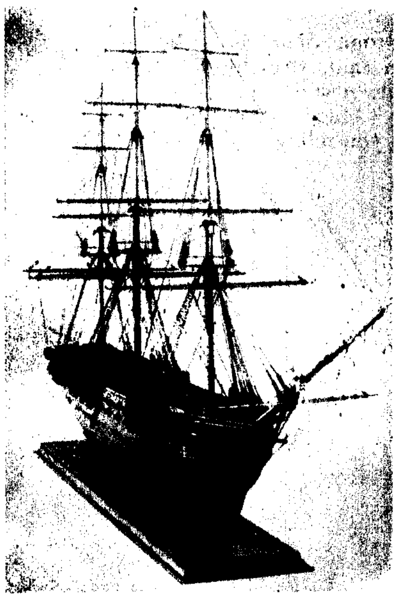
"I mean," the girl said weakly, "the only real evidence would be if you took it to a jeweler. But you'll never be able to do that—" She put no period to the sentence, staring at something that was hidden in it.

The boy sighed and began putting nickels and dimes on the counter, his eyes blankly shuttered. The girl's face was worried and confused. When the boy got up slowly to open the door for her she came toward him, clutching her pocketbook, walking so slowly that he was finally forced to look at her.

Her face must have held a question to which he had the answer, for he began to smile. The smile pulled up his eyebrows and looped his mouth into the comically deprecatory mask of the good winner who wants to minimize his victory. As she walked under his arm that was holding the door open for her, she lifted her face up to him.

"All right—the Corolados," she said haltingly and a little embarrassed, like someone trying a new language. Her face still mocked the words, but her voice already trembled at the edge of promise. "From the mountains of the Corolados."

COLLECTORS' CORNER



Model enthusiasts come from far and wide to have a look at this scale model built by Mr. G. W. Hayward and now in the collection of the Marine Museum of the City of New York. It's the 56-gun frigate, U.S.S. Constitution . . . "Old Ironsides."

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BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Will's Girl

Continued from page 27

Unfortunately, Mr. Howell's interests ran to hunting and sleeping; when his wife asked people in for cocktails or buffet luncheons, Mr. Howell went off and sulked. Since the allowance Mr. Howell made for household expenses barely covered the cost of ordinary meals, Will was frequently asked to suggest a method by which Mrs. Howell could provide good times without begging her husband for money. The method adopted always turned out to be that of running up a bill at O'Donnell's.

When Will came to her in November, as he had been forced to do, before, Mrs. Howell wangled a hundred dollars or so from her husband by informing him that they had been asked to serve as patron and patroness of a series of concerts being given for charity by a well-known string quartet. Mr. Howell would say, "Send them a check, if you have to, and I'll put the money in your account, but I'm damned if I'll go listen to them."

Employing variations of this device throughout the winter, by spring Mrs. Howell generally succeeded in paying Will every cent she owed. In June, on a fresh page of the ledger, the charges began to mount again.

Mrs. Howell disliked being called in person, because of the possibility that her husband, sleeping late, would wake to find her conferring with Will. For the same reason of secrecy, she had long since urged Will never to send her a letter. Will made a faint mark against her name in the book. A phone call would serve for Mrs. Howell.

THE last name on the list, however, was that of Mrs. Burton, about whom Will knew almost nothing. In her case, it would be necessary to make a personal visit. According to the address in the notebook, Mrs. Burton and her daughter lived on upper Park Avenue. Will crossed the street and boarded the first bus he saw.

The Burtons had come to Northton for the first time last summer. They had rented the old Rodd place, a stucco-covered mansion on a hill back of town. Will had never met Mrs. Burton, but he had seen her from a distance, as, day after day, he had swung up the long gravel drive to the back of the house. She had been in the habit of sitting in an old-fashioned rocker on the front porch, a tall, gaunt woman with gray hair. She had struck Will, even at that distance, as being what Northton people called a real lady.

Without having seen her, Will's sisters, who held to the standards of fifty years ago, had given Mrs. Burton their approval. "She's one of the old kind," they had said. "You can tell that from her voice. She knows what she wants, and she knows how to tell you so. Not too sharp, not too sugary. Those *old* ones know what position means."

Unlike her mother, Miss Burton was short and rather well built. She had brown hair and nearsighted green eyes, and when she smiled, the color of her eyes changed from green to blue; but she smiled rarely, as if she had not meant to smile at all.

"She's shy," Will had said, after Miss Burton's first visit to the store. "Maybe it's because she doesn't see well, but it's funny, a girl that age being shy. She must be twenty-five or twenty-six."

"Will," his sisters had said in chorus, "she's thirty if she's a day. You always think anyone who isn't married is twenty-five or twenty-six."

As the summer passed, his sisters had gathered together the local gossip, weighed it, and formed their final and irretrievable judgment of Miss Burton. They had decided that she wasn't a patch on her mother. She was pretty enough and sweet enough, but there was something lacking.

"Character," the sisters had said. "She hasn't her mother's character. If she had any gumption, she'd 've up and married long ago."

Will had taken her side so often that when his sisters chose to tease him, they had only to mention her name.

"Miss Burton was in this morning," they would say. "Too bad you were delivering at the Pond. She seemed to miss you. Looked all around the place before she'd let us wait on her." By midsummer, they had taken to calling her his girl. "You were long enough delivering up at the Rodd place," they would say. "Get a good look at your girl?"

"That's rubbish, and you two know it."

"Didn't you talk to her? Didn't you even say hello? Must be the old lady was there. She knows better than to let her daughter hang around the back door."

Recalling the dry, half-envying sound of his sisters' words, Will felt himself beginning to blush. He tugged at the bell cord and descended the steep stairs of the bus. He got off at a street in the 90s and walked east.

When he reached Park Avenue, he found that the address he had set down following Mrs. Burton's name was that of a large apartment building on the west side of the Avenue. He spoke to a doorman who, in a scarlet uniform, was standing under the striped entrance awning. "Mrs. Burton, please."

The doorman shook his head. "No Burtons in this house."

House, Will thought. A nice house. Fumbling with his notebook, he said, "I have the address right here." Doormen always seemed to guess that he had come on business, not pleasure, and they treated him accordingly. "Mrs. Edward Burton."

"No such name in this house." The doorman was joined by an elevator man, also in scarlet uniform. "Burton, he wants," the doorman said. " 'Burton,' I tell him, 'there's no Burton here.' "

The elevator man said, "Mother and daughter? One thin, one fat?"

Will nodded dumbly. Miss Burton was not fat, she was anything but fat, but he could not afford to dispute the point.

"They left six or eight months ago, before this fellow's time. We still get letters, though, to be forwarded to them. They live down the street a way, down past Lexington. One of the old brownstones, it is, Number 225."

Will said, "Thank you." He turned and waited cautiously for the traffic to stop before crossing the Avenue. To the north, where, as the slope fell away, the railroad tracks plunged suddenly from underground, signal towers blinked red and green in the cold November light. Will felt chilled and faintly sick. He wondered what his sisters would say if they heard that Mrs. Burton still used an address to which she had no right.

MRS. BURTON'S failure to pay her bill had come as a severe shock to his sisters. Between them, without a word, they had agreed to blame everything on the daughter.

"Mrs. Burton is hardly the type to run up bills without meaning to pay them," they had said. "She may be rather easygoing about money—many of the older ones are—but they plan to pay what they owe sooner or later. They simply don't *cheat*. Probably Mrs. Burton gave her daughter the money to hand on to us, and the daughter spent it on something else. Oh, she was sweet enough! Butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, the way she fluttered about the place here. But she must have spent the money on herself."

"I don't believe it," Will had said; and his sisters, after the first excitement of the attack wore off, also failed to believe it.

Miss Burton was too plainly incapable of carrying out a prolonged and studied deception. She lacked the character for it. She had stammered with confusion when, on rainy days, she had asked Will to bring, with the day's groceries, their mail, or a bottle of medicine from the drugstore. She had tried sincerely to refuse when Will had offered to take their humpbacked trunks to the station, though every one else in town accepted that courtesy as a matter of right.

If anyone was to blame, it was the old lady, and the sisters had come to accept this fact. But they had been able to lessen the severity of their verdict by pointing out that she had done everything for the girl.

"It's perfectly obvious why the Burtons came here," they had said, "why they rented that big old barn, why they ran up such bills. The old lady was trying to marry off the girl. She was trying to find her a man."

"No," Will had said with difficulty. "No, you got it all wrong."

"She was taking a chance and she failed,"

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the sisters had said, nodding to each other across the kitchen table, their white fingers tapping the opened page of the ledger. "If she'd found the poor thing a husband, the bill wouldn't have mattered. *He* would have paid it off. But *he* never showed up. Even with her mother pushing her, Miss Burton wasn't the catch she hoped to be."

Will had attempted to argue with his sisters, but they had cut him short.

"Ah, you," they had interrupted, turning on him with unexpected sharpness, "*you* don't know anything about it. You're in love with the girl." Their eyes had blazed at him out of their pale, middle-aged faces. "In love with her! Of course you are! Everybody knows it, everybody in town."

Now, Will thought, feeling for the thousandth time the thin edge of their scorn, his sisters would twist the matter of the apartment address in such a way that, little by little, the blame for it would fall wholly on the daughter. They would twist it, that is, if they ever found out about it. He shivered, crossing Lexington Avenue against the light.

He stopped a house or two away from Number 225 and pretended to study his watch. Number 225 was a narrow, shabby-looking brownstone front, its windows heavily curtained in the old style, a flight of chipped stone steps leading to the front door. A sign which hung on a rusted bracket beside the doorway, creaking in the wind, read, "Rooms for rent. Furnished or unfurnished."

Will could imagine the old lady behind one of those darkened windows, sitting motionless as he had seen her sit in the rocking chair at the Rodd place last summer, her thin hands folded in her lap, her face expressionless.

If he should force his way in to her, if he should ask her for money, what would she do? She would not break down or make a scene. The *old* kind, as his sisters said, never did that. She might promise to send him the money within a week, or she might write, then and there, a check for the full amount of the bill. Later, the check would come back from the bank in Winsted stamped in red, "No funds." In either case he would have accomplished nothing.

BUT there was another reason (one which he had scarcely admitted to himself) why he could not decide what to say to the old lady. There was still one chance in a hundred that if he did not press her for money now, if he should send her, without his sisters' knowledge, a note—a tactfully phrased note—suggesting that she let her bill run over to the following summer, the old lady and her daughter would return to Northton.

That was the way to handle the problem, he thought, turning away from the house. He had nearly reached the corner when he caught sight of Miss Burton climbing the slope from Third Avenue. She was wearing a black coat, with black shoes and stockings. The weight of a bundle she carried under her arm caused her to bend forward slightly, and her face was pinched with cold. She looked tired and older than she had last summer. Though she had not yet seen him, it was plain that they could not help meeting.

Will wanted terribly to speak to her. He wanted to hear her say, "Hello," to watch her eyes changing from green to blue as she smiled up at him; but there was nothing he could say which would prevent her from guessing why he was here. He felt sure that, if they spoke together now, they would never be able to speak together again.

The weight of her bundle kept Miss Burton from looking up till the last moment. As he walked past her, she raised her head, and he heard her call out doubtfully, "Why, it's Mr. —it's Mr. O'Donnell, isn't it?" In the next breath, as if taking it for granted that her eyes had tricked her, she said, "I'm sorry. I beg your pardon."

The troubled sound of her voice destroyed Will's resolution. He swung about and said, "Miss Burton!"

SHE stood waiting for him to speak, a plump figure with the bundle held clumsily against her breast. At last, Will said, "I —didn't know you lived around here." He knew this was the wrong thing to say, and he went on, "Tell me, how have you been?"

"Fine." Miss Burton's voice was faint. "I've been fine, thank you."

"And Mrs. Burton?"

For a moment, she pressed the bundle tightly against her. "She died a month ago," Miss Burton whispered. "I should have written you. I should have tried to explain—to explain everything." She shook her head helplessly, then lifted her hand in a gesture of goodby. Without looking back, she walked up the street toward the house.

Dead, Will thought, of course she is dead. Her death explained everything: Miss Burton's black clothes, the abandonment of the apartment, the failure to answer his sisters' note. She had been dying last summer when her daughter brought her to Northton. She had been dying as she sat motionless on the front porch of the Rodd place and watched Will bringing the day's groceries or the mail.

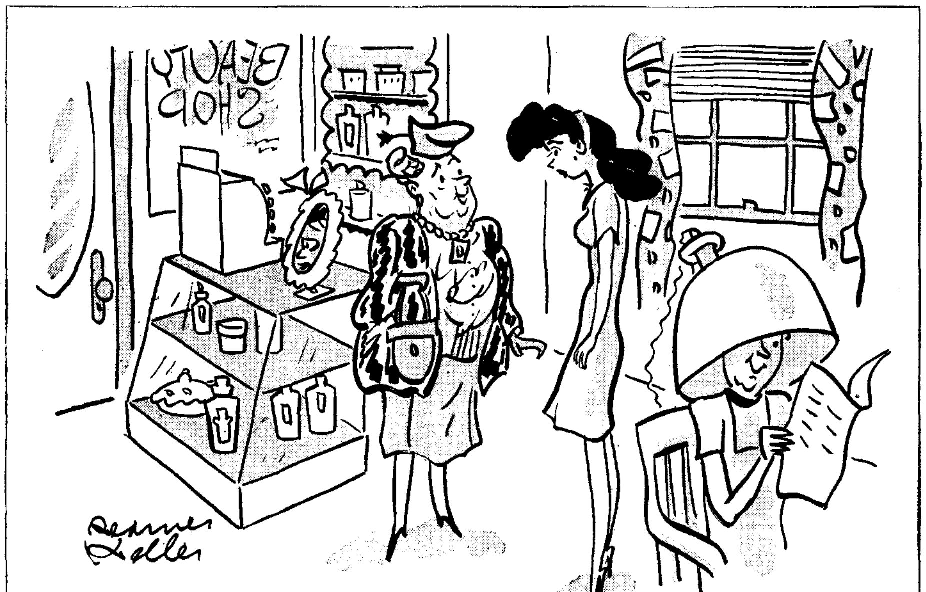
It had not been Mrs. Burton, but her daughter, who had run up the bills. Probably the old lady had known nothing about them. Now she was dead, and the whole elaborate and prolonged deception had been of no use whatever.

Will thought of his sisters' judgment of Miss Burton. Because she was shy, because she was unmarried, they had said that she lacked character. Will felt no shock, beyond the first shock of discovery, when he considered the fact that Miss Burton had cheated his sisters and him. He felt only an odd, unquestioning pride in her strength of purpose, in her lonely self-assurance. He started up the street toward the house.

"Miss Burton," he began, while he was still a hundred feet from Number 225, "Miss Burton, Miss Burton!"

His sisters had said that he was in love with her, and they had been right; but he did not even know her first name.

THE END



"That chin we thought we had licked showed up again"

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The World's Best Seller

Continued from page 14

note or comment." Money was donated by individuals, churches, and other groups to pay for the 10,000 copies of the first printing. Members of the Society set out on foot and horseback to distribute them.

During the Civil War, soldiers were so anxious to read the Bible that both sides issued passes to the Society's representatives. Often, while delivering more than 5,000,000 copies, they crossed the lines under fire.

In this war 7,091,430 servicemen and civilians in this country alone received Bibles, or parts of them, last year—a 32 per cent increase over any previous year. In 1943, the Society provided 48,193 complete Bibles, 1,820,733 Testaments, and 364,880 Old and New Testament portions to our Armed Forces in all branches of the Service. In case you don't know, a "portion" is a part of the Bible published separately—at least a complete book. Lots of men who had never read a line of the Scriptures before they were given Gospel portions, are now going to their chaplains and even writing the Society direct for Bibles. One paratrooper explained that, to him, reading a portion is like finding a single installment of an exciting serial. He was curious to know, he said, what had happened before and after the book of Isaiah.

Isaiah is one of the popular portions read by the Army. General MacArthur, who makes it no secret that he reads the Bible every day, has called Isaiah an ABC of militarism, as it describes in detail the military strategy of battles which took place in Assyria and Babylonia thousands of years ago.

But it is the sudden "runs" on the Scriptures which give the Society sleepless nights. In December, 1942, and the early months of 1943, it seemed that all America suddenly wanted copies of the New Testament. That was when the country learned that Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and his crew of six who had been drifting about the South Pacific for twenty-one days had been found. Their faded and swollen Bible had been a daily comfort to these men.

This epic story gave impetus to the idea already conceived by Dr. Eric M. North and Frank H. Mann of the Society's secretarial staff, of supplying Merchant Marine lifeboats with the Scriptures. At that time our Merchant Marine ships were being sunk right and left, and the two thought that all men liable to be set adrift should have some part of the Scriptures accessible, if and when they wanted to read them. Doctor North and Mr. Mann went to work, and today every lifeboat and raft of American merchant and Navy ships, as well as all the big planes, has a New Testament sealed in a waterproof envelope, tucked into the compartment which holds regulation equipment of rations and medical kit.

Before the war, four international and several national Bible societies issued approximately 23 million copies of the Scriptures annually, with an added estimated 7 million from publishing houses. Three of the international and all of the national societies had presses set up in the European area. But the war has cut deeply into their operation.

In Great Britain, war demands have sidetracked Scripture printing for the past five years. The Nazis immediately put all religious publications out of business in the occupied countries. A substantial number of Scriptures are issued today in Switzerland for the Society. These, with added shipments in forty languages from this country, have been sent across enemy boundaries to Allied prisoners in German camps and to refugees. If you have a relative in a German prison camp, the Society, at your request, will send him a Testament or a Bible. More than 750,000 volumes of the Scriptures have been provided for prisoners of war, refugees and civilians in devastated areas.

Believe it or not, German prisoners here appear pleased to receive Bibles—for one of two reasons, according to American chaplains stationed at our prisoner-of-war camps. One group demands the Bible in English to be used as a textbook. These fellows still cling to their Nazi tenets with stolid and proud air. But the others want their Bibles in German and show, either because of their new environment or some latent inherited factor, a real interest in democratic teaching.

THE END

Perilous Holiday

Continued from page 15

"Don't I even get a chance to hand in my resignation? How am I going to amuse myself for a whole week without seeing your legs?"

"You have a beautiful zombie on your hands," Aggie said, "and she isn't walking on her knees as far as I can tell. Call her in the morning. She'll be talking again by then."

Patrick smiled grimly. "Good night, baby. I wish I could give you a dime for that dusting off, but my hands are temporarily full."

"Good night," Aggie said. "Good night, Miss Latham."

"Oh," Audrey said. "Good night. It's been simply swell."

PATRICK waited until Aggie had gone and then took Audrey to her room. His charge's lights came on as they walked down the fifth-floor hall.

"Ye gods, my head!" she said shrilly.

"It's never given you any trouble before, has it?" Patrick inquired. He was tired.

Audrey gulped. "Wait till Mother sees me. She can't help waking up. We'll have to take her with us after this."

"No, not that," Patrick said.

"Patrick, listen to me." Audrey halted in front of her door and turned to him. "Patrick, we can't go on like this."

"I'm beginning to realize that."

"We've got to have some kind of an understanding," Audrey said. "I can't stand being up in the air all the time. This is too big for us. There's no use our fighting it."

"I saw the movie," Patrick said, "but I never thought I was going to be acting in it."

"If we mean something to each other," Audrey said, "then that's it. If we don't, then . . . then that's it."

"You've put it very well."

"Patrick, I'm dizzy. Kiss me good night."

He kissed her gingerly. Audrey's face assumed a sudden and bitter cast.

"Now," she said, "I bet you're going down and kiss that other girl good night!"

"No, I'm not."

"Go ahead," Audrey said. "Kiss her good night. Don't do *me* any favors!"

She turned and started into her room without the formality of opening the door, and bumped her nose. She began to weep. Working with frantic haste, Patrick unlocked the door, shoved her inside, and closed it. He heard Mrs. Latham saying, "Audrey? Audrey? What *are* you doing coming in at this time of night?" He raced along the hall perspiring freely.

Once in his room, he took off his shoes and sat on the edge of his bed, massaging his bad leg. Something vague and exciting was stirring in the far recesses of his brain. It had happened before in his life—he had a sixth sense, a nose for trouble. Everything went fine for a while, and then the people he met and the things he did wouldn't add up. Here was that old black magic again. George—Lilley—Pepe—Aggie. That line-up

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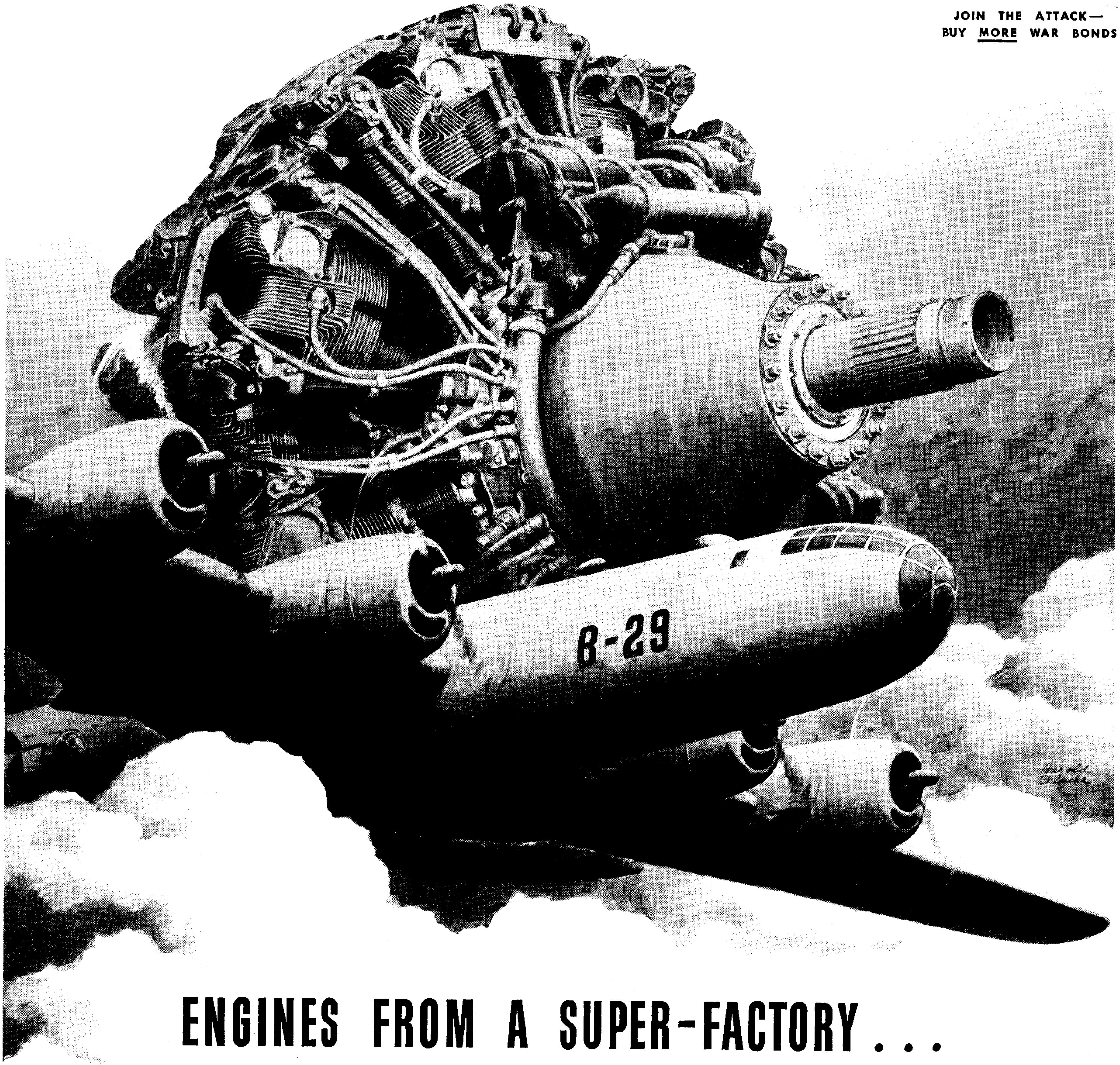

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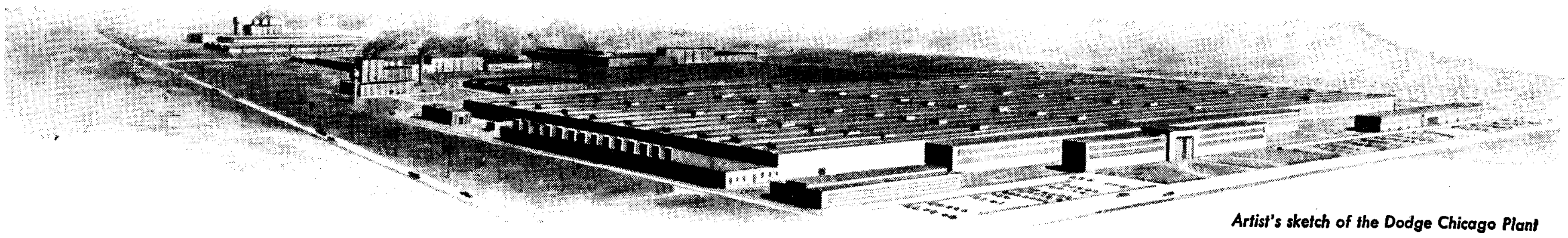

Artist's sketch of the Dodge Chicago Plant

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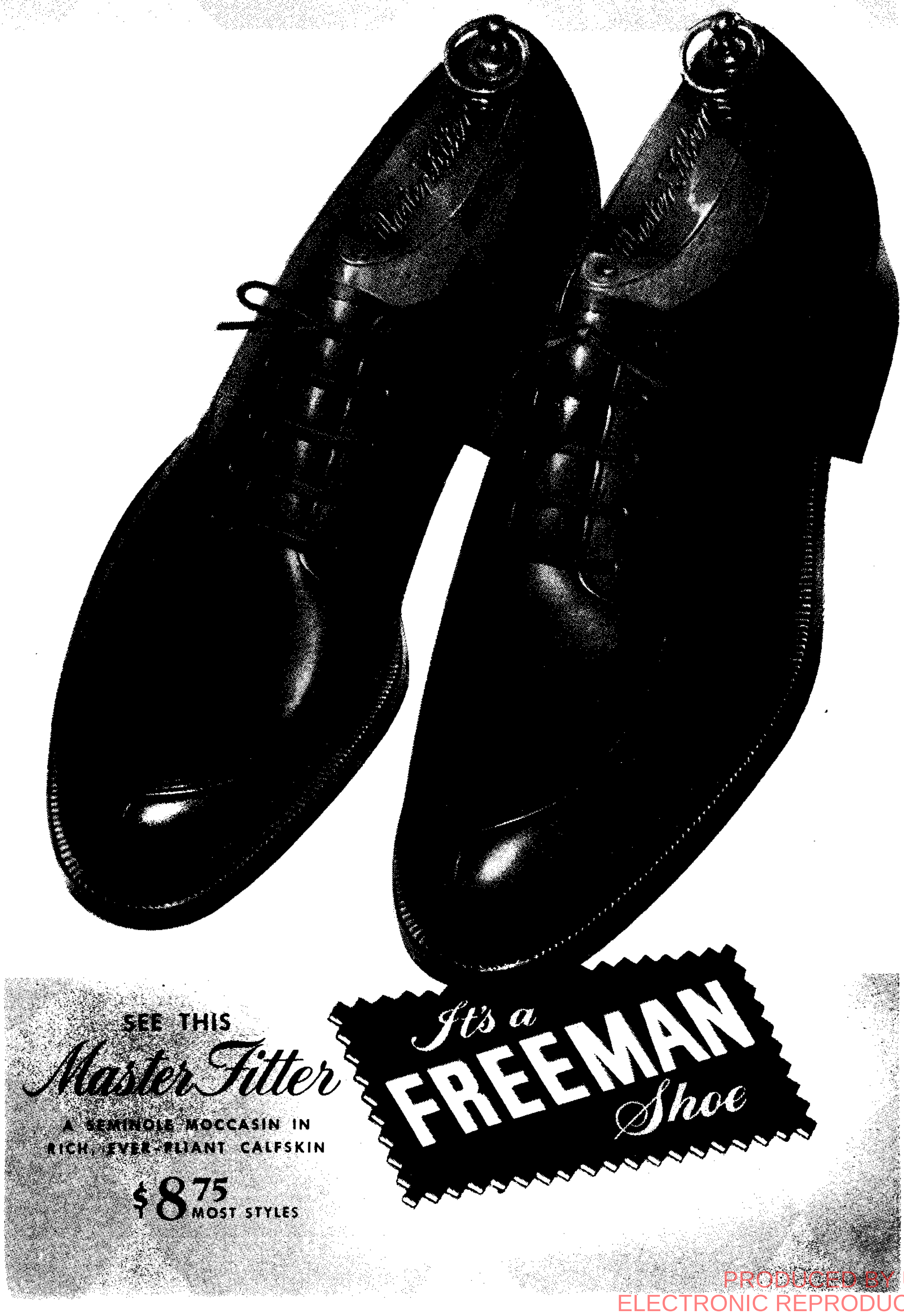

didn't fit. He was entertaining not only Aggie, but various hunches. Something was cooking. Or he was nuts. But Aggie . . .

He picked up the phone and asked for her room. In a moment she answered, sleepily.

"This is your Patrick," he said. "Aggie, I've been thinking it over. I'm not going to give you up. Aggie, we can't go on like this. This is too big for both of us. There's no use fighting it."

"I know it," Aggie said. "I think that stuff is funny, too. Patrick, tell me: Why do you limp on your left leg?"

"It hurts, angel." He hesitated. "There's a bullet hole in it. A bad man shot me."

"The strange part of it is, I believe you."

"If you'll go with me tomorrow," Patrick said, "I'll show you my sore leg."

"You make it very attractive," Aggie said, "but I can't. Honest."

"Why?"

"Well, I like you."

"Is that a reason?"

"Enough for me."

"Are you sure you like me?"

"Almost positive."

"Qué lástima!" Patrick said. "I'm beginning to sound like Audrey! Good night, baby."

PATRICK slept later in the morning than he had intended. He bathed and shaved in a hurry. As he was finishing, the telephone rang. It was Audrey.

"Listen," she said, "I've got to see you."

"Well, I'm a little busy this morning, Audrey, and—"

"You have five minutes. And that's all I have, while Mother's dressing. Where can we meet?"

"What's the matter?" Patrick said. "Couldn't we discuss it over the phone?"

"Patrick!" Audrey said. "Is that as much as I mean to you?"

"Frankly—" Patrick began, and stopped. "Okay, Toots. There's a lounge on the balcony above the lobby. I'll be right down."

He called Aggie's room. No one answered. He went down to the lounge. It was deserted except for Audrey, who was perched on the back of a couch drumming her heels impatiently. She slid to the floor and advanced to meet him. The effects of the night before should have shown on her, but they didn't. The child's eyes were clear and bright, her coloring that of a Dresden doll. Despite his resolution to remain true to Aggie, Patrick felt a thump in the region of his wishbone.

"Audrey," he said, "let's face it. You are really a sharp dame. Maybe you can't think—"

"Maybe I can't," Audrey said, "but I think about you all the time. As I think, I get excited."

"I don't understand. After all, we've only known each other a couple of days."

"A couple of days can be a lifetime."

Patrick sighed. "Yes, dear."

"Don't try politeness," Audrey said. "I want the plain facts. Where are we drifting, Patrick? Is there any future for us? Couldn't you make some kind of a statement?"

"Yes, I could," Patrick said. "I'm too young to rush into anything. You're asking me for the greatest decision a man can arrive at. My gosh, can't you wait for me to make a few of the advances? The manpower shortage has made wolves of women."

"Oh, I'm not desperate," Audrey said. "Believe me. But I regard you as more than a friend. When I regard a boy as more than a friend—which I never have before except for once or twice—I want to know where I stand. That's little enough to ask."

"Practically nothing at all," Patrick told her sourly. "What should I do? Marry you before lunch?"

"Not unless you want to."

"Well, I don't."

"Just as you say," Audrey said. "Suit yourself. It's only fair to tell you, though, that I'm going to Taxco today with Mother. She thinks you're a bad influence on me."

"Mother," Patrick said, "is cooking on the front burners."

"Will you *please* listen to me! Shall I go to Taxco to forget, or shall I look forward to getting back here? It's up to you, Patrick."

The kid's gray eyes were serious and intense. She was a beautiful blonde with a problem. And she was nuts. Patrick stared at her desperately, trying to find a solution. Suddenly he got an idea.

NOV.
"Get Out and Vote!"

"Darling," he said, a small tremor coming in his voice, "you've been on the level with me. You deserve honesty on my part." He reached inside his coat, found his wallet, and extracted a card from it. "I'm going to tell you the truth before it's too late. Here—here's my draft card. Read it."

Audrey looked at the card. Then they regarded each other somberly. Audrey's wonderful face was a study in depression.

"Oh, Lord!" she said, "I might have known it. That limping and everything. What have you got—a wooden leg?"

"No, worse than that," Patrick replied. "I'm 4F because of a weak heart. A very weak heart."

"Gee, I'm sorry."

Patrick shrugged carelessly and tried to resemble Ronald Colman in A Tale of Two Cities. "I'm not afraid. And it's a far, far better thing that you should know now."

"Maybe if you had care and affection," Audrey said, "your life—"

"I wouldn't ask that of anyone. Think of the uncertainty."

She handed the card back to him. Her gray eyes had a trace of tears in them. She looked ravishing that way. Patrick began to live his part. His heart did feel funny.

"Patrick," Audrey said, "I'm willing to face the future with you."

"Future?" Patrick said, and laughed quietly. "What future? It may be hours, days, or weeks, but it can't be long. I have been assured by experts."

He had, too, at one time or another. Now he experienced a little chill. Perhaps he wasn't kidding. You never quite knew, in his particular racket.

"Does the shortness matter?" Audrey asked. "No one knows, does he? We'd just have to make every moment count."

"Audrey, it can never be," Patrick said. "We must resign ourselves to that. Let us part simply friends, with a smile."

HE STUCK out his hand to her, and she took it. Her hand felt cold inside his.

"I can't smile, Patrick," she said. "What are we going to do?"

"You are going to Taxco with Mother," Patrick replied, "and I to a rendezvous with—with fate."

"Fate or Miss Stuart," Audrey said. "That's what burns me up. I wouldn't trust you with a weak heart or anything else."

"Please, Audrey . . ."

"Oh, never mind," Audrey said. "Every time I talk to you, I get sore. Forget it. Forget me. This is the end."

"I'd better kiss you goodby."

"No, you don't. It may bring on an attack."

"Very well," Patrick said, with dignity. "Goodby. Tell Mother goodby for me."

Audrey glared at him. "Leave Mother out of this. Patrick, you're such a liar, I can't believe a word you say. Why do I have to be interested in a character like you? For all I know, you're 4F with a wooden leg."

"I can prove I'm not. Here, look—"

"No!" Audrey said. "Let's leave well enough alone. What I'll never know won't hurt me. Goodby forever, you invalid."

"Goodby." Patrick said.

"I'll call you when I get back," Audrey said, and left the lounge.

Patrick went thoughtfully downstairs. Ag-

"I knew you'd get here, Doctor!"

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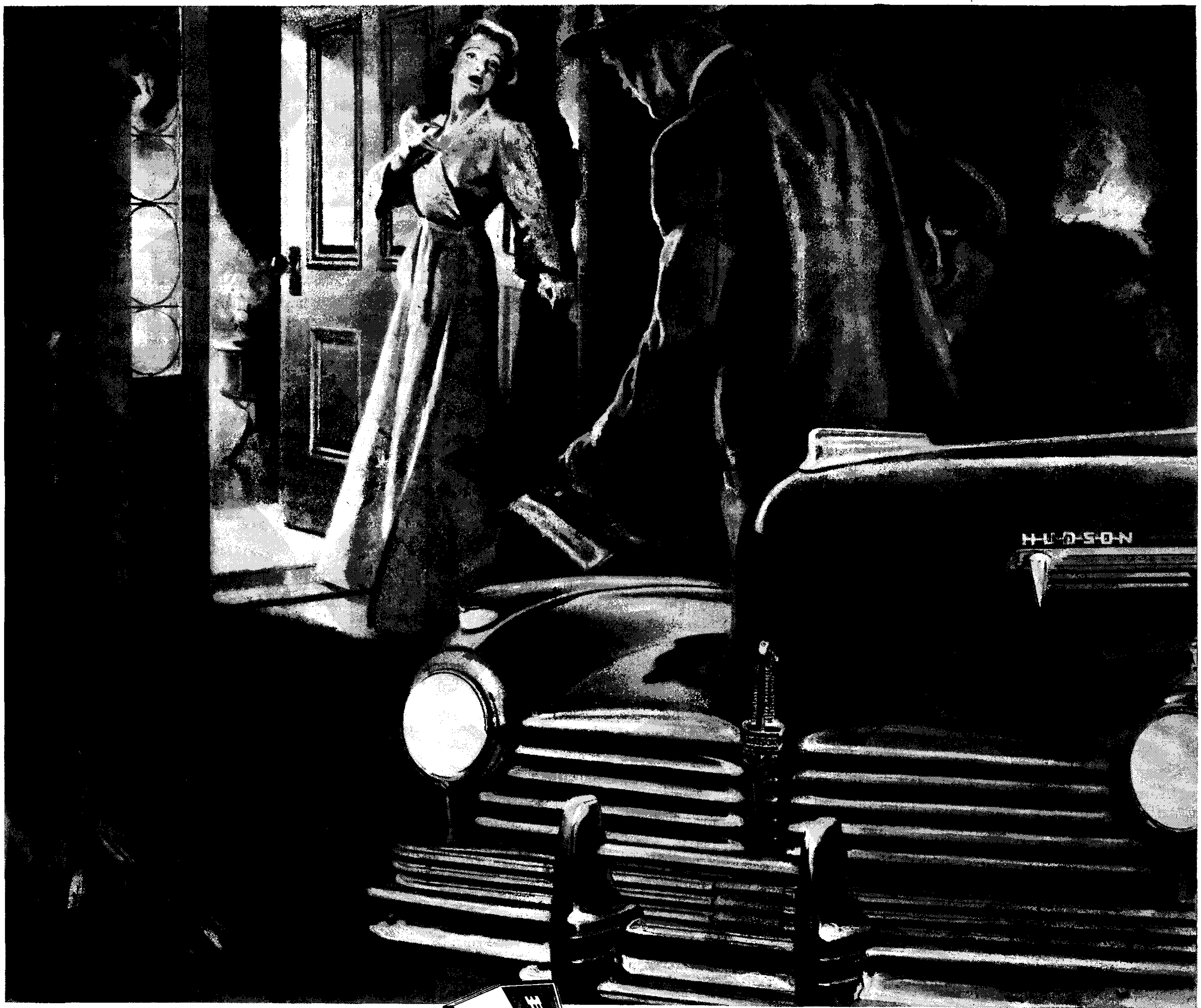

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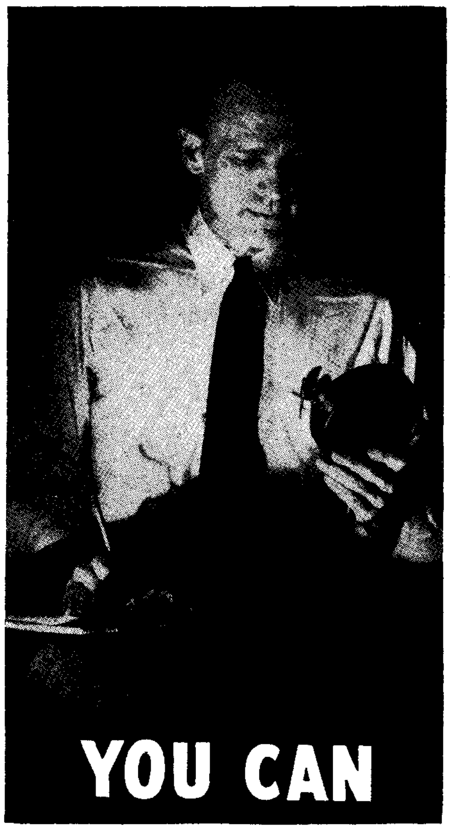

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gie's key was in her box. The desk clerk said she had left the hotel some time before. George was apparently still in his room.

Somewhat at a loss, Patrick sat at a table in the hotel grill and had a cup of coffee and smoked a cigarette. Aggie was obviously serious about giving him the brush. His position was getting precarious, and Mr. Graeme wouldn't be pleased. He wished Aggie was more like Audrey.

Finally he drifted outside. It was a clear, sunshiny day, warmer than the previous one. The Paseo de la Reforma was crowded with hooting cars and busses, and people strolled on the sidewalks under the spreading trees. There was the taste of immemorial dust in the air.

Fifth man down on the cab rank, standing beside his car, was Manuel, shabby and smiling. He bowed politely as Patrick came over.

"Good morning, sir," he said. "You are alone?"

"Alone," Patrick said.

"The entertaining does not proceed?"

"Apparently not."

"To my mind," Manuel said, "the difficulty lies in the two girls at once. Both are beautiful, so there is mutual distrust. The happy man is happy with one pig. He does not desire two."

How Are Your Homonyms?

A homonym is a word which sounds the same as another word but has a different meaning and usually a different spelling. For example, "miner" and "minor" are homonyms. Can you give at least one homonym for each of the following common words? Knowing 15 of them is fair, 18 is better than average; and 20 or more is superior. (Answers on page 76).

1. rain
2. male
3. alter
4. plate
5. naval
6. lay
7. wear
8. tear (to rip)
9. beer
10. right
11. cue
12. read
13. key
14. maze
15. moose
16. liar
17. ought
18. soul
19. arc
20. air
21. sight
22. reel
23. there
24. plain
25. pearl

—Amelia Rathbun

"Pigs, yes," Patrick said. "But who cares for pigs? Girls are different."

"Conceded," Manuel said. "Yet they can both be lost."

"As you say, my friend. But I am tired of discussing pigs," Patrick said. He started to leave. "Until later, Manuel."

"One moment," Manuel said. He seemed to be hesitating. "Señorita Stuart left the hotel earlier today. My brother-in-law, the doorman, brought her to me. She asked if I was not in your employ. I said no, it was only for yesterday, when we had first met. That is correct?"

"Entirely correct."

"I took Señorita Stuart one place, where I waited. Afterward I drove her downtown and let her off."

"Where did you take her?" Patrick asked.

"I tell you out of friendship," Manuel said. "That is understood."

"It is understood."

"First, to the American consul. Then to a newspaper office. She had letters of introduction to the editor."

"I see," Patrick said. "Okay, thanks. Señorita Stuart has found other interests."

"In another hour," Manuel said, "I take her to the pyramids. Señor Richards will be along. We will stop first at Guadalupe to visit the Shrine of the Virgin."

His face was guileless as he blinked in the sun. Patrick was properly innocent as he pressed a roll of pesos into Manuel's hand.

"For your kindness of yesterday," Patrick said, "may you journey happily today. You are most *simpatico,* Manuel."

"Equally," Manuel said.

Patrick wandered off, down the Paseo de la Reforma. He watched the people and smoked a couple of cigarettes. By then, he was on the Avenida Juarez and almost to the National Theater. His game leg was beginning to hurt. He hailed a cab and told the driver to take him to Villa Madero.

Presently they arrived where the great basilica towered over a jumble of low white buildings. Patrick paid off the cab and walked inside, over stones worn hollow by literally millions of devout feet. As always, the beauty of the church of the Dark Madonna made him forget his problems. Even the tourists laden with cameras were like ghosts from another existence.

An old Indian woman in black clothes was advancing up the center aisle on her knees. A kindly priest raised her to her feet and set her on the way. She waited until he had gone, then she resumed the journey on her knees. She was real. Not even the malachite pulpit, the bronze confessionals, the silver chandeliers measured up to her.

From his post beside a pillar, Patrick saw Aggie enter with Manuel and George. She was wearing a skirt and sweater, and tying a kerchief over her hair. Knowing Manuel would take them on the regular tour, Patrick slipped outside to wait. He bought some peanuts, and, eating them busily, he paced up and down, keeping an eye on the exits.

THE first to emerge was George. He was alone, and appeared surprised when Patrick called his name.

"Why, Patrick," he said. "What are you doing out here?"

"Sight-seeing," Patrick said. "Have some peanuts. Are you alone?"

George accepted the peanuts. "No, with Aggie and Manuel. I didn't notice you around this morning."

"I slept late."

"Aggie's with Manuel in the church," George said. "I got tired of following them up and down. This is a little high-toned for me. How old is this place, Patrick?"

"Over four centuries," Patrick told him.

"It's in real good condition for that old," George said.

Aggie and Manuel came out. As she was putting on her dark glasses, Aggie saw Patrick. She lowered them, her eyes narrowing. Manuel looked terribly astonished.

"Good afternoon, Señor Nevil," he said. "It is a pleasure to find you at Guadalupe."

"Thank you," Patrick said. "Peanuts, Aggie?"

She shook her head. He thought she was very annoyed.

"I came out," George said, "and there was Patrick, just floating around the way we are. Did you like the church, Aggie?"

"You can't like or dislike it," Aggie replied. "It's simply there—forever."

"Guadalupe is my favorite church," Patrick said. "I never get tired of it."

"Apparently not," Aggie said.

After that, they stood, waiting for someone to speak. Patrick gave Manuel peanuts. He smiled at Aggie, but she refused to smile back at him. This, he informed himself, doesn't look so good. My girl friend has a new boy friend, and his name is George. And it ain't love, love, love.

"Well," George said, "what have we got to do next, Manuel?"

Manuel suggested seeing the Chapel of the Little Well, then perhaps the ascent of Tepeyac hill. He recommended the water of the spring in the chapel. It was reputed to have miraculous healing powers.

"Just what you need, George," Aggie said, "for that headache. Goodby, Patrick. Nice seeing you."

"Say, wait a minute," George said. "If it's another church, I think I'll stay here with Patrick. All right, Aggie?"

Aggie frowned. "All right. We'll be back in a few minutes."

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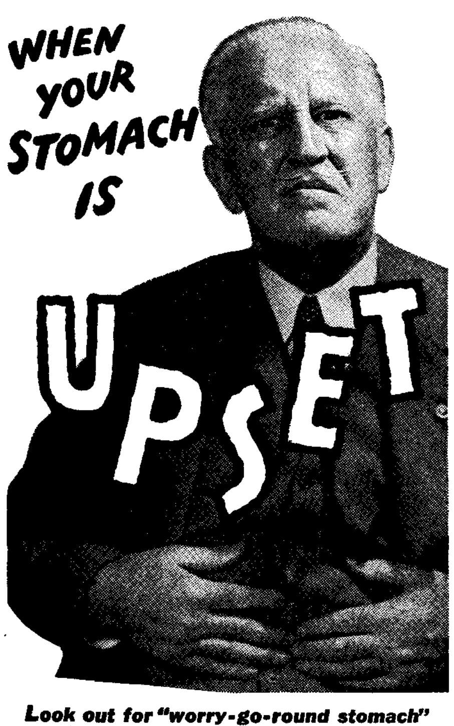

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George watched them pass through the market. Then he looked at Patrick. "Is Aggie sore at you?"

"I don't know. I hope not."

"Maybe because of that other girl. She was a cute kid. Where did you meet her?"

"Oh, I picked her up in the hotel the other night."

"You must have quite a lot of fun," George said. "Is that all you care about—just kidding around?"

"Mostly," Patrick said. "What else is there to do?"

"Nothing, I guess," George said. "Say, a glass of beer would go good with these peanuts."

"Let's get some."

They found the proper stall in the market and sat down under a roof of rushes at a dirty table. A little boy brought them bottles of beer and glasses. George blew the foam from the top of the glass meditatively, took a drink, and licked his lips. He seemed to be pondering something. Lifting his eyes, he looked at Patrick.

"Tastes good," he remarked. "I got an awful headache."

"The beer will probably help it."

"Yeah." George took the cigarette Patrick proffered and waited for a light. "I was kind of dopey last night, wasn't I? I hope I didn't make a fool of myself. You've been awful nice to me, Patrick, and I want to keep your friendship."

"For my dough," Patrick said, "you're a peachy guy."

"You kidding?"

"No."

"Well," George said, "I hope not. I like you, Patrick. It sounds silly, but I wish I could do something for you."

Patrick grinned. "For what—helping you spend your dough?"

"I mean it. Have you got a racket, or am I being too personal?"

"I've worked around on construction jobs down South. I don't work too much. It's bad for me."

"You get a kick out of just passing the time, don't you?"

"There're worse things," Patrick said.

"Sure," George said. "Of course there are. How you fixed for money?"

"I'm always a little short, to be truthful."

George took a drink of beer. "Listen, you've knocked around. You know money don't grow on trees. You wouldn't ask a lot of questions if somebody put you way ahead of the game, would you?"

"Not questions, but I'd want to know what I had to do for it."

"Suppose you didn't have to do anything for it?"

"That sounds wonderful," Patrick said. "Who's the good fairy? You?"

"Maybe," George said. "I got to think it over, like everything else. What I want to get straight is: Would you holler and be moral like a lot of guys are?"

"Never that."

"I knew you wouldn't. I like you, Patrick."

"Let's keep on talking," Patrick said. "You fascinate me. If I get this legacy, mightn't I have to do you the teensiest, weentsiest little favor sometime?"

"Favor?" George said. He finished his beer. "Why? I would give you the dough out of the goodness of my heart, the same way I would to a hospital or something. You wouldn't have to do a thing but take it. I figure I got plenty of it, and more to come. If I want to give it to a guy who is my friend and is broke, then that's my business."

"No doubt," Patrick said, "but you've done a lot of beating around the bush concerning my morals and attitude toward gifts, and so forth. Why all that, if you're simply going to hand me a wad with no strings attached?"

George got up and stood looking down at Patrick. The little man's puckered face was very serious, yet not enlightening. Patrick could see the interview was over.

"I didn't say I was going to," George said. "I said I was thinking about it. Maybe I will, and maybe I won't. I asked you those questions to see if you would take the money, in case I decided to give it to you. I wouldn't want you to turn me down, because that would ruin our friendship."

"As a philanthropist," Patrick said, "you mystify me. But don't think you're going to hurt my feelings if you happen to slip me a few pesos."

"All right," George said. "That's what I wanted to know."

ON THE way out, he stopped at the counter and paid for the beer. They walked across the market to the church. Ahead of them, they could see Aggie and Manuel standing on a corner waiting.

Aggie watched them come up. Her annoyance was well concealed now, but Patrick thought he detected a trace of worriment on her brow.

"I hope we didn't keep you waiting," he said.

"There's no hurry," she replied.

"Have you a car, sir?" Manuel asked blandly.

"No, I let mine go," Patrick said. "It doesn't matter. I'm not doing anything in particular."

"Say, then come on with us," George said. "We're going out to the pyramids. That suits you, don't it, Aggie?"

Aggie shrugged. "Of course, but I'm afraid they'll be pretty old stuff for our Patrick. Won't he have more fun here at his favorite church?"

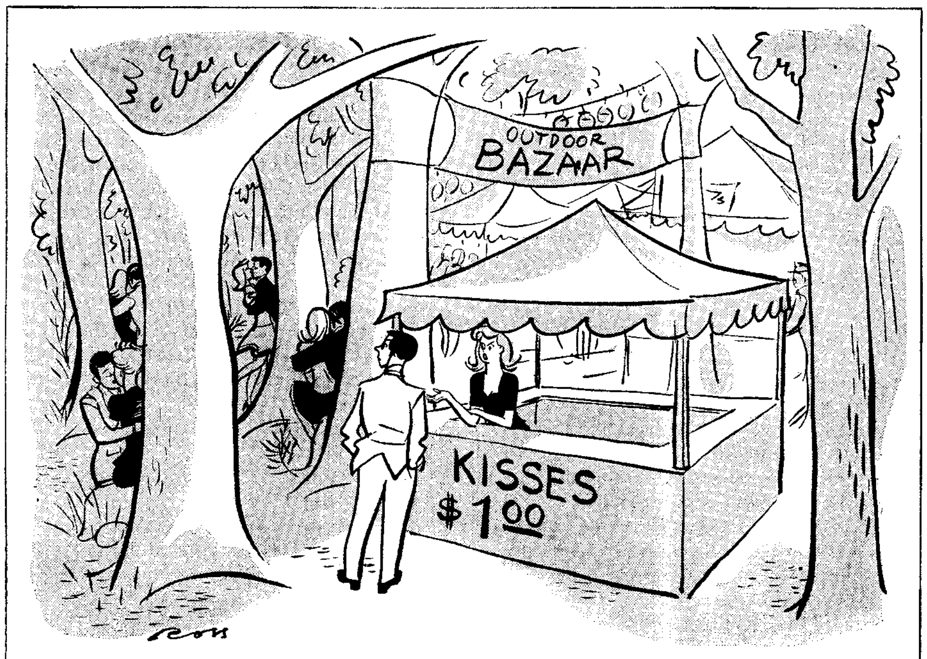
"By no means," Patrick told her. "They're my favorite pyramids."

"Please don't be polite, Patrick."

"Not at all. I'll gladly share the expense of the car."

"There's an offer we can't afford to pass up," Aggie said.

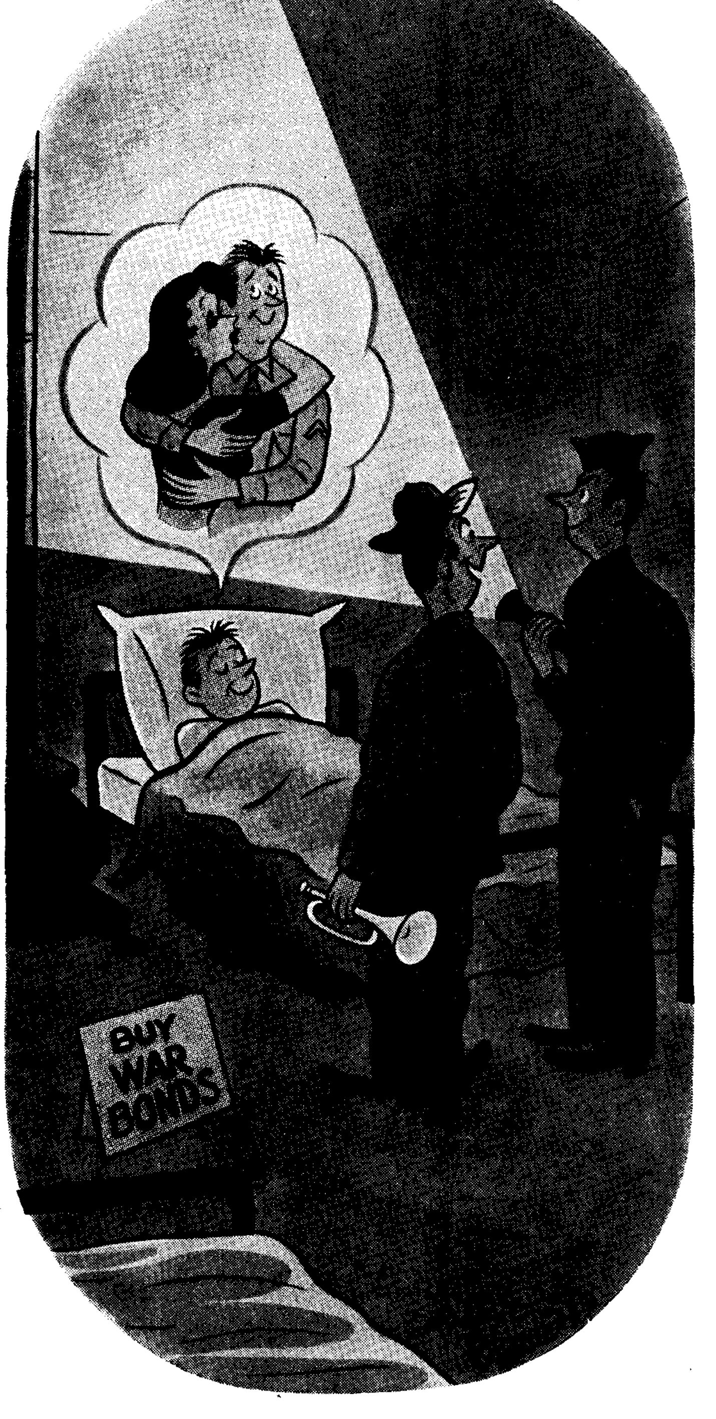
Manuel led the way to where the car was

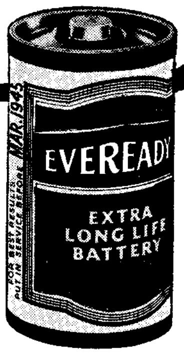


"I haven't been doing very well. There are too many bootleggers out in the shadows!"

COLLIER'S

AL ROSS





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parked. George got in front with him. He squirmed around to face Aggie and Patrick in the rear. Manuel drove off.

"The beer gave me a boost," George said. "I'm enjoying myself, but I bet you two are not. I bet you wish you were alone. Two's company and three's a crowd, huh?"

"Three's a crowd," Aggie said. "Only you're not the crowd, George."

"Aggie, dear," Patrick said, "I'm terribly sensitive. Did you mean that for me?"

"More or less," Aggie said. "That prattle gets tiresome after a day or two, Mac. And I'm a little too grown-up for it. You need a subject built more on the lines of Audrey."

Patrick grinned. "Mustn't exhibit your jealousy so plainly, Aggie."

George laughed. In the midst of lighting a cigarette, she paused to glare at both of them. Patrick tried to take her hand, and she jerked it away. He was pleased, and not through any vanity, but merely in view of his own purpose. She was not so sophisticated as he had first supposed, at least in one particular; she was a little jealous, and not too good at hiding it. Audrey might turn out to be an ace in the hole yet.

They passed El Pocito, the Morelos Statue, and crossed the dried lake.

"First," Manuel said, "we turn off and visit the San Agustín Monastery."

He left the highway on a secondary road and threaded a straggly village, dodging fat children and ambling goats. San Agustín de Acolman was a large white church with a ruined monastery adjoining. They all got out of the car.

"This church—" Manuel began.

"Let me give the spiel," Patrick said. "It was begun in 1539 and finished in 1564. The façade, which is purest Renaissance, is remarkable because it is one of the few in Mexico free of any native influence. They had the same kind of building in Spain during the same period, so some people think the church may be the work of Covarrubias, or even Enrique de Egas himself. Inside, you will find— Shall I go on?"

"No," Aggie said, "but I'm on the hook. Is it possible, Patrick, that you have some pretensions to culture which I have never guessed?"

"Definitely not," Patrick said. "I was broke once in Mexico City, so I read up on a spiel and started attaching myself as guide to tourists who had their own cars. I did all right until the cops grabbed me for not having a license."

"The license is not too diffcult to get," Manuel said. "Perhaps you will still be interested, sir? It is a bare living."

"Perhaps," Patrick said. They were smiling at each other. "But the day has not yet come. In the meantime, I'll wait for you out here, resting on my laurels. This is not my favorite monastery."

Aggie looked back at him almost sadly. "Be a good boy while we're gone. You don't mind if I take my purse with me, do you?"

"You're foolish not to," Patrick said.

HE SAT on the running board of the car, smoking. The recent interview with George occupied his mind. The little man with the face made a lovely, complicated tick. He was nowhere near as obvious as he seemed. But what made him tick?

Two Mexicans and a burro loaded with serapes approached Patrick. All of them except the burro had happy, open expressions of avarice at the sight of an *Americano*. One of the merchants asked Patrick in broken English if he would care to buy a serape. The price he named was about that of an adobe house and lot. These were humble, dishonest citizens from the outlands who had been hearing stories concerning rich people of the North.

Patrick felt sorry for them. He answered in Spanish, ruining their hopes in two sentences. But they had the usual impeccable manners of their race. They concealed their chagrin, accepted the fact that they were in for a struggle, and advanced new offers. There was a period of bargaining.

"It is a source of sorrow to me," Patrick stated presently, "that I am taken in public for a fool. I have seen better serapes than these used for cleaning rags. Such material is obviously the work of drunken old men and women unable to get husbands. Nevertheless, you have my sympathy. I will throw a little money your way. You are left with many serapes on your hands. Two less may lighten your burden."

"He jests largely," one man said gravely to the other. "It is unwise to offend the crazy. We will give him two serapes at a price ridiculous to mention."

Finally the deal was closed. Patrick selected a serape in white bordered by blue which he thought would suit the blond Audrey. Another in crimson and brown was for Aggie. He was stowing them above the rear seat in the car as the others reappeared from the monastery. Aggie noticed the serapes when she sat down.

"Did you steal these?" she asked.

"Very nearly," Patrick said. He handed her the crimson-and-brown serape. "For you, Agnes, with much love and kisses if I can ever get you alone."

Her blue eyes softened. "Gee . . . thank you. I'm crazy about these things, Patrick. You're very kind."

"That's pretty swell," George said.

"It is beautiful," Manuel said. "A woman can be happy with such a covering."

"I'll put it in my apartment when I get home," Aggie said. "I know just the place for it. It'll be stunning."

"Long after we're parted," Patrick said, "with thousands of miles separating us, maybe you'll look at that serape occasionally and remember the man who loved you not too well but wisely."

"Maybe I will," Aggie said, and looked at him steadily for an instant. "Against my better judgment, of course, and as infrequently as possible—but I really might. Patrick, you're terribly nice in a furtive sort of way."

"At last you're beginning to get the idea."

"And resisting it." She smiled at him, folded the serape, and started to return it to the back of the car. Her eyes fell again on the second serape. "The other one's pretty, too."

"Isn't it? They were a great bargain."

"That blue-and-white effect would be ideal for a blond girl. However, I suppose you're saving that for your old mother."

"No," Patrick said, "the blue-and-white job is for Audrey. She's a blonde, you know."

"I remember. What a charming gift. I know she'll adore it."

"Nice of you to think so."

"You can give it to her," Aggie said, "with much love and kisses if you can ever get her alone."

"Aggie," Patrick said, "once more you are getting an edge in your voice. Why can't we get along, honey?"

"Why can't we?" Aggie said. "Let's get along, Manuel. Let's get along before I take this character beside me by the throat and feed him both his serapes one thread at a time."

Manuel hastily drove the car away. They rode for a long while in silence. Once or twice Patrick stole glances at Aggie. She was looking straight ahead, and her face was tight with anger. The kid, he saw, was burning up, and he began to understand, now, where the passion in her writing came from; she had a double-barreled temper set on hair triggers.

WHEN they got to the pyramids Patrick waited while Aggie and Manuel inspected the museum, and George wandered off to find more beer.

After the museum, Aggie wanted to climb the Pyramid of the Sun. Manuel didn't look too happy. He thought it wasn't necessary.

"How else can I get a view of the sacred city?" Aggie demanded stubbornly. "I want to climb up there."

"Okay," Patrick said. "Let Manuel stay here. I'll climb up there with you."

They ascended the narrow, steep steps, Aggie in the lead, going too fast. Their faces were tilted toward the bald sky. The sun was hot on the ancient pile of earth and stone. Halfway up, Patrick's leg began to hurt him badly. He set his teeth and tried to forget the pain. Once Aggie looked back at him. She noticed him growing hard and white, and seemed pleased. He knew she was trying to hurt and humiliate him, that she had planned the climb deliberately; so he refused to ask her to give him a rest. They kept on until they reached the top, and he barely made it.

Somehow he managed to stand and face her and keep his leg from jackknifing under him. Both of them were breathing hard and sweating. The light was stunningly sharp in the thin air.

"Leg . . . hurt?" Aggie gasped.

"It's . . . all right."

"I didn't think . . . you could make it."

"Neither did I," Patrick replied.

"The little man has guts," Aggie said. "I thought you were too cute and pretty, Patrick. You're tougher than you look."

"I hope so."

She sat down, lighted a cigarette, handed it to him, and lighted another for herself. They remained quiet until their wind had returned. Patrick's face stayed pale. His leg was stiffening up.

PRETTY SLICK

Ingenious One	Ingenuity
Veronica Abell, Leonardstown, Md.	When her sitting hen died, she hatched out the eggs with a hot-water bottle.
Ben Sorge, Fairview, Oklahoma	He lengthened the life of his shoes by wearing the right on the left foot, and vice versa, every other day.
Farmer, Browntown, Wisconsin	He curried his horses with an electric vacuum cleaner.
Elsa Neumann, Des Moines, Iowa	When a friend, a hay-fever sufferer, was operated on for appendicitis, she brought artificial flowers to the hospital.
G. W. A. Graf, Lockport, New York	He weeded his garden with a blowtorch.
Housewife, Richmond, Virginia	She kept her husband at home nights by driving nails into the tires of his car.
A. F. Larsen, East Orange, New Jersey	He urged everybody to help the scrap drive by contributing sash weights from windows they seldom opened.

—W. E. Farbstein

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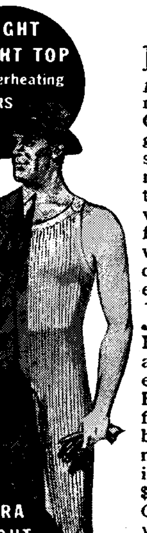

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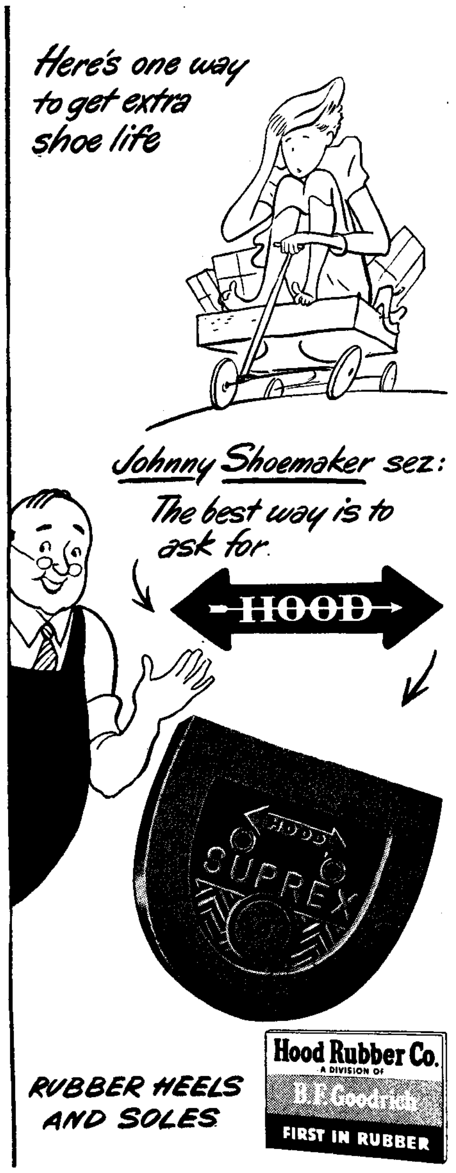

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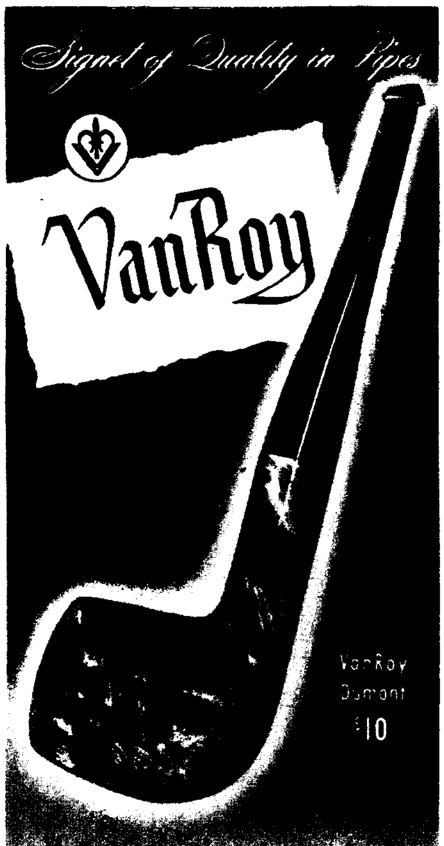

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"Whee!" Aggie said. "That's a long distance down. It seems terribly steep."

"It is," Patrick told her. "Don't stare straight down. You'll get vertigo."

Around them lay the almost forgotten city of the Toltecs—the smaller Pyramid of the Moon, the Highway of the Dead, the Ciudadela, the temples. No man knew how long these things had lain in the ageless earth—twenty-five hundred years, five thousand years. Aggie twisted her shoulders impatiently. "I'm afraid of Mexico," she said. "It's too old and too big and too harsh. Too many people have died in it. It makes me feel useless and lost."

"You've always been on your own, haven't you?"

"Yes. Why?"

"You can't be on your own in this country," Patrick said. "There's no sense in walking on other people or in getting ahead. Everybody is really in the same boat."

"I don't like it." She looked around her. "Probably they used to have sacrifices up here—to the sun. How many people saw this same sight, and died?"

"Not us, I hope."

"I don't know," Aggie said slowly. "I'm scared, Patrick. What's the matter with me? I never had a premonition in my life, but I'm scared. I feel cold in this heat."

SHE was like a little kid, crouched, plainly frightened, waiting for an invisible blow. Her blue eyes were large and darkening. Patrick took her hand. It was chilled.

"You're wonderful," he said, "but a creature of moods. I only have one mood—astonishment. That's why I feel at home with you. I'm always astonished. No, I'm not kidding. Even your vacationing is peculiar. You go in night clubs and question your fellow travelers and pick fights with fat crooks. Did you ever consider resting and enjoying yourself?"

"Pretty often," Aggie said. She waited a perceptible interval, staring at Patrick. "But I haven't got time, Patrick. I'm going somewhere in a great big hurry—toward justice, a lot of money, success. I've gone a long way, for a woman. I'm going much further. I couldn't stop if I wanted to, and I don't."

"How about men and stuff?" Patrick said. "Don't they fit in the puzzle somewhere?"

"I collected them for a while," Aggie said. "But they interfered with my work. Do you think I can wait ten years and still be attractive enough to interest somebody? By then, I can afford to slow up."

"I hate to look forward to waiting ten years."

Aggie lighted a cigarette. "Well, you can understand why I'm rather evasive with you, Patrick. It's no disparagement of your charm. I simply can't afford the time for you. I wasn't kidding last night over the phone when I said I liked you."

"This is great for my morale. You have time for Lilley and George."

"Well, George is—George. Doctor Lilley is a long story."

"I'm listening," Patrick said.

"My father was a crusading editor in Texas," Aggie said. "That's how I happen to know Spanish—I was raised near the border. There was a man named Lilley, in Texas, who was with a radio station. He was a doctor only by courtesy, and he had a patent-medicine nostrum which was supposed to cure everything from fallen arches to cancer. A great many ignorant and gullible people believed his advertising over the radio, and many of them must have died because of him. His medicine was no good. My father decided to go after Lilley. He was finishing him off when he got a couple of bullets through his head. I know he died by Lilley's hand—indirectly, of course—but it was almost impossible to prove. The scandal ruined the good doctor, and he had to leave the patent-medicine business and Texas; only that didn't bring my father back. I loved him very much, and his death left my mind on a slight bias."

"Didn't I hear a Chicago episode mentioned in El Vaquero?"

"Oh, that was years later. I was started by then, and so was Doctor Lilley—again. Not in patent medicine, but big stuff, and politically. I get a lot of anonymous tips for my column and some of them are the McCoy. At least, the one I received on Doctor Lilley was. I moved into Chicago and went to work on him. Before long, I had enough facts to heat him up. My stuff, syndicated all over the country, forced an investigation. Doctor Lilley is an awful smart man. He might have beaten the rap altogether, except that he made the mistake of giving some wrong testimony in court. He had to go to Mexico to cool off, and both of us know that if he crosses the line again, they'll be waiting for him. . . . That's all."

"All but the fact that the feud is still on."

Aggie shrugged. "It'd be nice to hang something more on him, but in spite of what I said last night, I don't really believe I could. He's too smart and he's had his fat fingers burned. I think he's legitimate now. Anyway, I'm busy with other matters."

I wish I could believe you, baby, Patrick thought. He didn't speak. Aggie scratched in the dirt with a matchbox, outlining the shape of a pyramid.

"You've heard the story of my life," she said. "Shall we exchange confidences?"

"If you're interested," Patrick said, "I was born down here, the bouncing baby boy of a civil engineer. I went to school in the United States. I've lived in one place or another below the border most of my life. I manage to make a fair living, and I've had many interesting experiences."

"With dames, you mean?"

"With everybody."

"Patrick," Aggie said, "you ought to be frank with mamma for your own good. She only wants to help you. I know we've gone through this before. But what gives in this setup? Why do you refuse to be shaken? What are you after?"

"You, honey."

"That I don't believe."

"I didn't expect you to," Patrick said, "and I guess now's as good a time as any to get honest. Look, I'm a bum—a Pan-American bum. I take it easy and I'm pleasant. The last few years a lot of dames have come to Mexico on their own. They often like a companion, a guide, a temporary boy friend, all the comforts of home. There's a lot of laughs, no commitments, and no recriminations afterward. I'm well recommended and I do a good business. Maybe when one of my clients is ready to leave, she thinks it has been fun. I get a little present in the form of a bale of paper money. We met because I was touted onto you, but there's no obligation for services rendered so far. You can call it off right on top of this pyramid. See what I mean?"

THEY looked at each other steadily. Patrick could see that, initially, Aggie was slightly shocked. But the shock wore off. She began to smile.

"I see what you mean," she said. "You're a cute boy, Patrick, and not really larcenous. And you're beginning to appeal to me."

"Oh, goody!"

"I sort of like your arrangement. Is the customer always right? Can she pay just what she chooses?"

"Indubitably, madam."

"A brief romance and no leftovers—that's my style. All the comforts of home in Mexico. You have some good sales points."

"You are kind to say so."

"I warn you, I'm a tough baby. I'll only pay for what I get and I don't intend to share you with any blondes."

"All right."

"Proceed, Patrick. Amuse me."

Patrick got up. "Let's go back where I can."

She rose beside him, looking up at him challengingly. "Were you shot in the leg by a bad man?"

"Not actually," Patrick replied. "That was part of my act to interest you." He found his wallet and showed her the draft card. "Here's the story. I've had the trouble since I was a kid."

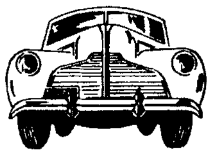
"I'm sorry for the climb up here," Aggie said. "Honestly. I didn't realize."

"Forget it. My arms are in fine shape."

He caught her shoulders, gripping them firmly. For an instant she tried to turn her

INSURE YOUR MOTOR AGAINST

Heat Damage



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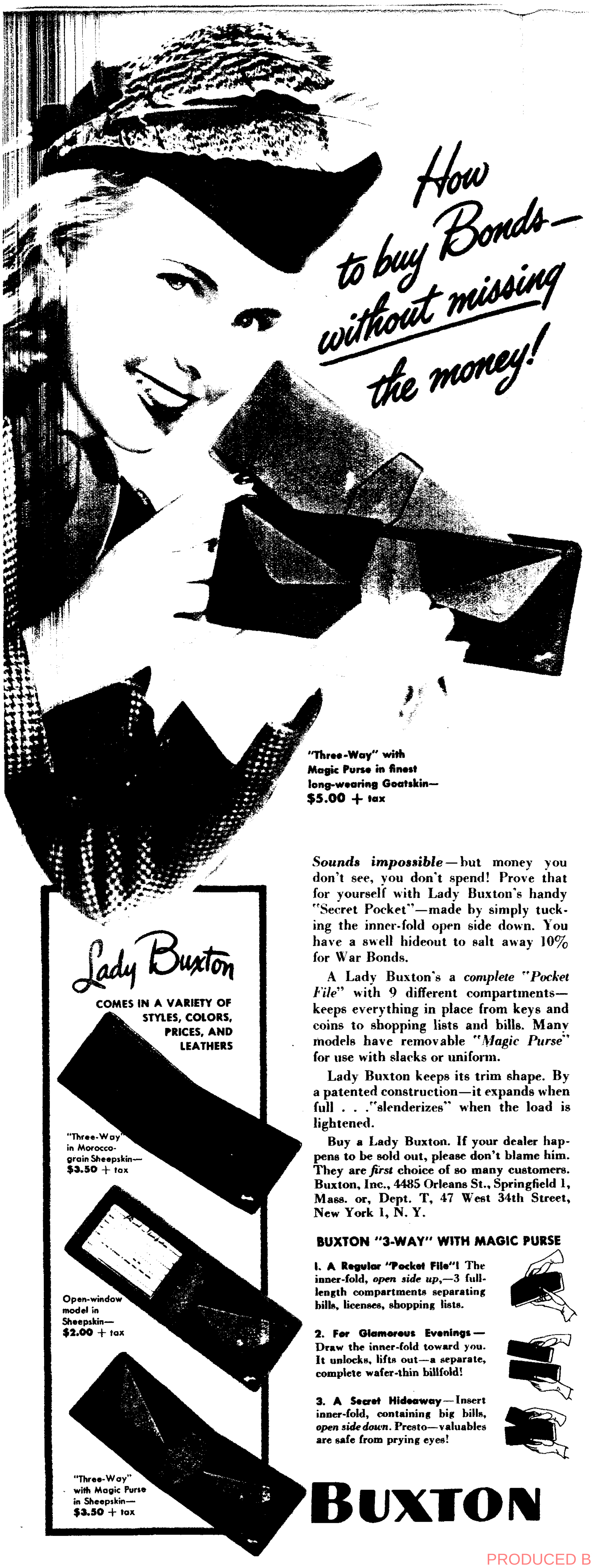

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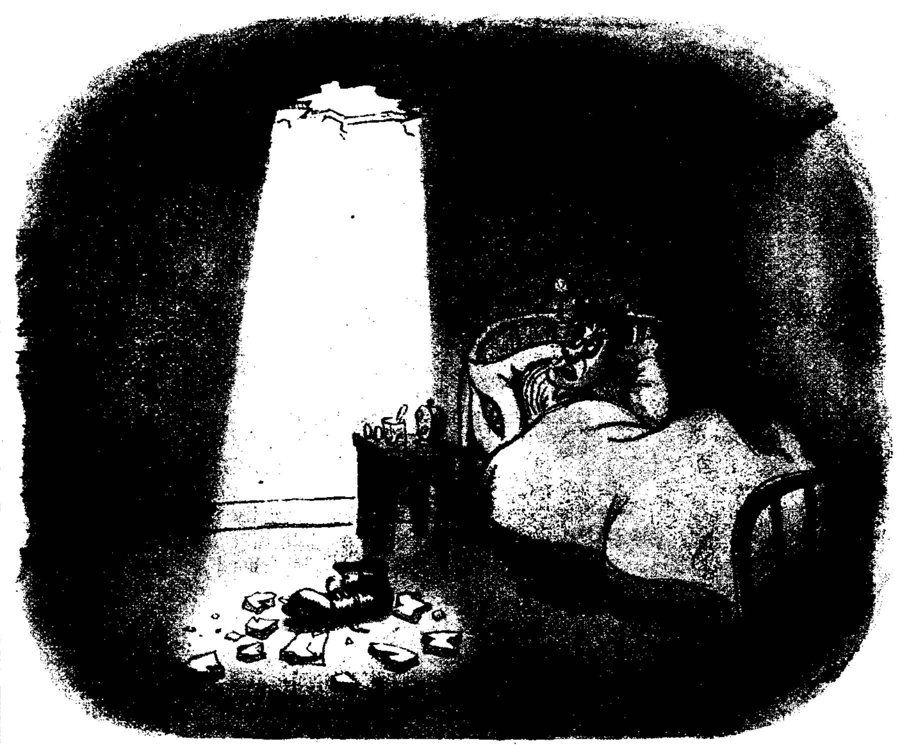


COLLIER'S "All right—all right—drop the other one!" M/SGT. CARL FALLBERG

head, and then her lips melted in his. Her arms went around him.

"How much did that cost?" she asked rather breathlessly.

"Nothing," Patrick said. "They're both on the house."

"Both—"

She didn't finish. He kissed her again. It was nice, and he enjoyed his work and tended to forget that he was doing it under false pretenses.

Suddenly Aggie wrenched herself away from him. "Hey!" she said. "I don't want to run up too big a bill right at the start. Besides, I like it. I want to get off here!"

Patrick grinned. "Don't get excited. It's only the altitude."

"Plus my attitude," Aggie said. "Come on."

"Zigzag when you go down, or you'll be dizzy."

Every step stabbed his leg, and he had to go slowly. Aggie soon outdistanced him. He saw her join Manuel at the car as he reached the lowest terrace. In a moment she walked off down the road alone, and Manuel came to the bottom of the pyramid.

"Your leg hurts you, sir?" he said, as Patrick limped up to him.

"Yes, a little. Where has Miss Stuart gone?"

"For Mr. Richards, who is still at the café."

"Why didn't she wait for us?" Patrick said.

"We are to follow in the car," Manuel said. "Miss Stuart seems upset."

"About what?"

"I do not know, sir." Manuel was supporting Patrick unobtrusively as they returned to the car. "Perhaps because of being on top of the pyramid. I noticed you up there."

"Oh, you did?" Patrick said. "Did you find anything wrong?"

"No, sir," Manuel said. His right eyelid drooped infinitesimally. "As I believe I stated before, that lady can be entertained."

HE STARTED the engine and they bumped along the road to the café. Aggie and George were not in sight. Manuel blew the horn a couple of times. In the back seat, Patrick had stretched out his throbbing leg. He was almost sick with the pain and completely spent.

"Shall I get them?" Manuel said.

"No, we'll wait," Patrick told him.

Ten minutes passed. Patrick lay with his eyes closed, and gradually the agony in his leg subsided. The sweat dried on his face, and he rubbed off the shine with his handkerchief. He knew Aggie was hard at work on George, but it didn't matter. He had worked hard on Aggie. Everybody was happy. Things were cooking.

Finally Aggie and George appeared on the path leading from the cave. George seemed a little wobbly, and Aggie had her arm linked in his. They were both very serious. Manuel got out and opened the doors for them. George climbed in the front seat and turned toward the rear.

"Had a little beer," he explained. "This Mexican beer is great for what ails me. You ain't sore at having to wait, are you, Patrick?"

"No," Patrick said.

"I want you two kids to have fun," George said. "This trip is my pleasure. You don't have to pay a cent."

"We're having fun, thank you," Aggie said. She put her head on Patrick's shoulder and quickly kissed his neck. "But let's go home now. I've had enough success for one day."

"So have I," Patrick said. "Knock on it, Manuel."

THAT night Patrick had a date with Aggie. He was leaving his room when the telephone rang. It was Mr. Graeme.

"I take it from your lack of reports," he said, "that things are holding up."

"There has been a switch," Patrick said. "She's entertaining me, now."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, in various ways. Can I see you somewhere late tonight?"

"I am dining out. You know the café near Chapultepec Park—the one formerly run by Germans?"

"The big one? Yes."

"I will be there about two o'clock in the morning," Mr. Graeme said, "having a nightcap."

"Okay," Patrick said, and hung up.

He went downstairs, where Aggie was already waiting for him in the lobby. She wore a short black dress, severe and tightly fitted and low in front, and her white lamb coat. The diamonds glittered on her wrist and on her ears. A certain sureness in her manner, the unfeminine challenge to the tilt of her head, made her very attractive. Patrick wished, as he greeted her, that certain complications hadn't previously set in. This could be a great vacation without them.

They agreed on a drink at the hotel, and sat for a while in the elaborate cocktail lounge. The place was not yet getting the predinner rush, though it was nearly eight o'clock. Waiters were putting bowls of crackers and fried tortillas on the small tables, and voices were hushed.

"This is wonderful," Aggie said, smiling at Patrick over the rim of her cocktail glass. "Very intimate. Do you feel lonely with only one girl?"

"No, and I don't miss George, either. Where is he?"

"He must be out. I called him and there was no answer. Where's the blonde?"

"I don't know," Patrick replied. "I didn't call her."

"It looks like an evening entirely to ourselves," Aggie said. "I wonder what will happen."

From the hotel they decided to go to a wholly Mexican restaurant downtown. On the cab rank outside was Manuel, waiting for them. He opened the door as they approached and threw away his cigarette.

"Good evening," he said. "There are no more?"

"Just us chickens, Manuel," Aggie said. "You're terribly kind to wait for us day and night. I'm going to remember you in my will."

"I hope many years pass," Manuel said, "before I receive your gift."

Aggie glanced at him sharply. "So do I."

The restaurant was small, white-walled, smoky. Tablecloths were checkered and not entirely free of spots, the silverware tarnished. Waiters came when they felt like it, and occasionally stood and smoked a cigarette and forgot the diners. But the food and wine were heavenly, and the man at the piano had an endless repertoire of popular American tunes.

"Happy?" Patrick asked.

"Very." Aggie's eyes were shining and undisturbed.

"I've never seen you this relaxed."

"I'm not, often," Aggie said. "It's you, sonny. You know how to court a woman—from experience, I presume. Fill her up with good food and wine, talk little, and look desperately devoted."

"I always try to dress my stage well."

"There's an old tune, a favorite of mine, I wish I could hear—Alone. Do you know it?"

Patrick nodded. He gave the waiter a five-peso note and asked him to request it. The piano player obliged with a good arrangement. Aggie listened with slightly parted lips, a cigarette burning unnoticed between her fingers. The spell was broken only when the pianist changed to another piece.

"What does it remind you of?" Patrick said.

"Girlish fancies," Aggie said. "Old, busted-up heartburnings. And now you. . . . Will I get heartburnings from you, Patrick?"

"Probably not," Patrick said. "I'm reputed to be nonhabit-forming."

"Let's wait and see," Aggie said.

AFTER the restaurant came a succession of night clubs. They usually sat in booths, speaking seldom, sipping their liqueurs, watching the gaiety around them. They sat close together, and Patrick could feel Aggie's soft thigh against his own. He was getting worried, and he didn't quite know why. Once he kissed her on the nape of the neck, as they waited for Manuel to bring the car.

"I like that," she said. "Please don't stop."

Inevitably they went to El Vaquero. Patrick was dubious, but Aggie laughed. "Tonight is a vacation," she said. "I can even take Doctor Lilley in my stride. Why shouldn't we go to the most amusing spot?"

It was crowded, and their table was far back. Aggie and Patrick were hungry again. Lilley had introduced some innovations to Mexico as sandwiches, and they were delicious. After coffee, Aggie wanted to dance. She didn't move with the innate, effortless grace of Audrey, but she was smooth. They circled the crowded floor. Aggie's arms tightened on Patrick. "Oh-oh!" she said.

"What?"

"I think I'm in love with you, Patrick."

"As it comes to all women," he said, "love came to—"

"I know I'm following a well-traveled road," Aggie said. "That's not the question. I want to run my fingers through your hair. I want to bite your ear. Is that bad?"

"It ain't good."

SHE lifted her face to him, and he kissed her. A woman beside them giggled. Patrick released Aggie. She had her eyes closed, and she opened them with an effort.

"Great, isn't it?" Patrick said. "It's taken the place of the old-fashioned rumble seat."

"If you're kidding," Aggie said, "a bit later I'm going to kill you." She swallowed hard. "But let's dance. I don't want to think about it."

They traveled the perimeter of the floor again. Suddenly Aggie craned her head around Patrick's shoulder. She missed a beat in the music.

"Anybody I know?" Patrick said.

"Two enchanting men," Aggie replied. "Come on."

She took his hand and led him through a maze of tables to one almost against the wall. Lilley and George were seated there. George had a brandy glass in front of him, and Lilley was drinking beer from his stein. They both got up, Lilley with difficulty.

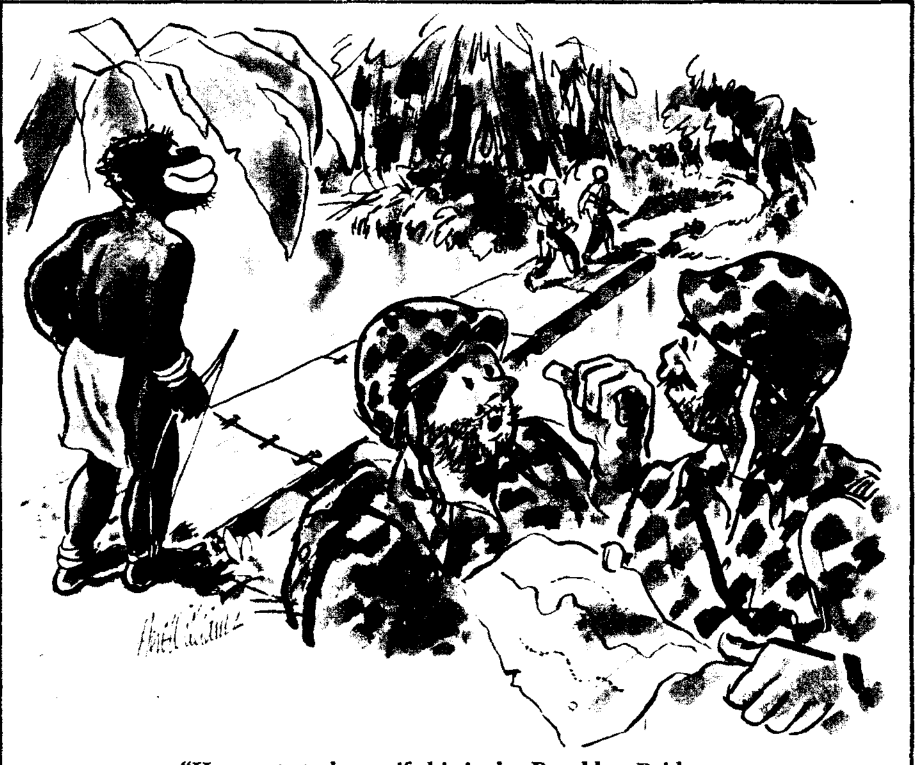
"Mind if we join you?" Aggie asked. Her previous softness had vanished. She was hard and alert, and her eyes had darkened to a very deep blue.

"We shall be honored, my dear," Lilley replied.

Patrick pulled up vacant chairs for himself and Agnes. They all sat down. Lilley took a long pull from his stein and wiped his shining lips. Looking uneasy, George grinned at Aggie. His bald head was pinkish. "I missed you, George," Aggie said. "Where were you when I called about six o'clock today?"

"Down having dinner, I guess," George said. "My stomach can't take eating as late as they do here."

"I don't mind eating early. Remember,



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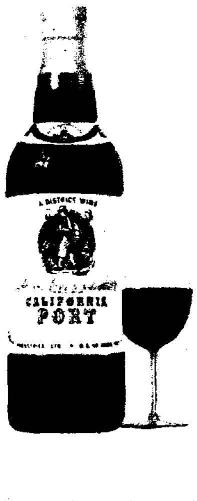


you're my pal. And besides, it's more fun with the three of us."

"You make me feel as if I was the life of the party," George said. "Even if you're lying, I'm happy. Money can't buy the kind of friends you and Patrick are."

"On occasion it has been known to," Lilley said.

Aggie opened her mouth to reply, but George was ahead of her. "Listen, let's don't get to arguing," he said pleadingly. "This is too nice a night. I like people, and the entertainment is on me. Doc has treated me swell considering all I said was I knew F. A. Bolton. I come in here tonight with time on my hands and no place else to go where I knew a soul, and Doc sat right down with me to chew the fat. Doc is my friend. Of course, I'm buying."

Lilley smiled. "Yes, that's our understanding."

"YOUR friends are my friends, George," Aggie said. "I'll even have to include Doctor Lilley. And F. A. Bolton. By the way, who is he?"

"He's a swell guy," George told her. "I've known him for years. He's rich—got all kinds of money. But it ain't changed him a bit, has it, Doc?"

"Not a bit," Lilley said.

"He sounds wonderful," Aggie said. "I wish I knew F. A. Bolton too. What does he do? Maybe I've heard of him."

"He has an investment corporation in Los Angeles," Lilley replied, "specializing in Mexican holdings. A wealthy and successful man, Mr. Bolton."

"Probably known down at the office as 'F.A.'," Patrick said.

Lilley looked at Patrick. "No doubt."

"Say, I remember something he told me," George said. "It's the reason he happened to tell me to look up Doc."

"What's that?" Aggie said quickly.

"Why, Doc is his representative in Mexico City. He handles the money matters for F. A. Bolton down here. Ain't that a fact, Doc, or am I dreaming?"

"No, you're wide awake," Lilley said, and his parrot expression did not change. "I have the privilege of supervising Mr. Bolton's Mexican investments. As a matter of fact, El Vaquero is an F. A. Bolton enterprise."

Aggie's voice had a brittle and triumphant ring to it as she spoke: "Bolton is evidently rather a careless man."

"On the contrary," Lilley said. "I regard him as extremely careful."

Aggie let it drop. "George, I want to dance," she said, "and Patrick has a game leg. Why don't you take a whirl with me?"

"Yes, *ma'am,*" George said, and rose happily.

He and Aggie disappeared out on the floor. Lilley gazed into the depths of his stein, saw it was empty, and summoned a waiter for a refill. Noting Patrick getting a cigarette, Lilley lighted a match for him.

"How much do you know about Mr. Richards?" he asked.

"Not much," Patrick said. "He seems to be an eager little guy with a talent for talking a lot and saying practically nothing. Hasn't F. A. Bolton ever mentioned him to you?"

"No." Lilley shifted his bulk around, and his cold eyes studied the crowded room. The movement made him puff soundlessly. "Mr. Nevil, do you believe Mr. Richards is as rich as he alleges so constantly?"

"I have no idea."

"You should be more interested."

"Why?"

"Mr. Richards and I have had quite a talk tonight," Lilley said. "From his conversation, I take it that he is considering giving you a sum of money."

"Delightful; I can always use money."

"You appear amused. Perhaps you think Mr. Richards is crazy?"

"No," Patrick said, "he's not nuts. Nor sober, either, most of the time. But not nuts and not sober, why should he give me money?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

Patrick crushed his cigarette in an ash tray. The band was playing Alone. He thought Aggie must have visited the bandstand. Did she mean it for him?

"A somewhat odd situation has arisen," Lilley said. "Mr. Richards has made a confidant of me; more, an intermediary. To rid himself of the embarrassment of giving you the gift personally, he has empowered me to serve in his stead. It's all quite irregular."

"Yes, isn't it?" Patrick said.

Lilley's colorless gaze searched Patrick. "Mr. Nevil, I would advise you to take the money, depart Mexico City immediately, and dispense with such thanks as might only serve to embarrass Mr. Richards."

"You mean a condition of the gift is that I get out?"

"I have not said that. But let me continue. I have the feeling that Mr. Richards is a fickle and unstable man. He might regret having given his money away. Therefore your best bet is to take it and remove yourself a considerable distance. I should also forget the source of the gift, if I were you. Often a lapse of memory comes in very handy in these cases. You agree?"

"That depends on the size of the gift."

"Twenty-five thousand pesos."

Patrick whistled softly. The band had stopped playing Alone. Now it began on a samba.

"I haven't been entirely frank with you," Lilley said. "My discussion with Mr. Richards proceeded further than I indicated earlier in our conversation. The gift is yours for the acceptance tonight. The money is in my possession."

"Get Out and Vote!"

"And if I take it," Patrick said, "I leave Mexico City in the morning with amnesia?"

"Such a course would be advisable."

The waiter brought Lilley's stein of beer and apologized in hurried Spanish for the delay. Lilley waved him away. He drank deeply, then looked inquiringly at Patrick.

"No, I guess not," Patrick said. "Twenty-five grand isn't enough."

"I shouldn't want to ask Mr. Richards for any more," Lilley said.

"Well, thanks for the offer."

NEITHER of them spoke for a time. By watching closely, Patrick managed to catch glimpses of Aggie and George. They were dancing at arm's length and talking.

"Mr. Nevil," Lilley said, "may I have your attention? How much do you desire?"

"A million dollars," Patrick said. "American, not Mexican. It's worth that much to me to part from Miss Stuart. I'm going to marry her."

"You put a high price on your sentiment."

"Very high." Patrick reached across the table, his face serious, and tapped Lilley's hand for emphasis. "Doctor," he said, "don't let anything happen to Aggie. I think the world of that dame. I'd holler copper at the top of my voice if things weren't just dandy."

Lilly looked amused. "Things will be just dandy, Mr. Nevil. I believe I can promise you that."

Aggie and George were coming from the dance floor. Patrick got up and pulled out Aggie's chair for her. She shook her head.

"No, I'm tired," she said, "and I think we'd better be on our way."

"Oh, Aggie, come on," George said. "Sit down and have just one before you leave."

Aggie thanked him and refused. She took Patrick's hand and they said their good nights. Lilley struggled to his feet, joining George in a farewell. Returning to his own table, Patrick paid his bill. He joined Aggie, who was waiting for him in the checkroom, and picked up his hat.

As they stood outside while the doorman whistled for Manuel, Aggie noticed a familiar face. She nudged Patrick.

"Look who's here," she remarked.

It was Pepe, dressed in a tight black overcoat and black hat, getting into a car with another man. He didn't appear to notice them. For an instant the green light from the sign above illuminated the deep scars on his cheeks. He was not lovely to look at. Aggie's arm tightened on Patrick's.

"Mustn't get upset," Patrick said. "He's probably a sweet kid underneath."

"I'm not upset," Aggie said. "But I'm awful glad I have you, Patrick. You've got to take good care of Mother. She's a nervous woman, and she often meets the wrong people."

Manuel pulled in at the curb and jumped out to open the door for them. He looked fatigued but cheerful.

"The evening has been successful?" he said.

"It has for me," Patrick replied. "I'm finally getting somewhere, Manuel."

"So am I," Aggie said.

"With me?" Patrick asked.

"No, not with you," Aggie said.

Manuel returned them to the Cortez. Patrick told him that would be all until tomorrow, and he bade them good night. They walked inside hand in hand. Aggie seemed in high spirits. A sleepy man running an adding machine in the cashier's cage got their keys for them.

"What happens now?" Patrick said.

"Nothing," Aggie said. "But tomorrow is another day. Shall we have breakfast together in the morning?"

"Sure."

They rode up in the elevator together. Aggie's floor came first. Patrick kissed her on the nape of the neck. The elevator boy grinned.

"It gives me chills," Aggie said. "Good night, sonny. I'll call you."

Patrick had the elevator boy take him back downstairs. He glanced at the clock in the lobby. It was getting close to two in the morning. Manuel's car was still at the curb, and Patrick was not surprised. He had been thinking about Manuel a lot lately.

"Your mother-in-law must need a great deal of money," he said.

"I had thought to pick up a party going my way," Manuel said. "May I take you somewhere, sir?"

"The Ritz. I do not feel sleepy."

Patrick sat in front with Manuel. They swung around and headed down the Paseo de la Reforma. The streets had people on them, despite the hour. Taxi horns hooted, and lights burned brightly.

"There is no city like this elsewhere, I am sure," Manuel said. "It is never tired. It lives during the night as well as the day."

"But not Guadalupe."

"No, there it is silent. Silent as the dead."

"Are the dead silent, Manuel?" Patrick said.

"Not always," Manuel said. "It is possible for them to speak afterward, to those who listen. The murdered cry loudly enough. But who will listen to them?"

"There are those who listen," Patrick said. "Certain appointed men listen to everything. That is so, my friend?"

"I have heard."

'You are one of them?"

Manuel's eyes shifted to him and then to the road again. "No, señor."

"Whom do you watch me for, Manuel?" Patrick asked. "I am willing to pay a good deal to know."

"I do not watch you, señor."

"That is a lie, but we won't discuss it further. . . . Stop here, across from the Ritz. There is no necessity for turning around."

"I will wait for you?" Manuel asked.

"Yes, you will wait for me," Patrick said, "though my orders are for you to go on home. I will not ride with you again."

"Tomorrow?"

"Not any day. Your services are charged to my account at the hotel? Good." Patrick handed him money. "Here—with my thanks."

"It is not necessary, señor," Manuel said.

"Nevertheless, take it."

"*Mil gracias.*" Patrick started to leave the car; he was detained by a gesture from Manuel. "Señor, one more word."

"Yes?"

MANUEL looked troubled despite his smile. "You said we were *simpatico*. We have been friends. It is possible that we have certain considerations in common."

"It is possible."

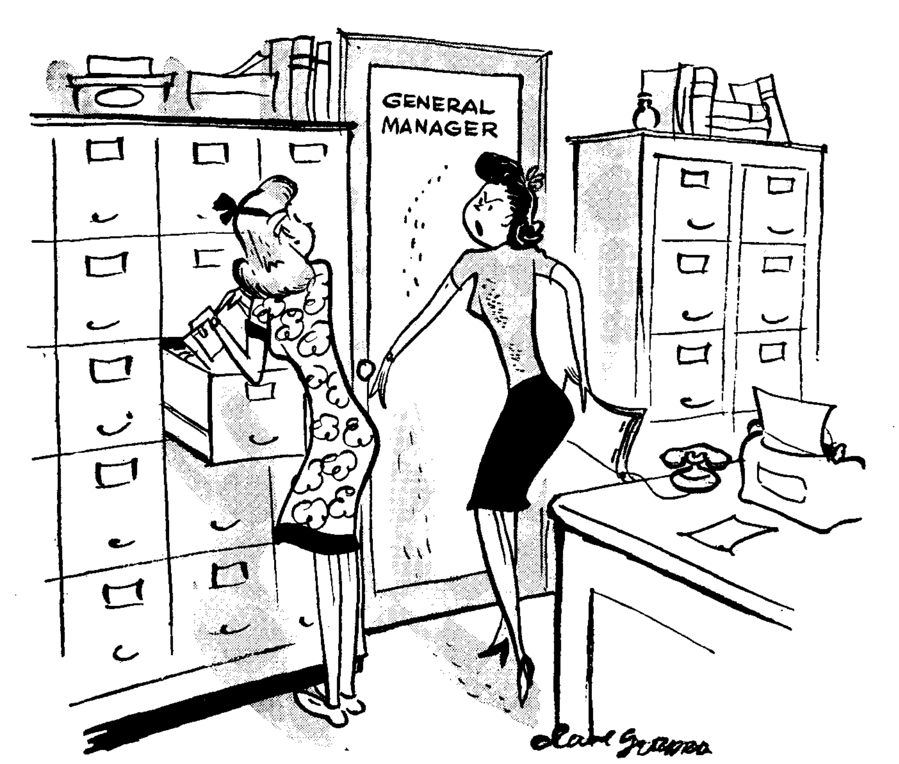
"The water," Manuel said, "now approaches boiling. Personal care is required. That much can be said, señor."

"It is enough," Patrick said. "Until later, Manuel."

"Until later," Manuel said.

Patrick crossed the street and entered the bar. Looking back, he saw Manuel was driving off. He left the bar, walked rapidly through the lobby and appeared outside again. A cab stood waiting for a fare. He jumped in and ordered the driver to take him to the café near Chapultepec Park.

There was no sign at first of Manuel's car. After a few blocks, Patrick had his cab slow



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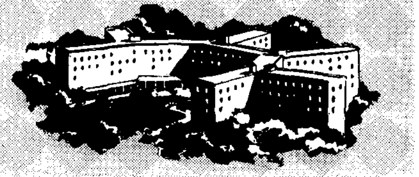

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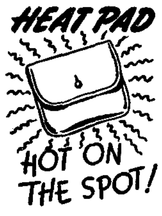

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down. Of the several cars behind, one alone did not pass. Though it was too far in the rear for Patrick to identify the license plate or model, he knew Manuel was following.

Once he was satisfied that this was so, Patrick ordered his driver to speed up and made no further attempt to elude the second car. He took his time paying off the cab and walked inside the café unhurriedly. A captain came to meet him.

"Allow me to walk around," Patrick said, in Spanish. "It is my belief I have friends here."

THE place was large and crowded. An upper level contained only tables, a lower level more tables and a dance floor. A mariachi band was playing.

Mr. Graeme was not on the upper level. Patrick descended a flight of steps and kept to the tightest knots of people. He was now a nearly impossible quarry for Manuel. Mr. Graeme was sitting at a table midway down the room, and with him was a motherly looking, white-haired woman who Patrick assumed was his wife. They were sipping tiny liqueurs through straws. He approached them scratching his head, which was a common signal, and kept his eyes averted. Graeme was bent over his drink, and Patrick apparently passed unnoticed.

He kept on, following a bus boy bearing a tray heaped with dirty dishes. The bus boy arrived at the end of the room and shoved a swinging door with his free hand. Patrick was on his heels.

In the kitchen a harried little man in a business suit stopped Patrick by the long service bar with raised, inquiring eyebrows. Patrick simply smiled and handed him money. The little man shrugged and walked away. A stairway led down to the cellars. At the bottom was a locked and barred door, to which only the café wine waiter had the key. Patrick went down a couple of steps and waited, leaning against the wall.

Answers to Homonyms Quiz on page 68

1. rein, reign. 2. mail. 3. altar. 4. plait. 5. navel. 6. lei. 7. ware. 8. tare. 9. bier. 10. rite, write. 11. queue. 12. reed. 13. quay. 14. maize. 15. mousse. 16. lyre. 17. aught. 18. sole. 19. ark. 20. heir. 21. site, cite. 22. real. 23. their. 24. plane. 25. purl.

Five minutes later, Graeme joined him.

"Good evening, my dear friend," he said. "Is there that which is wrong?"

"Let's talk in English," Patrick said. "Mr. Graeme, I want to thank you for a wonderful vacation, free of worry and sorrow. The girl is charming, the weather clear, the track fast, and I have a hunch I'm getting hotter than a pawnshop pistol. Was this all your idea, or have I a talent for burning my fingers?"

"I am completely mystified."

Patrick grinned. "Who isn't? This Stuart doll didn't come here for a vacation. She has met, not by accident, either, a lush named George Richards who has something big on his mind which he can't seem to get around to telling her. Doctor Lilley, of El Vaquero, is not an innocent bystander, and he also happens to be an old enemy of my girl friend. There is blood on the moon, and a great cast of characters for it—Miss Stuart, Doctor Lilley, George Richards, a guy with his kisser caved in, named Pepe, and Manuel Perez whose taxi I was using until I found out that he was spying on me. So far during my vacation I have been kissed by a columnist, offered twenty-five thousand pesos to blow town with a total loss of memory, followed by a bloodhound in the form of a tourist guide, and practically told my life is in danger. Would you care to help me, sir?"

"If you are sober," Graeme replied, "I might. Suppose you give me the whole story instead of a synopsis."

He listened intently as Patrick began with the meeting at the airport and continued up to the present moment. At the end of the recital, there was the faintest trace of excitement in his face. He took a pencil and a card from his pocket and made a couple of notes.

"Can you get on the phone to Los Angeles," Patrick asked, "and have them take a look? I'd like to know what gives with F. A. Bolton, hear a biography of George Richards and see if they know anything about the fat doctor."

"I'll take care of it," Graeme said. "You believe the black market is the matter at hand?"

"Well, that's what Aggie and George started sparring over."

Mr. Graeme revolved the pencil in his fingers. "I happen to know black-market operations are a serious consideration in Southern California."

"Yeah, but why come here to fight it out?"

"Perhaps Miss Stuart is still after Doctor Lilley. She might know of a connection through this F. A. Bolton and be trying to hunt it down. Probably George is the key to the situation."

"Uh-huh, but how, I can't make out. I have a sneaking suspicion that he was looking for Aggie, as well as Aggie looking for him. There were plenty of other cabs the day he rode to the hotel with us. Besides, it's too simple. Another thing, he sounds me out on whether I'm open to a bribe, and then Lilley acts as paymaster. That proves they are associated in some manner. It's a dead tip-off in the event I refuse, and that's dumb. Yet George goes on giving the plot away in front of the doctor. Would the doctor be dumb enough to stand still for such stuff? I'm all mixed up. Are they really bright, or just a bunch of gumshoe characters running in circles because Aggie has tied a can to their tail?"

"I think we had better assume they are really bright," Graeme said. "The tip-off was undoubtedly intentional."

"How do you mean?"

"They intended for you to tell Miss Stuart. Presumably she is gunning for Lilley. To learn that George is definitely connected with him would greatly increase her interest. Or, if you had accepted the money, they would have been rid of someone who unquestionably knew too much. How are they to know Miss Stuart has not confided in you? In neither way could they lose."

"I hadn't thought of that," Patrick admitted. "You seem to be a mastermind, sir. Where does Manuel fit in?"

"I don't know. But we have talked long enough. I will call you tomorrow night at your hotel."

"Okay."

"I'll leave first," Graeme said. "Wait a few minutes before you come."

THE old man walked up the stairs and disappeared. Patrick lighted a cigarette and smoked it slowly. Several minutes had ticked off when he took a last drag, ground the butt under his heel, and returned to the kitchen. He traversed the café unhurriedly, noting that Graeme was back at his table.

Outside was tremendous confusion. A man raced past Patrick into the café, yelling for a telephone. A woman in evening dress was crying, and another woman was holding her. Several people were gathered in a knot on the sidewalk, bending over a man lying on his back. A policeman knelt beside him, and his hands were red.

Patrick walked over. He heard people talking . . . this man had been in the café and come out; he was getting in his car, which was up the block; suddenly he had screamed and staggered from the car; he ran toward the café, trying to call for help; his car had roared away and vanished.

Patrick stood looking down at Manuel, his stomach turning over. Manuel's eyes were closed, and blood was bubbling from his mouth. He was already unconscious. The policeman said he had been struck a terrible blow from behind by a broad-bladed knife. He was dying, this one. He wouldn't talk any more.

Patrick walked away. He caught a cab on the corner and sat sweating on the trip to the hotel. It had started.

(To be continued next week)

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STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Collier's, published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, for October 1st, 1944. State of New York, County of New York,—ss.: Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. E. Winger, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of Collier's and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and treasurer are: Publisher, William L. Chenery, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Henry La Cossitt, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Joe Alex Morris, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Treasurer, A. E. Winger, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., that the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock are: Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Ella Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Gardner Hazen, Easton, Maryland; Frederick W. Jaeger, Jr., Jersey City, N. J.; Publication Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Publication Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Salkeld & Company c/o Bankers Trust Company, New York, N. Y.; E. T. Sanders, Jersey City, N. J.; W. Roosevelt Thompson, New York, N. Y.; Alvin Untermyer, Irwin Untermyer and Samuel Untermyer, 2nd, Executors of the Estate of Samuel Untermyer, New York, N. Y.; Flora E. Whiting, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. (Signed) A. E. Winger, Treasurer. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1944. (Seal) Mary L. Walker. (My commission expires March 30, 1945.)

The Week's Work

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH ARMY AIR FORCES

AAF officers discuss air war on Japs with Bellaire

INTERNATIONAL journalist is a dressy title which few reporters could wear with grace. But it becomes Mark Gayn, the writer who reveals the alarming truth about the Chinese army in his article Crisis in China, p. 17.

During his 25 years in China, Japan, and Russia, Gayn witnessed or reported two international wars, two major revolutions, five civil wars and countless bandit attacks.

His upbringing was international, beginning with childhood games with Chinese friends. Well does he remember how kindly the Chinese bandits used to treat him. They always gave him candy and a pat on the head when they came to discuss some sort of business with his father, the manager of a vast lumber concession. Later, a governess taught Mark and his two brothers—in German. After the frontier outposts of China came a three-year stay in Vladivostok, and study at a Soviet school. In 1926, the family moved to Shanghai and Mark was enrolled in a British school. Finally he came to America to take his A.B. degree at Pomona College, California, to study journalism at Columbia University, to win a Pulitzer Traveling Scholarship. "My education was a little disjointed," Gayn observes, "but useful for wartime journalism."

Before he was eight, Gayn understood that the bandits didn't come to his house to bring him candy, but to extort money from his father. "Father made regular payments to the biggest gang, and the big gang took care of the little gangs. It was that or have our sawmills burned."

Tigers roamed the outskirts of the little North China settlement where he lived, and Gayn saw the triumphant return of hunters from the mountains with the animals trussed up to huge poles. Then there was the time a sudden bandit attack caught him and his mother as they were about to leave the railroad station. They spent all night in the station, lying flat on the floor, while bullets crashed through the walls.

With such a background, Gayn was prepared for the horrendous events he has covered since he took his first regular reporting job on an English-language Shanghai paper in 1928. Revolutions flamed around him, and his own editor was assassinated. Later he served as Far East correspondent for the Washington Post and simultaneously as city editor of the China Press. One summer evening in 1939, gangsters in the employ of Japan descended on his office and hurled improvised bombs—cigarette cans filled with dynamite. "I happened to be out to dinner when it happened," Gayn says.

Gayn is the author of many magazine articles and two books, The Fight for the Pacific, and his recently published autobiography, Journey from the East. He hopes to leave for Russia soon.

ANOTHER thoroughly initiated Far East correspondent is Robert Bellaire, author of Japan Sticks Her Neck Out, p. 18. As United Press manager first in China, then in Japan, he narrowly escaped death during a Shanghai bombing. He was arrested in Tokyo a few hours after Pearl Harbor and spent more than six months in a prison camp.

Bellaire, telling of his trip home as an exchange prisoner, says, "The first 'free man' with whom I shook hands after being taken captive was Collier's own Frank Gervasi who was standing at the foot of the gangplank as we came off the Asama Maru in Lourenço Marques in Portuguese East Africa. I was never so glad to see anyone in my life."

Since his return, Bellaire has given more than five hundred lectures in almost every state in the Union, and almost as many radio broadcasts.

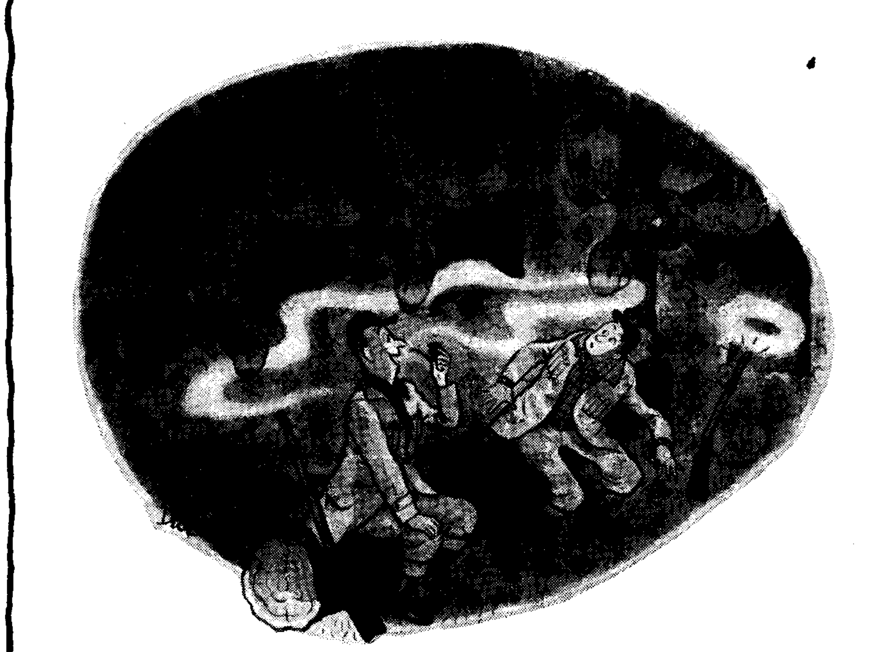
"My children, whom I had sent home with my wife a year before Pearl Harbor, did not remember me when I returned, and I have traveled so much since then that although they do know me now, they consider it an event if I am at home. However, I have plans for establishing a few roots—in Greenwich, Connecticut. I would like to think I could move into our house there and stay put, but actually I am planning a round-the-world trip to all fronts to begin sometime next spring."

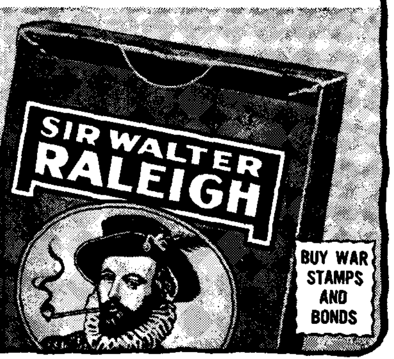
IN CONNECTION with the article, Football's Whirling Dervish, p. 21, Kenneth Foree, Jr., says he had to contend with both Cawthon, subject of the piece, and Kyle Crichton, Collier's associate editor. "I accumulated a lot of information on Cawthon and wrote Crichton, who replied in effect: Phooey on you, my dear man, for while you were gathering notes on this said Cawthon, so was I. So I am going to write the story myself.

"Probably Crichton lost his notes or was swamped by a war-shortened staff, for a month later came a telegram from him saying he was bighearted to a fallen enemy, and why wouldn't I be bighearted and go ahead and write the story and gamble on a sale? Well, I did and now it's in."

Foree, who is night city editor of The Dallas (Texas) News, says he likes his work, but if he could find a way to make fishing pay, he'd do that for a living, instead. The Forees have two sons in the Navy. . . . A. P.

Kenneth Foree at work on Dallas News





"I don't use a Moose call. I just smoke fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh"

Smokes as sweet as it smells

"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"

UNION MADE

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

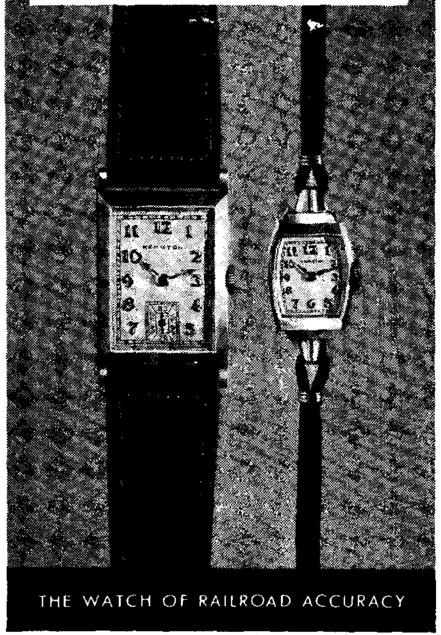
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

SMOKE A PIPE and like it! YOUR PIPE

FREE! 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

"I'm waiting for a Hamilton"

"No second-best for me! I'm waiting for a Hamilton, the watch that's now at war (along with many other Hamilton instruments). But soon there'll be a new Hamilton, a watch worth waiting for!"



THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY

Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Penna.

AT HOME
after Victory

A war is on—and we're working hard doing our share. But we have something else up our sleeves! Bold new conceptions of furniture that will literally win your at-home greeting. These new items are now on paper . . . they have an inspired flair for style and quality workmanship. Look for these accents for smart living after victory. Remember the name Caswell-Runyan!

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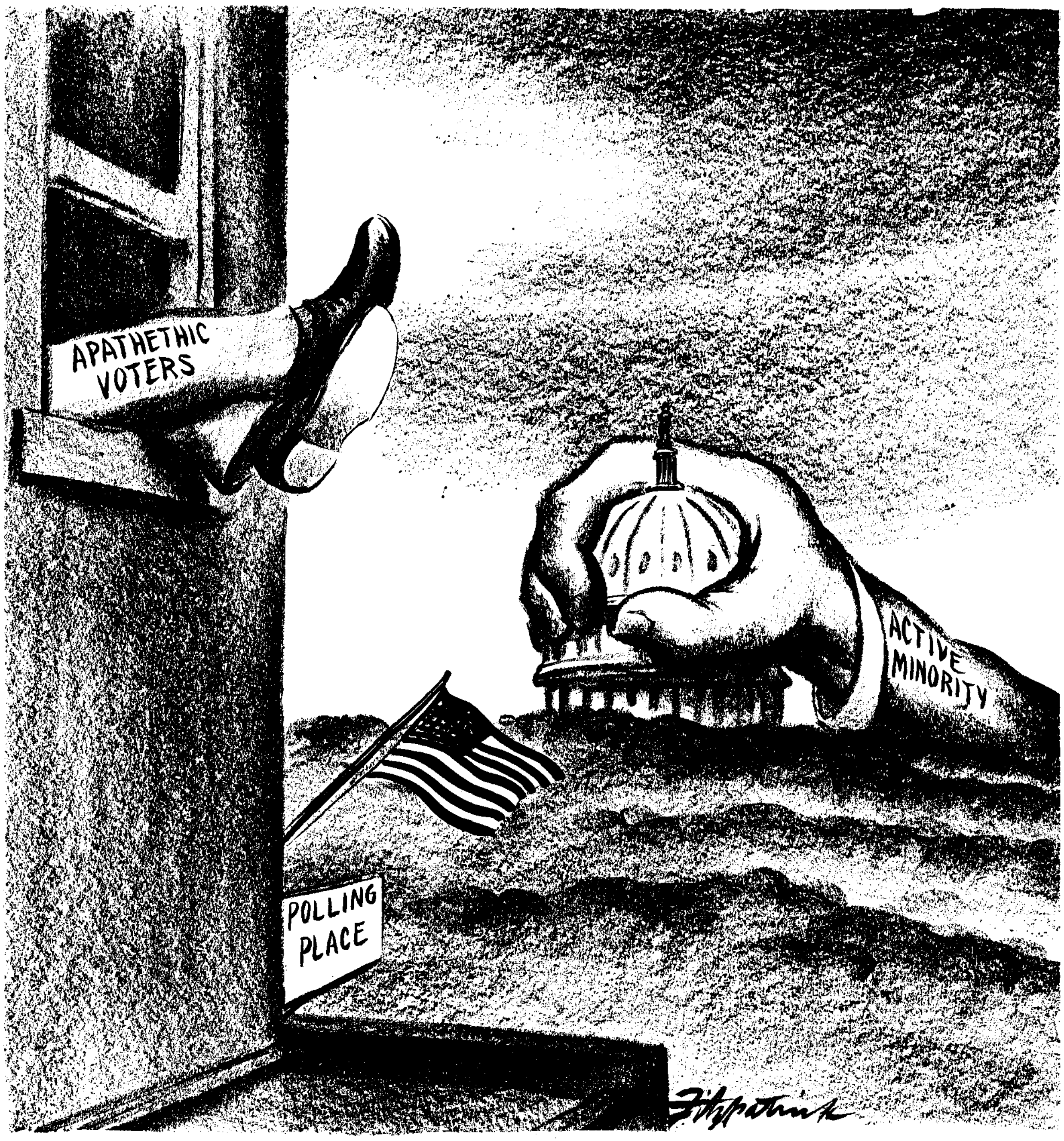


COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Publisher

HENRY LA COSSITT, Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS, Managing Editor

Get Out the Vote

WENDELL WILLKIE reported in his Collier's article Cowardice at Chicago that a recent public-opinion poll indicates that 70 per cent of the mothers and fathers of America hope their sons won't become politicians.

We can understand that hope, though we can't sympathize with it. It seems to us, rather, that the time has come to revive President Theodore Roosevelt's theory about decent people going into politics—which theory was that if decent people don't, thugs and self-seekers will be delighted to take over politics 100 per cent.

Whether you can or can't take an active interest in politics by joining your local Republican or Democratic club, you can at least exercise your basic democratic right, which is your right to vote.

Under this head, we list some ominous facts:

In this country and in its Armed Forces around the world, there are 88,600,000 eligible voters in the 1944 Presidential election. Yet the indications are that less than 40,000,000 will vote this year. State-law obstacles will prevent some service men and women from voting. About 5,000,000 families—15,000,000 possible voters—have left their old homes to go into war work, and election formalities in the new surroundings are unfamiliar to many of these. Other wartime factors threatened other deep slashes in the total possible popular vote.

If less than 50 per cent of our 88,600,000 eligible voters vote, the next President will have been elected by a minority of the people—in a country whose fundamental principle of government is rule by the majority with a decent respect for the rights of the minority.

It is the duty of every adult who believes in democracy to vote this year if humanly possible, and to lend a hand if he can to any and all unbiased get-out-the-vote campaigns.

The most active unbiased get-out-the-vote organization we've yet heard of is Henry J. Kaiser's and Randolph Feltus' Nonpartisan Association for Franchise Education, a nonprofit and nonpolitical outfit with its main office at 16 East 52d Street, New York 22, N. Y. Get in touch with this organization if you think you can help somehow.

The total popular vote in 1940 was a shade under 50,000,000—to be exact, 49,815,312. We should aim to equal that record in 1944, at the least, and to top it if we can.

HOW SHOULD UNCLE ACT?

THE realization has been coming over most of us for some time, like the glow after a cold shower, that the United States stands to come out of this war the wealthiest, strongest and least injured nation in the world.

We shall have a Navy from two to four times as big as all the other navies in the world put together. Our aggregate Air Forces will be comparably strong. Our war casualties, though grievous to us and nothing to be belittled, will be less than those of Russia, the British Empire, China, France, Germany, Japan. We shall have a terrific national debt; but we shall also have a tremendous industrial apparatus.

How should a nation act in such a situation? The question is about as important as any question we face right now. On its correct answer depends a reasonably happy future for the United States in a reasonably comfortable world.

Well, there are several ways in which a rich and lucky man can conduct himself. He can be a miser if he so desires—an antisocial, unproductive Scrooge who does nobody, himself included, any good. Or he can be a male version of Lady Bountiful, tossing away his money on crazy schemes and on scheming people, and eventually winding up on relief. It's a nice question which of these types is the more poisonous to society and to itself.

But then there is a third type of wealthy and lucky man. This one is the constructive character who regards his money and his luck as a gift in trust for gods who chose for some reason to be especially good to him. He doesn't propose to be done out of any of his money; he proposes, indeed, to increase it. He farms out pieces of his fortune in ways calculated to be productive, for a lot of other people as well as for himself—as, for example, the United Fruit Company's operations in the so-called banana republics of Central America have made a lot of the local people prosperous. He's a generous creator, a sound promoter.

It seems to us that this would be the best character, by all odds, for Uncle Sam to assume in the postwar world. And this, it also seems to us, is what all the $10-worded debates about our postwar obligations boil down to: simply, that it's up to us to treat our expected postwar good fortune with politeness and gratitude, for our own good and the good of the rest of the world.

UNWINDING THE WAR MACHINE

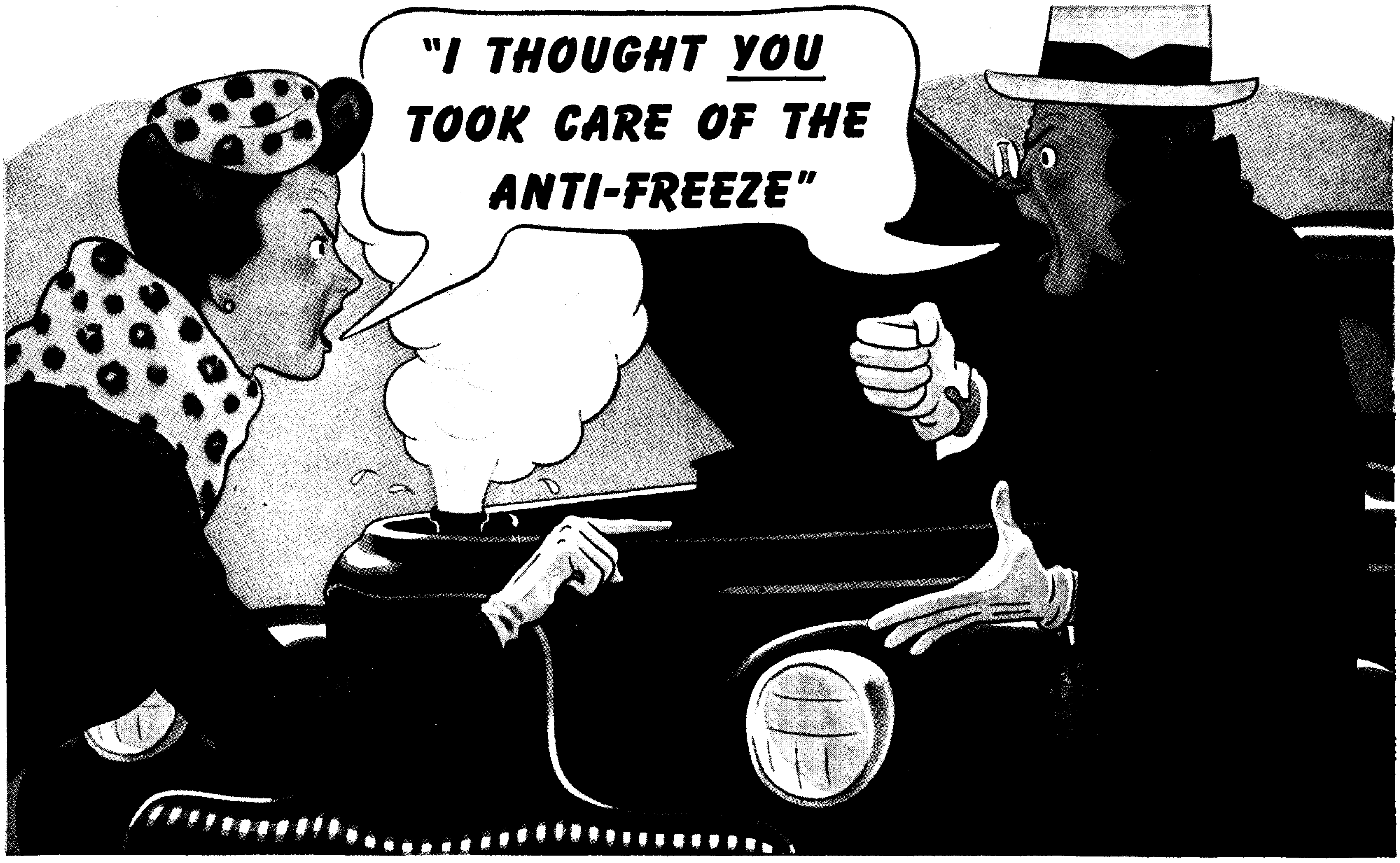
RECENTLY, "Assistant President" James F. Byrnes produced a detailed report on Administration plans for getting the war machine unwound and the peace machine, so to speak, geared for operation as soon as may be after the victories over Germany and Japan.

The best of the recommendations in the Byrnes report, we'd say, are (1) that as much Jap-war production as possible be concentrated in government-owned plants, so that private plants can shift to peace production quickly; (2) that government controls over industry be dropped promptly; (3) that government-owned machinery be moved out of private plants in a hurry; (4) that all notion of government postwar operation of any plants in competition with private enterprise be dropped.

These plans follow the Baruch-Hancock reconversion report of last November. They are therefore a grievous disappointment to ideologists who hoped to make this war bring about great social changes in this country, but they make sense to most Americans.

So do the Byrnes proposals for simply ending the excess profits tax, as a drag on peacetime business, when the Japanese war ends; and for revamping corporation and personal income taxes so that people will feel like investing money in promising new enterprises.

Much of the program, of course, will require legislation. Baruch, Hancock and Byrnes have furnished the blueprints. The faster Congress acts on those blueprints, the easier should be the big job of reconverting to peacetime production.


"I THOUGHT YOU TOOK CARE OF THE ANTI-FREEZE"

YOU CAN'T BLAME THE OTHER FELLOW

—if a "freeze-up" wrecks your engine

HAVE YOU TRIED to replace a car radiator, cylinder head, or water pump lately? Take our word for it—unless you are unusually lucky, it's a job to get replacement parts. So why run the slightest risk of cold-weather damage? Go to your dealer now and get proper anti-freeze protection.

U. S. Government aids car owners

Every automobile, truck and bus is a vital unit in our wartime transportation system. That's why the WPB has seen to it that enough anti-freeze was manufactured and properly distributed to meet all real needs. You may not always be able to get the type or brand you prefer—but that's no reason why anybody's car should freeze.

Get the most from the anti-freeze you buy —there's none to waste

Your dealer is trying to help you when he suggests a cooling system check-up before installing anti-freeze. For example, he wants to make sure your anti-freeze isn't lost through leaky connections or rotted hose. He wants to clean your engine of clogging rust and scale for top efficiency. And by using the Du Pont Protection Chart, he can tell you accurately just how much anti-freeze you need.

One final tip! Remember to ask for Du Pont "Zerone" or "Zerex" anti-freeze. They not only protect your engine from freezing, but from rust and corrosion as well.

SEND NO MONEY . . . IT'S FREE! Du Pont offers an easy-to-read booklet —"Take Care of Your Cooling System." Tells how to prevent rust and corrosion . . . how to run your car more economically. Send a postal card to E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), 2496C-1 Nemours Bldg., Wilmington 98, Delaware.

TAKE CARE!
OF YOUR COOLING SYSTEM

PICK A DU PONT ANTI-FREEZE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
DU PONT "ZERONE" and "ZEREX" Anti-freeze

INSTALL NO ANTI-FREEZE . . .

until you've had the cooling system checked

1. **HAVE THE RADIATOR** cleaned of clogging rust, scale and dirt.
2. **HOSE CONNECTIONS** should be checked for leaks and rotted spots.
3. **WATER PUMP** should be tight to prevent leakage and air suction.
4. **CYLINDER BOLTS** must be tight to prevent leakage.
5. **HEATER FEED LINES** should drain without high points to trap air.
6. **HAVE FAN BELT EXAMINED.** Make sure it isn't worn out or slipping.

"ZERONE"* is made from methanol. Gives maximum cooling system protection at low cost. Odorless. Anti-acid. Anti-rust. $1.00 a gallon at your dealer's.

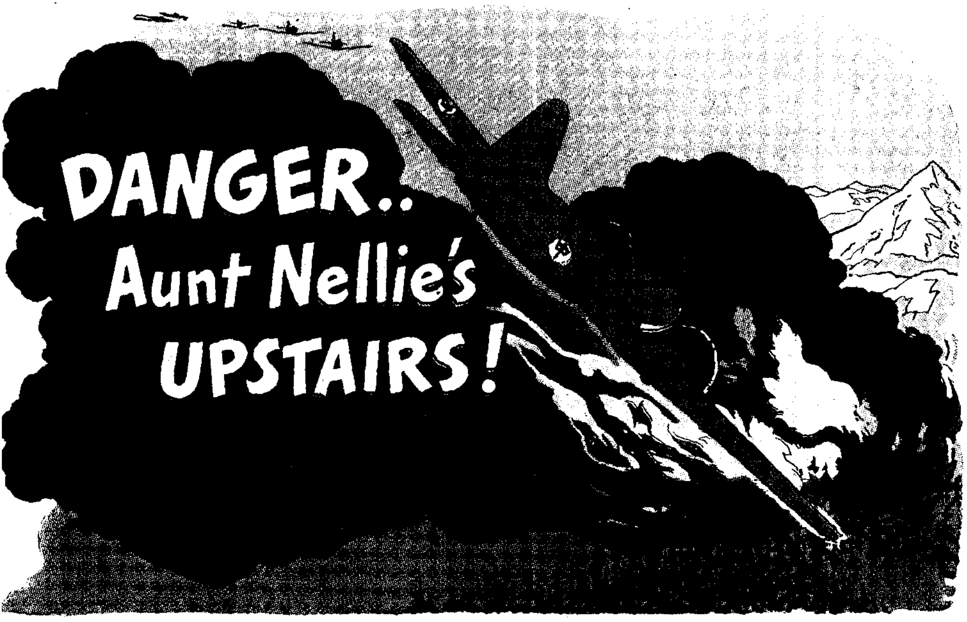
"ZEREX"* is non-evaporating. One shot lasts all winter! Money can't buy better anti-freeze. Anti-acid. Anti-rust. Can't form sludge. Limited supply. $2.65 a gallon.

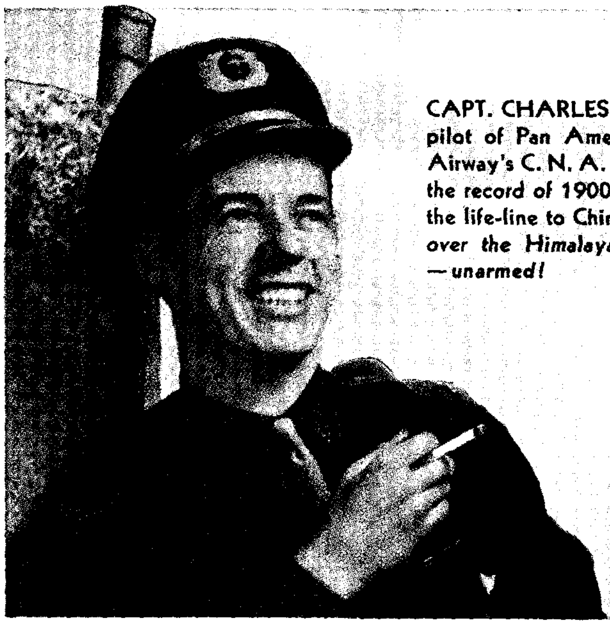
WAR EMERGENCY "ZERONE" is made with an ethanol base. Requires only an occasional check-up for winter-long driving. Anti-rust. $1.40 a gallon.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

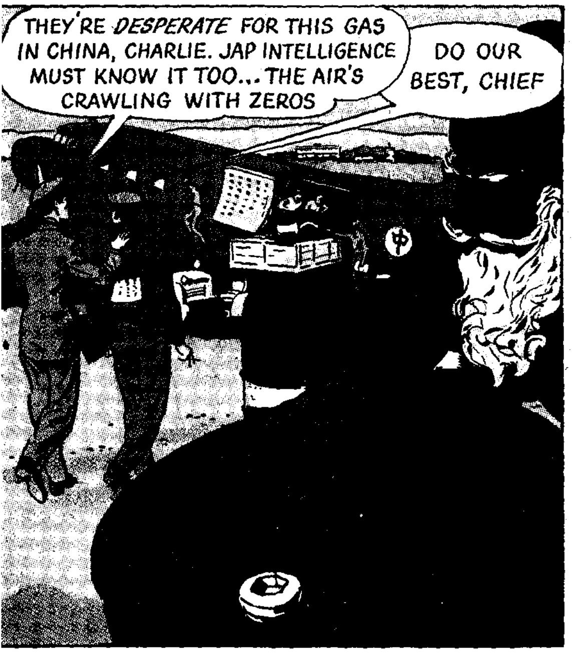
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

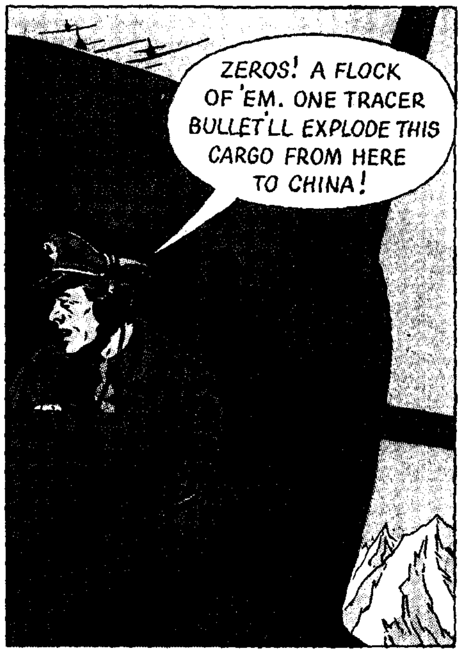
DANGER.. Aunt Nellie's UPSTAIRS!



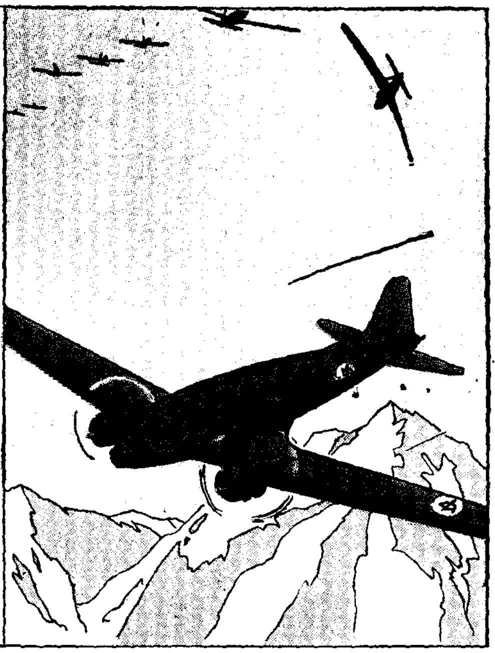


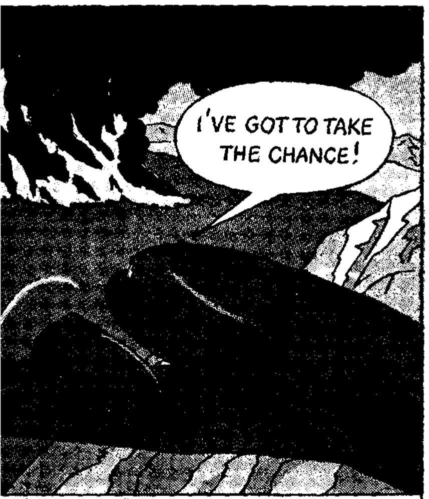
CAPT. CHARLES SHARKEY, pilot of Pan American World Airway's C. N. A. C. route, has the record of 1900 hours flying the life-line to China from India over the *Himalaya Mountains — unarmed!*


THEY'RE *DESPERATE* FOR THIS GAS IN CHINA, CHARLIE. JAP INTELLIGENCE MUST KNOW IT TOO...THE AIR'S CRAWLING WITH ZEROS
DO OUR BEST, CHIEF

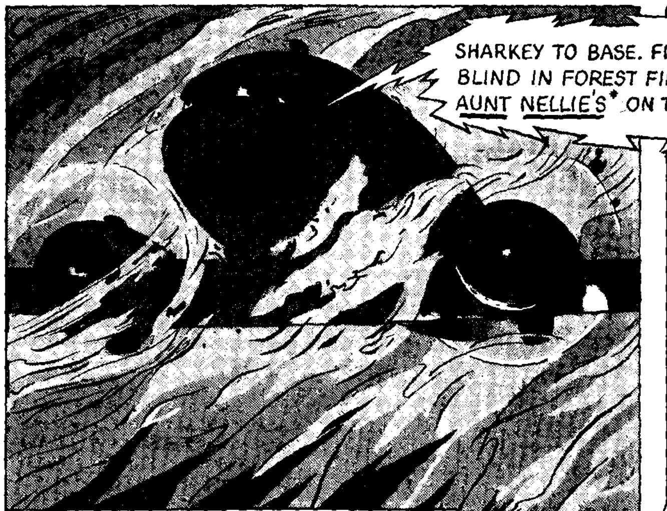

ZEROS! A FLOCK OF 'EM. ONE TRACER BULLET'LL EXPLODE THIS CARGO FROM HERE TO CHINA!

The Zeros start to dive. "I was a pigeon" Sharkey said later. Visibility unlimited . . . no cloud-cover to hide in. He could not try to shoot it out with the Nips, because the transport carries no guns for fighting back. It's dive—or else! And transports aren't built for diving.



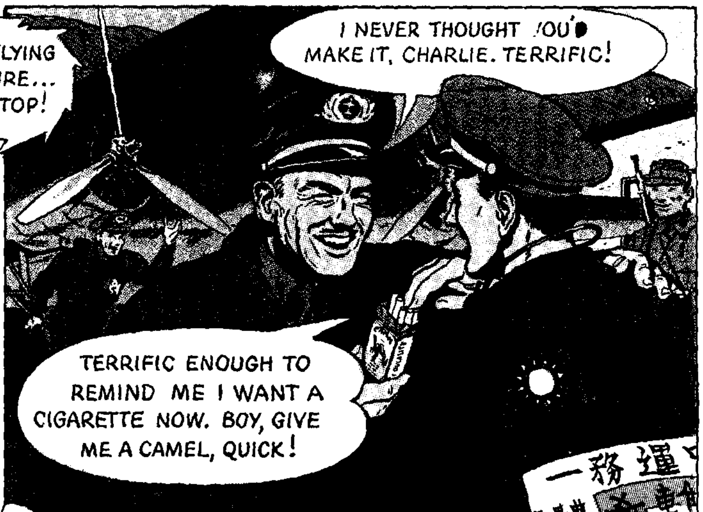

I'VE GOT TO TAKE THE CHANCE!

What's that on the horizon? A forest fire?—and Sharkey spots it. A smoke-screen to hide in . . . but leaping flame too. Bad place to fly with a cargo of 100 octane gasoline.


SHARKEY TO BASE. FLYING BLIND IN FOREST FIRE... AUNT NELLIE'S* ON TOP!

***PILOT SLANG FOR JAP FLIERS**

Into the inferno. Flying blind! Fire all around him. Mountain walls on each side. The Japs above—with itchy trigger fingers.


I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D MAKE IT, CHARLIE. TERRIFIC!
TERRIFIC ENOUGH TO REMIND ME I WANT A CIGARETTE NOW. BOY, GIVE ME A CAMEL, QUICK!

The back of his jacket isn't just fancy decoration. That's a message in Chinese—very useful if he's forced down—telling the natives to aid him.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camels

First in the Service

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Try Camels on Your Own "T-ZONE"

—that's T for Taste and T for Throat. Try Camel's mildness, coolness, and kindness on *your* throat. And the full, rich flavor of its wonderful blend of costlier tobaccos on *your* taste. Who knows?... Camels may suit *your* "T-Zone" to a T. You'll never know—till you try them! Now?